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HOW I LEARNED TO LIKE SEX, BY EX-YIPPIE JERRY RUBIN

AMERICA'S TOP CRIME WRITERS IN A PROVOCATIVE PANEL

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DRUG AFTERMATH: AMERICAN KIDS IN MEXICAN JAILS

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19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

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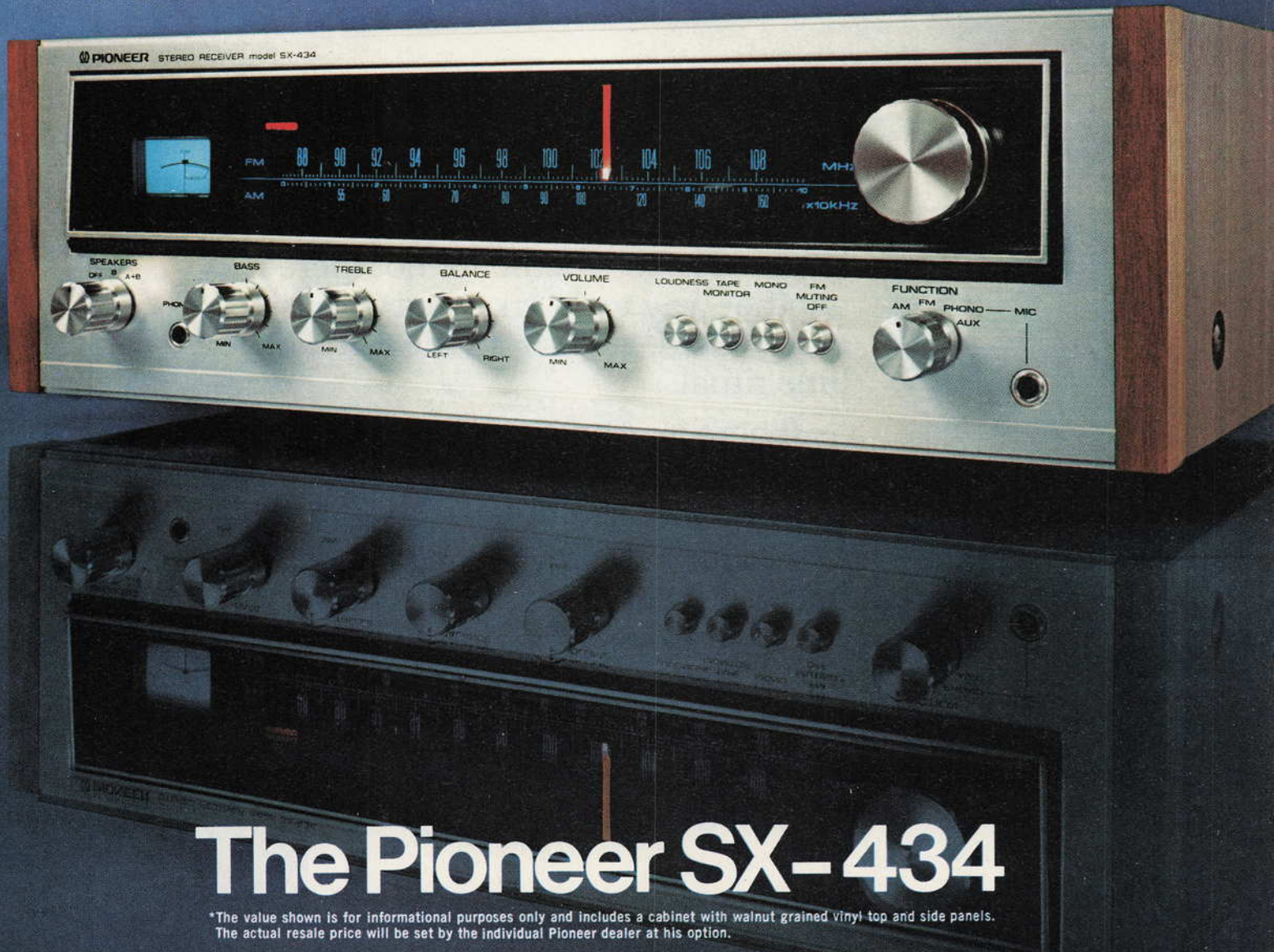

The Pioneer SX-434

*The value shown is for informational purposes only and includes a cabinet with walnut grained vinyl top and side panels. The actual resale price will be set by the individual Pioneer dealer at his option.

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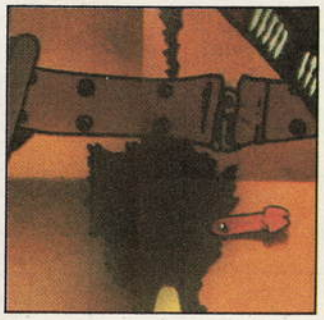
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20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report SEPT. '75.

MAIL

Black lash

I see that Eldridge Cleaver (*Conversation with Eldridge Cleaver*, January) now wants to join the mainstream of American society by creating some new kind of sexy men's pants and, presumably, making a lot of money. The underground press reports that Cleaver is about to testify before a Congressional committee, doing to black leftists what Timothy Leary did to his white hippie friends—namely save his own skin by selling out to the heat. Next we'll probably hear that Jerry Rubin is having an affair with Tricia Nixon.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
San Francisco, California

We don't know about Tricia, but in case you're interested in Jerry's sex life, see his article "How I Learned to Like Sex" beginning on page 54.

Bobbing the Big Apple

I read Pete Hamill's article *Why New York Has to Be Saved* (January) with great interest. I enclose a statement I placed in the *Congressional Record*:

> The President's response to New York City's financial crisis brings us to the point when we have to ponder what and who it is, in the final analysis, that the Government should be supporting—insolvent military corporations or insolvent cities; aid to the poor and disadvantaged or foreign aid to dubious projects of regimes of questionable legitimacy and wasteful aid to the Pentagon.

REPRESENTATIVE JOHN CONYERS, JR.
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

The Federal Government should not bail New York City out of its current financial difficulties. The city's government got itself into this predicament and should be required to take the necessary action to solve its problems. The plight of New York City should serve as an example of the consequences of continued irresponsible and excessive spending.

SENATOR STROM THURMOND
U. S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

The United States Congress should not be stampeded into a hasty rescue operation of New York City. What the city of New York is really after is a permanent Federal subsidy. The city's financial problems cannot possibly be solved with just a loan guarantee. As a member of Congress, I will not vote for a credit guarantee, nor for any form of assistance, without a pledge that New York City will put its financial house in order. And, frankly, I do not know who now has the authority to make such a promise.

REPRESENTATIVE ALPHONZO BELL
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

I have not yet made a final decision about the conditions, if any, under which I would support aid to New York City. Pete Hamill's article is a helpful insight into public concerns about the issue, and I will be sure to keep his arguments in mind.

SENATOR EDMUND S. MUSKIE
U. S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

As you are probably aware, we are in an age of information overkill. There are so many data, representing so many viewpoints, being thrust at decision makers that it is often difficult to sift out that which is really valuable. I appreciate seeing insightful material such as Pete Hamill's recent article, and I am sure it will be of benefit to myself and my staff.

SENATOR BILL BROCK
U. S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

If New York City defaults, the Federal Government will probably have to risk far more money for a far longer time than it would if it prevents default.

SENATOR WILLIAM PROXMIRE
U. S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

The fiscal crisis that is facing New York City would best be resolved at the state and local level. Federal involvement might set a dangerous precedent and weaken our Federal form of government.

SENATOR EDWARD W. BROOKE
U. S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

The Voluntary Municipal Reorganization Act, which I helped write, contains provisions designed to avoid default through a restructuring of the city's debt and restoration of a balanced budget. Successful reorganization as proposed by the bill would cost the U. S. taxpayer nothing and would avoid the

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high costs and risks of bankruptcy. I note that Hamill cites a number of these costs and risks in his article.

SENATOR ADLAI E. STEVENSON
U. S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

The article *Why New York Has to Be Saved* was interesting and revealing. As a result, I would like to insert it into the *Congressional Record.*

REPRESENTATIVE WILLIAM L. CLAY
U. S. House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

I am glad that your magazine has given New York City's crisis the national attention it deserves.

MAYOR ABRAHAM D. BEAME
New York, New York

Tijuana Kong

I was delighted to find Bury St. Edmund's parody *The Films of King Kong* in your January issue. It brought back memories of the time in 1959 when I met Harry "King" Kong in Tijuana, Mexico, while I was employed as a bartender in a local pub.

Kong came in one day and told me he had come to Mexico hoping to fulfill a lifelong ambition: to find the hottest chili Mexico had to offer. He found it in the person of the beautiful Mexican *señorita* Fay Wray Goldberg, who sang and otherwise entertained the customers.

Eventually the management added Kong to her act as a crooner (he had a marvelous baritone voice, as the author recalls in his OUI article). For months, the pub's marquee boasted KING KONG SINGS BING SONGS.

ED FOSTER
Rosemead, California

Please tell Bury St. Edmund that I truly loved his great article about one of my dearest friends, King Kong. It's about time someone told the true story.

ROBERT DELFORD BROWN
New York, New York

Wing ding

You guys really goofed this time. In the January *Openers*, you have a picture of 32 lovely tomatoes standing on the wing of a DC-10 and not, as you say, on the wing of a DC-9. By the way, if Western Airlines told you that plane was a DC-9, boy, are they in trouble.

F. C. STRAILE
Fort Lee, New Jersey

Nostra culpa, *it's our error; and our thanks to you and the 40,000,000 other bright-eyed readers who took the time to write to us.*

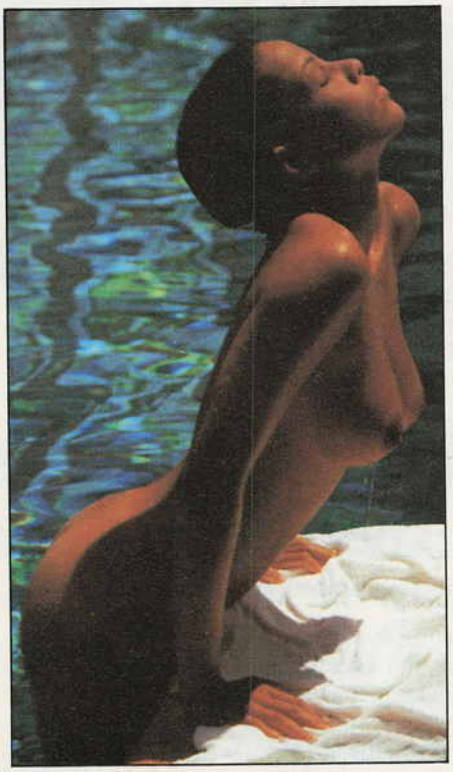
Bahamas bathers

Your pictorial on the out islands of the Bahamas in the January OUI was your best travel article to date. My girl and I recently returned from Freeport, Grand Bahama Island, and your colorful pictures brought back fond memories. One afternoon, we rented a small boat, packed an ice chest with a bottle of rum and fresh fruit and cruised offshore until we saw no more signs of life. The rest of the day was spent swimming and snorkeling and fooling around sans bathing suits. It was almost as nice as having your own island. I wish OUI would feature more articles on out-of-the-way places where visitors aren't bothered by swarms of humanity.

DOUGLAS WALL
Garfield, New Jersey

No joke, Jocelyn

I am so impressed by your layout on Jocelyn Margo (January) that I'd like



to get in touch with her to discuss the possibility of her appearing in my next movie.

RICHARD PRYOR
New York, New York

We forwarded your request to Jocelyn, who was quite flattered by your interest. She'll be contacting you as soon as she dries off.

Rumors, rumors

I was appalled by your January article *The Great Rumors of Our Time.* I am sorely tempted to believe that this article (for which no author is credited) was planted in your magazine by those who have the most to gain, specifically the U. S. Government, as many of your alleged rumors about Government plots are actually true (for example, the liquor and cigarette industries did, in fact, bribe Congress to outlaw marijuana in 1937).

MARK H. KERNES
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I enjoyed your article on rumors so much that I hope it'll become a regular feature of your magazine. In the meantime, I have another great rumor to add to your collection: The largest surge of hard-to-cure venereal disease in the U. S. can be traced to a Communist plot in which the North Vietnamese purposely developed new strains of gonorrhea and then sent out their women to seduce American Servicemen.

JIMMIE L. HUDGINS
Sunnyvale, California

That's not a rumor; it's true.

I read with great interest William J. Helmer's January article *The Search for Dillinger's Dick.* As I've been licensed as an embalmer since 1968, I know for a fact that if Helmer were to search the vital-statistics department in the state where Dillinger expired, he would find the name of the funeral home that handled the arrangements. Perhaps they'd still have documentation of the embalming procedure.

In any case, the Dillinger-dick rumor, it is rumored, gave rise to the following old joke: The embalming assistant calls his boss into the embalming room and shows him a 14-inch dork lying on the table and exclaims, "Have you ever seen anything like that?" The boss says, "Yes, I have one just like it." The assistant, amazed: "Yours is that big?" The boss: "No, that dead!"

J. W. JODREY
Boca Raton, Florida

A bicycle built for two

I was recuperating in a hospital when I saw your pictorial on 17-year-old Pia Sorenson (January). The sight of such a healthy young lady bicycling through the Danish countryside restored my spirits immediately and also instilled in me a sincere hope for reincarnation: I'd like to come back as a girl's bicycle seat.

ANDREW ZUM
Flushing, New York

I really went bananas for Pia, but shame on you guys for not showing more of her—for instance, a 180-page feature showing scenes from her porn movies. Or why not put her on every page of OUI's 1977 calendar insert? You would sell 1,000,000 more copies of your magazine.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Dubuque, Iowa

Swell stuff

In your January fashion pictorial *Sea Swells by the Seashore,* Babs's boobs appear to be so swollen by silicone that I'm

surprised she doesn't keel over. Obviously, none of the sweaters affect either of her rock-hard assets. Speaking of rock-hard, what does Babs's friend Joey have

stuffed in his pants from his crotch to his waist? Perhaps he's found a new place to store the spinnaker.

BARBARA FISCHER
Miami, Florida

Babs and Joey's only reaction to your comments, Barbara, is to repeat the oft-heard-but-never-so-well-illustrated statement: If you've got it, flaunt it.

Read alert

I must say that at least you people are consistent. Think up a topic like *Boredom* (January) and then assign a writer like Ben Pesta to write it. I fell asleep during the second page. You should have assigned the article to Andy Warhol, whose illustration—a gray page—shows that at least he knows the subject. I must admit that the rest of the issue kept me awake and humming—especially the pictures of Bobby Sparrow. Glad to hear she likes spaghetti; she can eat my noodle any time.

TONY GORDO
Seattle, Washington

Have you ever stood by a toilet, pulled out your *oui-oui* to take a piss and instead of going straight into the toilet, you shot two ways and missed the bowl completely? That's how I felt while reading your article on boredom.

MARK MAZER
Madison, Wisconsin

Presto praise

I am a free-lance motorcycle photographer, and when I saw your layout on *Sergeant Presto of the Mounted Morals Squad* (January), I cracked up. It is the funniest spoof on motorcycle cops that I have ever seen. Some of Reid Miles's photos look like Norman Rockwell paintings, so true are they to the spirit of America.

MICHELE ANTONIO ROSSI II
Chicago, Illinois

Your magazine is so far ahead of the rest in its field that it's practically in a class by itself. No other magazine appreciates the vital role that fantasy plays in sex the way that you do. Your competition presents a parade of good-looking women who seem just to lie there looking bored, and pretty soon the reader feels the same. By contrast, the women in your fantasy features seem incredibly *alive*. The best pictorial you've ever done is *Our Lady of the Downstairs, Upstairs* (December), but *Sergeant Presto* comes in a close second.

IRA A. KAPLOWITZ
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Coke is no deal

H. C. Petley's article *Cocaine Is a Lady* (January) is dangerously misleading. I know for a fact that cocaine can tear the *hell* out of you. Nobody should use it.

RODNEY FEWLEY
Urbana, Illinois

Onward to women's liberation through the sale and consumption of cocaine. Nice. The author paints a picture of coke dealers with a social conscience. I can just see Micheline and Pilar crying their hearts out for the working class while rolling in dough. If Junay and Merrilee are supposed to be further examples of women who've found liberation through dealing cocaine, then I pity the future of the movement. I know your magazine doesn't advocate the use of cocaine, but the article certainly suggests that these ladies are to be admired. You should also show us what happens to those less fortunate who get caught in this illegal profession.

THOMAS BIETY
Chicago, Illinois

We try to give equal time. See "Montezuma's Revenge" on page 38 of this issue.

Fan-tastic

This is the first time I've ever written to a magazine, but I've become such a fan of OUI's that I just had to tell you guys how much I enjoy your articles and pictorials. OUI dares to be different. It never shows the same old tiresome poses of the women one sees in its competitor's magazines. My husband and I especially enjoyed the fantastic pictorial *Our Lady of the Downstairs, Upstairs* (December). My compliments to the photographer, to the two beautiful ladies and to the writer who composed such a charming story about them.

LOVELLA WILLIAMS
Jamaica, New York

Cover kudos

Your January gala holiday cover was really something else. It was some time before I noticed that the girl was holding a bottle of champagne, since my eyes were riveted to her deep-plunging rear cleavage. This is the kind of picture that makes buying your magazine a real pleasure.

ROB JONES
New York, New York

Screw loose

I am delighted to learn, from this cartoon in OUI (December), that Doghouse Dick, the legendary lad with the spiral prick, did not die of penis deprivation as alleged in the ancient locker-room ballad that old-timers will remember.

Here's Dick—alive and well, his helical cock rampant, watching his girlfriend expectantly as she strips to the buff. For younger readers who may not

"I believe that sex is too beautiful a thing to be summed up in a word as crude as screwing, don't you agree, Mr. Witherspoon?"

have heard it, here is the false and misleading obituary:

This is the story of Doghouse Dick,
Who was cursed from birth with a spiral prick.
He spent his life in a futile hunt
For a girl who was drilled with a rotary cunt.
When at last he found her, poor Dick fell dead.
Alas, she was cut with a left-hand thread.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
New York, New York

Address letters to:
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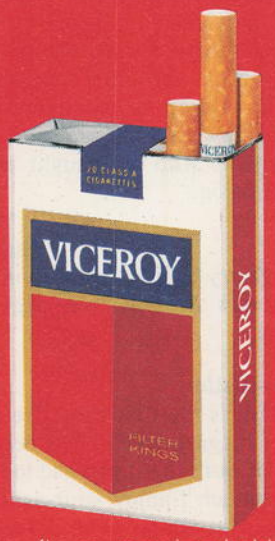
"Why Viceroy? Because I'd never smoke a boring cigarette."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

©B&W T CO.

Enjoy Viceroy flavor—now in a bold new pack.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

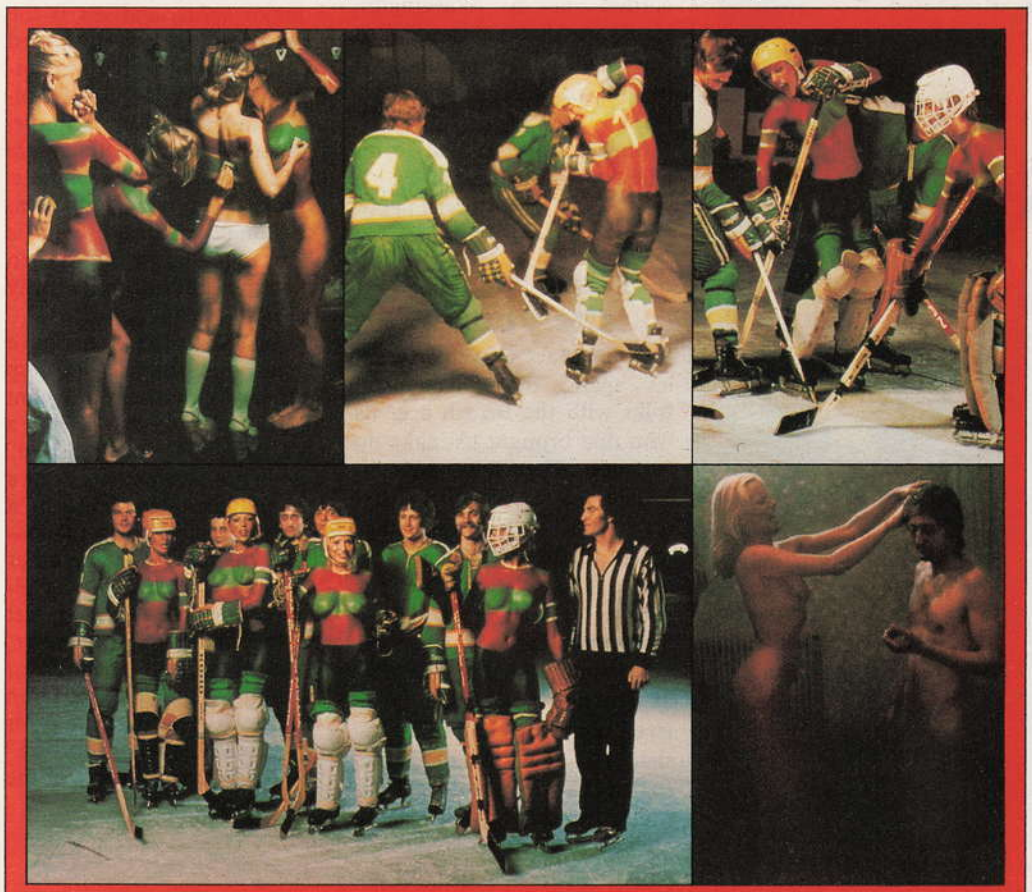
OPENERS

Inflation sucks

One of the few things that have not been hit by inflation recently is French sex. If you don't believe us, just take a trip to the hustling avenues of Paris' famed Bois de Boulogne. Better yet, put on your magic flying cap and *we'll take you!*

Here we are. The first thing we hear are cries of "Seven bucks for a blow job" and "Twelve bucks for all the way." As we said, no inflation here. And just look at the girls with their long legs, big boobs and flowing hair; they look good enough to eat. Which is not maybe such a good idea. All the prostitutes in the Bois de Boulogne, you see, are male transvestites, and many of them come equipped with a surgical vagina. But, since 75 percent of the trade consists of giving head, most customers never realize that sexy Irma is really dragged-out Irv, and your average gent of the evening takes home an average $150 per night. Not bad in these days of high unemployment.

The French government has yet to announce an official policy toward the transvestites, although its man in charge of prostitution cases, district-court judge Guy Pivot, has said that the courts should treat female prostitutes "just the same as ordinary women." Perhaps, given the transvestites' effective fight against inflation, M. Pivot will say the same for them.



The professional-hockey season is winding down toward the Stanley Cup play-offs, with on-ice fights and violence having reached an unprecedented scale during the regular campaign. Many people, inside the sport and out, are agonizing over the bloody turn of events and are wondering how to stop the mayhem without hurting the game. Here, in pictorial fashion, *Openers* offers its modest suggestion as to how to put fun and gentle frolic back into hockey. Yes, but would it hurt the game? You kidding? There'd be more scoring than ever.

What's the quickest way to reach Climax? Take I-94 due west from Detroit for 111 miles, get off at exit 88 just beyond Battle Creek, then follow the state route south for a couple of miles until you reach the town limits. Visitors welcome. Rotary meets every Thursday at noon. Enjoy your stay.

Botanical boogie

Now that people have learned to talk to their plants, it's high time something new came along. It has, and *Openers* is pleased to report the very latest in horticultural intercourse: *listening* to plants. This trend may be said to have received its formal debut recently when the U. S. Botanical Gardens in Washington, D.C., presented a performance by an Indian azalea, a philodendron, a Boston fern and an amaryllis. Critics described the distinctive

sound as "fertilized funk."

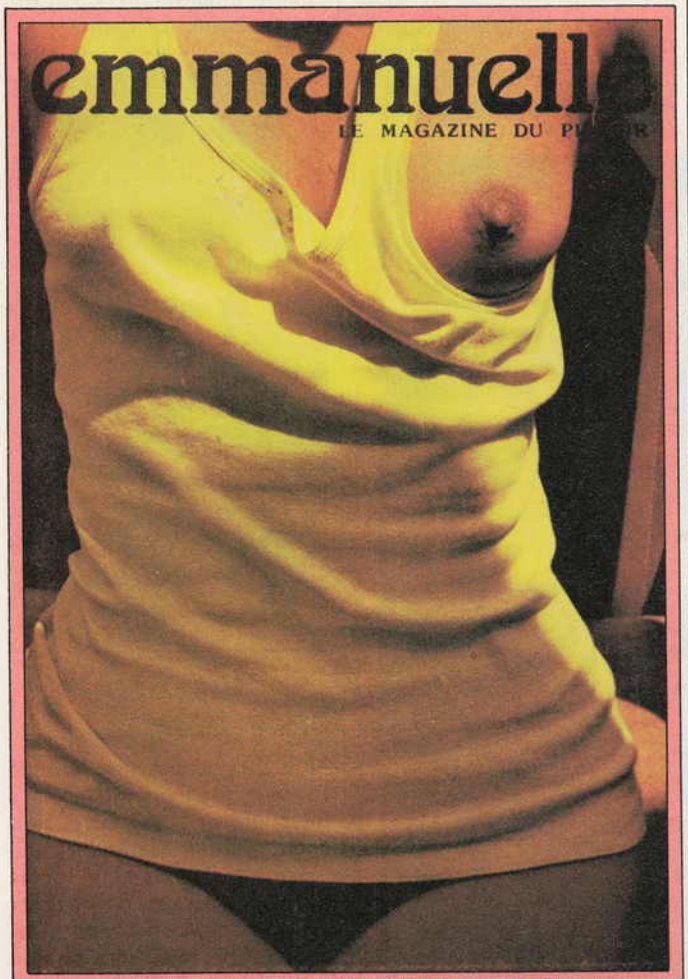
Credit for discovering the Chlorophyll Quartet, as the group is known, goes to a young physicist named Norman Lederman, who plucked the four leafy musicians from arboreal obscurity, wired their leaves to a special amplifier and transformed the resulting electrical activity into whistling sound that is audible to the human ear. The pitch of the sounds is determined by the amount of voltage applied to the plants.

For gift giving next Arbor Day, you might consider buying your plants a copy of the quartet's latest single, which is titled *Stereofernic Orchidstra* and is available on the Sounds Reasonable label. Side one features the four plants in an electrochemical jam session, while the flip side, according to a company spokesman, presents "a human musician relating on an aesthetic and philosophic level to side one."

We have no further word on reports that six coleus plants backed by a trio of session shrubs recently recorded at a Washington studio, or that a group called Moss will be the opening act in the next Rolling Stones tour. If this keeps up, Elton John will have to change his name to Elton Jonquil.

—DEANNE STILLMAN

This mural was recently painted on the side of a building in downtown Montreal, the city that, as you know, will be the site of the 1976 summer Olympic games. Contrary to local rumors, the mural does not foreshadow some new kind of international competition. No, but the painting is related to the upcoming Olympics: It is part of an attempt to beautify Montreal—for the thousands of foreign visitors expected there this summer—by painting scenes from Canadian life and folklore on city buildings. A few more scenes like this and Canada will have a serious immigration problem.



Emmanuelle Arsan appears to be in the process of turning herself into a one-woman erotica industry: Besides writing the novels that inspired the phenomenally successful *Emmanuelle* movies (see *France Discovers Porn*, page 82), Ms. Arsan is also publishing a monthly magazine that bears her Christian name and is subtitled "The Magazine of Pleasure." It presents the same mixture of erotic philosophy and nitty-gritty sex as was found in the *Emmanuelle* books and movies.

Time to join the vet set

Yes, it's Mary Quant Cosmetics again, those wonderful folks with the British accents who first brought us make-up for men. They have now invaded the U. S. with what they call their camouflage colors. Like all Quant cosmetics, they're designed for men as well as for women—a little something for the war between the sexes. The line of eye make-up, called Peep Eyes, features such smashing shades as Night Watch, Dawn Patrol, Jungle Green and the rather intimidating Last Post, all coordinated to look well with Army surplus clothes. Mary Quant also features a combat-coordinated perfume called Havoc, guaranteed to mess up the front lines. The Vietnam-vet set is going to love it.

—CAROL TROY

This pigeon needs your help!

It's probably just as well that male athletes aren't noted for their sexual fidelity, because, otherwise, their managers might start treating them as if they are pigeons. Consider the following:

In Europe, pigeon racing is a major sport, and sex is the most common incentive used to get the birds to break homing speed records. British pigeon fanciers, for example, take advantage of the male bird's strong monogamous drive by removing him from the female just before he is about to mate; the bird is then taken hundreds of miles away and made to fly home.

The West Germans have carried this practice one step further (as Germans are wont to do.) For weeks before a race, they let the "married" pigeon get periodic peeks at a leering, licentious male in a nearby cage. Fearing that his mate will get laid by the other bird while he's away, the pigeon flies like hell to get home, often taking fatal risks.

Angry officials of the West German Animal Protection League have gone to the press to protest these "torture" practices. The president of the

Making the rounds (as well as the squares) in Southern California is a potent new cocktail whose ingredients include one jigger vodka, one jigger orange juice, one jigger Folger's coffee. The new cocktail is called the Screw Mrs. Olsen.

national Racing Pigeon Association called the complaints "sentimental twaddle" and added that "by enforcing abstention, we are rendering the pigeons a real service by enabling them to achieve higher performances." Give that man the bird.

Grimmer fairy tales

It's enough to make Walt Disney turn over in his grave. It seems that the real Sleeping Beauty (or at any rate, the original 17th Century Beauty) got more than just a magical peck on the lips from Prince Charming. She got pecked down there in her you know what. Against her will, too. That's according to two British sociologists, Iona and

Peter Opie, whose book *The Classic Fairy Tales* explores the origins of our favorite bedtime stories.

Feminists will be happy to know that, contrary to the Prince's expectations, Beauty did not find the rape magical, and she slumbered on—right through the birth of twins nine months later. According to the original tale, the lady awoke only when one of her babies mistakenly sucked her finger and drew out the splinter that had contained the sleeping spell.

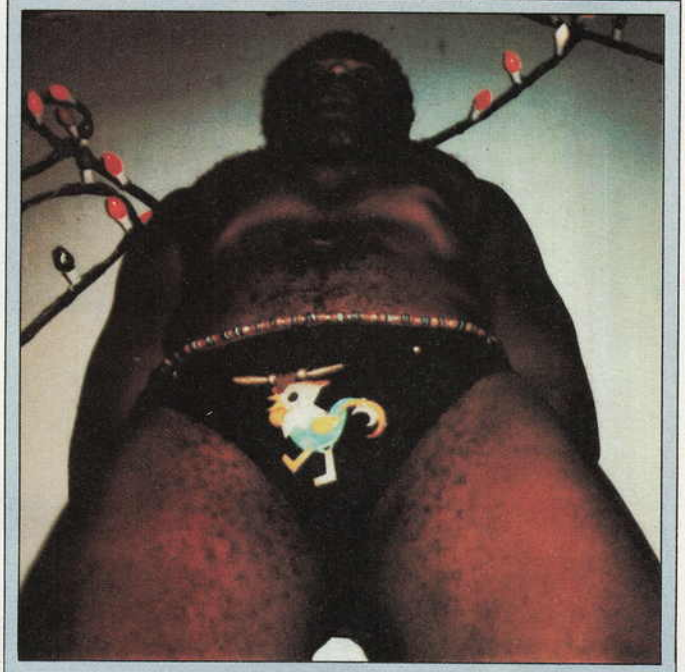
It was those silly Victorians who insisted on censoring all the bawdy details, explain the authors, who also found that Cinderella was originally a murderess and—but stop. Some things should remain sacred, even in *Openers*. They'd never let us into Disneyland again.

Quack doctors

"Quāāludes are back," reports our crack California correspondent, an experienced observer of the hip drug scene. "I was at a party recently with a lot of writers and rock types, and, thinking it was cool, I pulled out some of my best reefer and offered it around. Everyone looked amazed, and one girl said, 'How quaint—a pothead.' I soon discovered that coke and Quāāludes are all that anyone does these days, and all anyone talks about is how to get some of either."

As you all will remember (from the January *Openers*), Quāālude is a sedative/hypnotic quite revered by the counterculture for its aphrodisiac qualities. It's not surprising that Quāāludes are called quacks, continues our man in El Lay, because you have to see one to get some. In the interest of research (of course), he sought out a typical quack to see just how

UNDERWEAR OF THE STARS



MELVIN VAN PEEBLES
Film Writer, Play Writer, Book Writer

OPENERS: Where did you get that underwear, Melvin?
VAN PEEBLES: Early to bed, early to rise, work like hell and advertise.
OPENERS: How much did it cost?
VAN PEEBLES: It's hilarious to me, being a sex symbol.
—BOCKRIS-WYLIE

"Permit me to write this letter to inform you that your QUI is very interesting, especially the *Openers*," the letter began. The letter was from Thailand, and we always read our letters from Thailand as soon as they come in, even if they misspell the name of our magazine. "Then I would like to take part in your exotic column by enclosing two photos of a pretty girl with huge kant you had never met before," the letter continued. "This kant is belonging to a young Thai girl, whom I and my close friends enjoy with her together in Bangkok. At normal size, she can enlarge her sweet kant as large as she wish! The photos will show how big her kant is; comparing to the doll." Thank you, Thailand.

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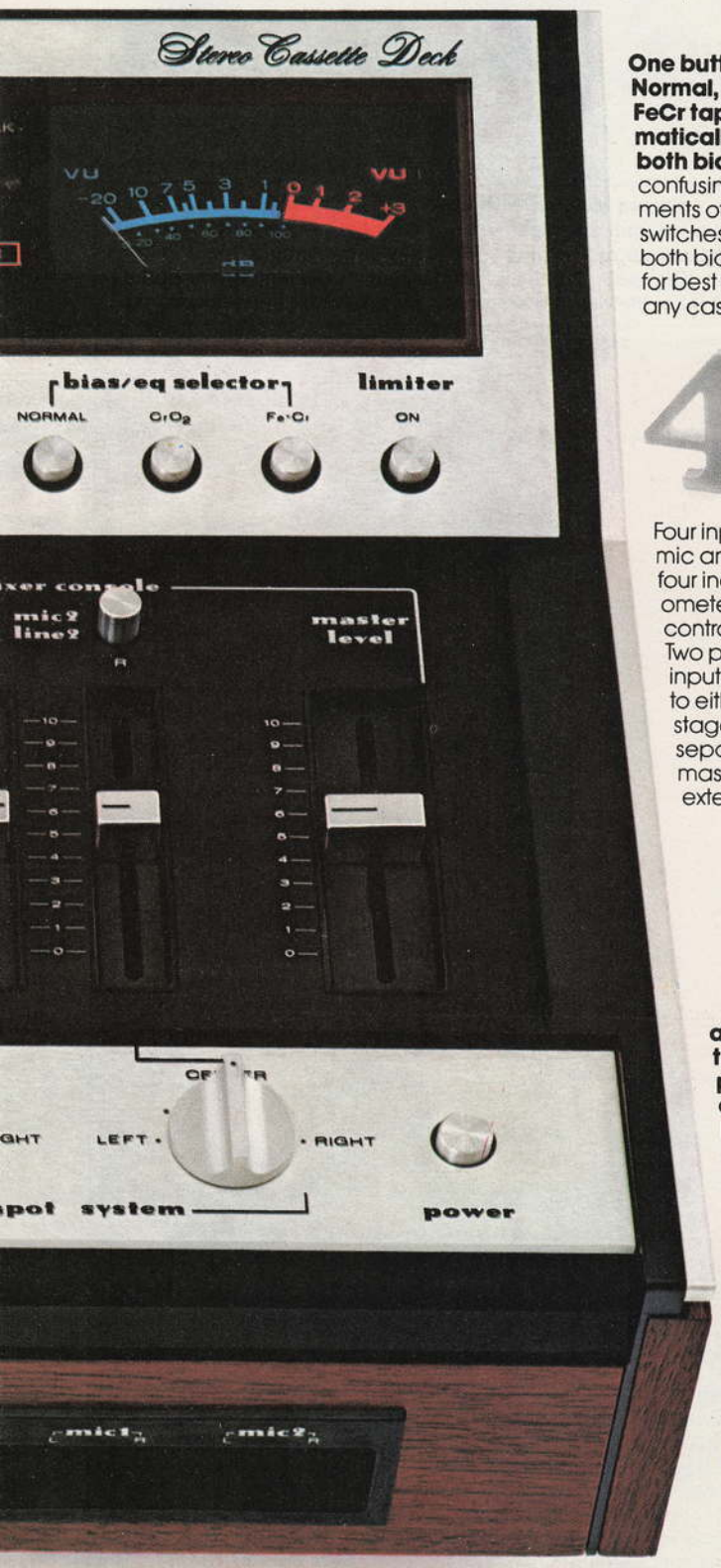
1. 3-1/2-inch professional VU meters with peak LED overload and lighted function indicators. Exceptionally large, readable VU panel features special Light Emitting Diodes that illuminate when recorder is overdriven by a high level signal. Illuminated function indicators tell you at a glance which function is in operation.

Marantz 5420 Top Loading Deck with Dolby

(The enclosures for these units are constructed of plywood, finished in real walnut veneer).

the decks that live up to their name.

2. Built-in Dolby® * System that works with built-in mixing console; also permits external Dolby processing on other tape recorders. Instantly switches for external Dolby encoding on reel-to-reel decks. Has 25 microsecond de-emphasis switch for FM Dolby. Works in conjunction with built-in mixer for Dolbyizing multiple input sources.



3. One button each for Normal, CrO2 and FeCr tapes automatically selects both bias and EQ. Eliminates confusing combination adjustments of separate bias and EQ switches. Single control calibrates both bias and EQ automatically for best frequency response on any cassette tape.

4. Full 4-input mixing console with pan pot and master gain control. Four inputs—any combination of mic and line—are operated by four individual slide potentiometers plus one master gain control for fade-in/fade-out. Two pan pot controls permit inputs 3 and 4 to be assigned to either left, center or right stage. Can operate as a separate mixing panel for master-quality recordings with external tape recorders.

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Marantz cassette decks have arrived. Performance and sophistication that surpasses every other deck on the market. Quality and technical excellence equalled only by Marantz receivers, components and speaker systems.

Top loading. Front loading. With Dolby. Without Dolby.** The Marantz cassette deck line lets you select a model that exactly suits your needs. Five decks in all, with design features as exciting as their performance.

The Marantz 5420 top loading deck with Dolby for example, keeps wow and flutter down to 0.07%. Plus, it offers a wide frequency response (30 Hz to 17 kHz) and an exceptionally high signal-to-noise ratio (up to 60 dB).

Other outstanding features include **long-life ferrite heads, sophisticated DC servo drive systems** with total shut-off and **memory tape counters.**

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Marantz 5120 Top Loading Deck with Dolby

Marantz 5220 Front Loading Deck with Dolby (Cabinet optional)

**Not shown: Marantz 5400 Top Loading Deck without Dolby, and Marantz 5200 Front Loading Deck without Dolby.

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easily one might obtain a prescription.

He found that once inside the doctor's office, a nurse always gives a blood-pressure test (taken over three layers of clothing and the results always being normal); next, the doc enters and asks what the matter is. "Well," the patient replies, "I can't get up in the morning, and I can't go to sleep at night."

The doctor quickly writes out a prescription for Quaāludes, making such final comments as: "Listen, if you commit suicide, pull my label off the container. Thoughtless fucker killed himself last week and left my name on the bottle."

Our man's conclusion: "Think I'll go back to being a quaint pothead."

Pre-fab demolition

No, no, you don't understand—the building is *supposed* to look like this. The building—a Houston showroom for Best Products Co., the nation's largest catalog-showroom merchandiser—was redesigned by the iconoclastic New York architectural firm of Site, Inc., with an eye toward developing "a solution based upon public reaction to the standard conformity of shopping-mall architecture." Site, Inc., took the existing rectangular concrete structure and added a brick facade that involves "reduction by construction." The project is not intended as a metaphor for a crumbling society, the designers contend; rather it plays upon "the popular magnetism of demolition and archaeological sites . . . [which] constitute a visual dialog requiring the spectator to reconcile the known and the void as interactive events, to accept a dialectic of entropy and equivocation as the bridge between architecture and environment." Yeah, well, anyway—we like the building.

Blue-eyed soul

Science has finally proved empirically what men have known intuitively for years: Blondes *do* have more fun. Only it's not because of their hair color; it's because most blondes have blue eyes.

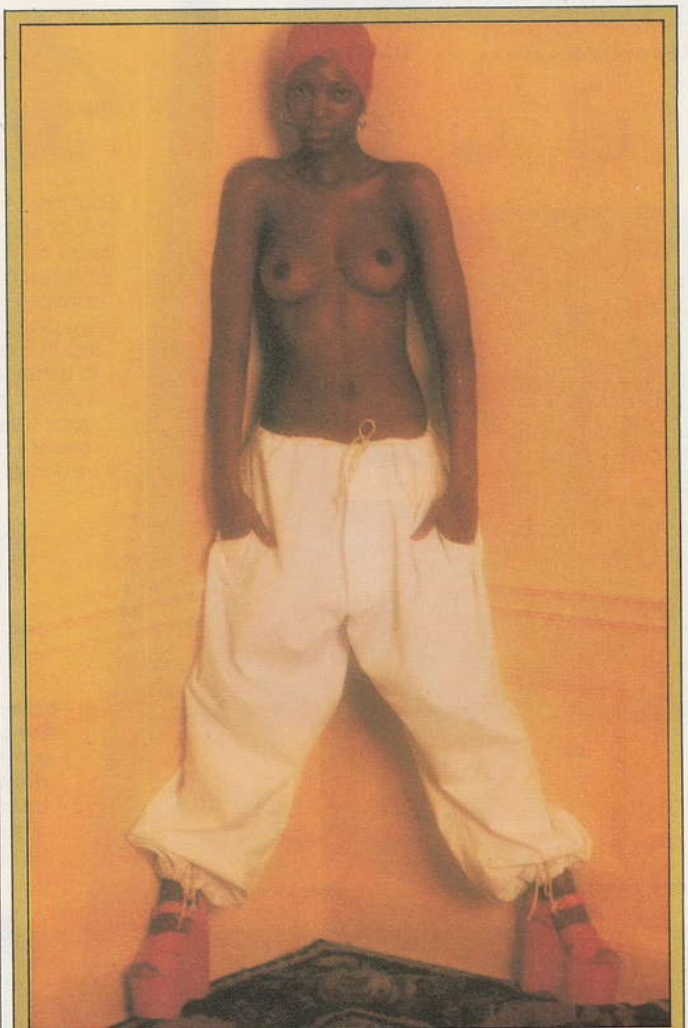
Nature, a British magazine, reports that an ophthalmologist in Wales has discovered that the corneas of blue-eyed people are twice as sensitive to touch as the corneas of those with brown eyes. Researchers suspect that this effect may be related to the central nervous system—which would mean that not only the corneas but the entire bodies of blue-eyed people are more sensitive to touch. This general body sensitivity, the article explains, may be the reason acupuncture is more popular in China, where there are few people with blue eyes.

Like all theories, however, this one needs more research. So find yourself some blue-eyed blondes and touch them. Then find some brown-eyed brunettes and test them. Then let us know what happens. Isn't science fun?

Sticky thighs

It wasn't just that she stole a portable typewriter from a Parisian department store in broad daylight. No, what amazed the arresting officer most was how the slim thief walked out with the

The universe is filled with unseemly juxtapositions that, when achieved, make perfect sense. Here, for example, you see four men togged out in high drag. They are having a running contest. Why so? So the photographer could snap this picture and label the result a *drag race*, silly. Doesn't that make sense?



Off the rack has come a long way in Los Angeles. These 69-cent painter's overalls, bought off the rack at Standard Brands paint store, can be seen in even the most fashionable of surroundings. Well, on ladies walking up and down the sidewalks of Beverly Hills, anyway. One of the curious aspects of these pants is that they were originally meant to be overalls, with an open fly, side slits and no pockets. Perhaps pocketless pants will become the sensation of the Seventies, like crotchless underwear in the Fifties. They may be worn either tied at the bottom, or cuffed. Dyeing is optional. —FRED HAVENS

©1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

One of a kind.

He does more than inhabit. He lives. Because he knows.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?

Turkish and Domestic Blend

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

typewriter clutched firmly between her thighs, yet showed no outward sign that she was carrying anything.

Upon further investigation, Paris police uncovered a school for crime where women were being trained in thigh thievery. First, the students learned how to walk 100 yards carrying record albums between their legs; as their thigh muscles developed, the young ladies graduated to telephone directories and encyclopedias. Higher training included courses in vaginal contraction, which enabled the girls to pilfer rings and other valuables by stashing them in their honeypots.

Needless to say, none of these women had any trouble attracting lovers—although some of them had a difficult time letting them go.

Teddy knows what he likes

You can bet your TEDDY IN '76 button that this is not one of the Kennedy family's favorite pieces of art. The painting depicts Senator Edward Kennedy plunging through a knee-deep surf following the 1969 incident in which the car he was driving went off a bridge and into a tidal pond on Chappaquiddick Island, an accident that resulted in the death of Mary Jo Kopechne. "I intended to show only fear in Kennedy's expression—not guilt," says the artist, a Rhode Island art student named Alan Reingold. After completing the canvas, Reingold sold it to an art dealer, who rented display space for the painting in the lobby of Boston's Copley Plaza Hotel. Fat chance. Boston is the Kennedy family's home town, and when the Copley Plaza's management got a good look at the painting, it ordered it out and away. "We're not in the business of embarrassing people," explained the hotel's manager. The artist complained, the art dealer complained, but not a word was heard from the painting's subject. So much for the Kennedys' patronage of the arts.

You've heard of Wayne Wong, world-famous hot-dog skier noted for his Mobius flips? This isn't he. This is Dwayne Dong, founder of the Ding-Dong School of Ski, noted for his Mobius strips. Here Dwayne is perfecting his three-point pole-planting technique. Happy landing, Dwayne.

Sex and violins

Picture young, blond, beautiful Katharina, the wife of a wealthy merchant, enjoying all that life has to offer—except orgasms. She just couldn't get off, even after eight years of husbandly wooing, waiting and watching, reported the newspaper *Bild-Hamburg*.

But we all know, don't we, that some men just don't have the proper technique? In this case, however, the absent technique was the melodic strains of Franz von Liszt's *Ninth Violin Rhapsody*. Katharina found what she had been missing one evening when—right there in the concert hall, next to her unsuspecting mate—the proverbial paroxysms of pleasure anointed her loins and bathed her soul in rapture.

Suddenly aware of the music's power, she commissioned a violin teacher to play Liszt on the telephone for her each morning. "Ahhhhhh," said Katharina, often, as she engaged in a bit of violins-in-the-sheets.

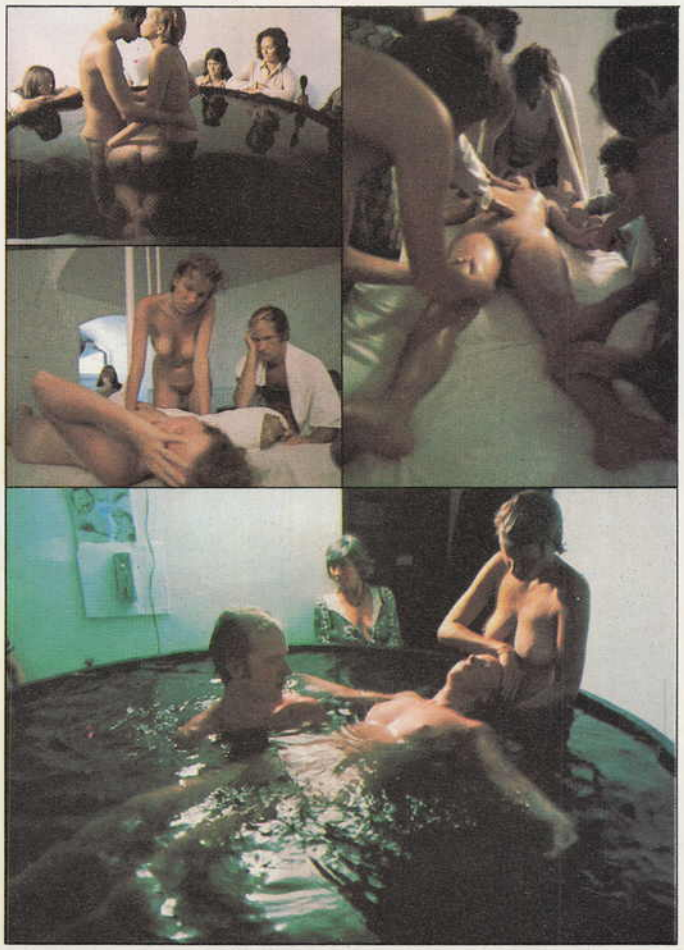
Picture now a distraught Hamburg husband filing for divorce and naming Liszt's *Ninth Violin Rhapsody* as corespondent, and Katharina living happily in tune with a young male student.

Everybody into the womb

Americans are obsessed by the question Who am I? Some people dig into their genealogy, others engage in psychoanalysis and a few embark on that terrifying trip back to the womb via Primal Scream therapy. There seem to be as many ways to discover one's essence as there are willing searchers.

The latest entry in the who-am-I sweepstakes is The Bath, or, as it is more formally known, the Theta Rebirth Experience. Heavy. The Bath, like Primal therapy, involves re-experiencing one's birth. However, unlike Dr. Janov's Primal trip, which is very expensive and takes weeks to accomplish, Theta Rebirth costs $50, and in ten minutes you can be back in the womb.

San Francisco therapist Leonard Orr discovered Theta Rebirth while soaking in his own bathtub two years ago. (We've had some bright ideas while sitting on the john, but we never thought to peddle them as therapy.) Orr decided that, in order to relive one's birth, it made sense to recreate the sensations of the womb. He filled a huge tub with water and heated it to 105 degrees—the temperature of the womb in labor. His first subject—a big, strapping



VITAMINS FOR YOUR HAIR.

Nutritional therapy for hair is not new. Major nutritionists have prescribed it for years.

Vitamin and mineral research has revealed information of great importance to health care in general. And more scientific breakthroughs in these areas continue.

But fifty years ago, little was known about what we today consider basic nutritional knowledge. For example, vitamins A, B, and C were not yet discovered. And according to major nutritionists at the university level, the fact is that we are still on the verge of realizing the full impact of nutrition on our lives.

Vitamins and minerals in the right combinations and in the right proportions are necessary to keep your body healthy. And the same holds true for your hair as reported in a definitive text by two British doctors.

Internationally acclaimed beauty and health experts claim that the best hair conditioner in the world is proper nutrition.

That's where Head Start comes in and that's why it should be a part of your daily health program.

HEAD START IS A VITAMIN AND MINERAL COMPOUND DESIGNED TO HELP JUST ONE PART OF YOUR BODY. YOUR HAIR.

Head Start is a vitamin and mineral capsule developed by Cosvetic Laboratories.

It's got the vitamins and minerals that major nutritionists believe are responsible for healthy hair in men and women alike. And in proportions suitable to what needs to be done to get your hair and scalp in shape. So if you're already taking ordinary commercial vitamins, by all means don't stop. They've got a job to do. But it's not Head Start's job.

The little capsule with 12 ingredients.

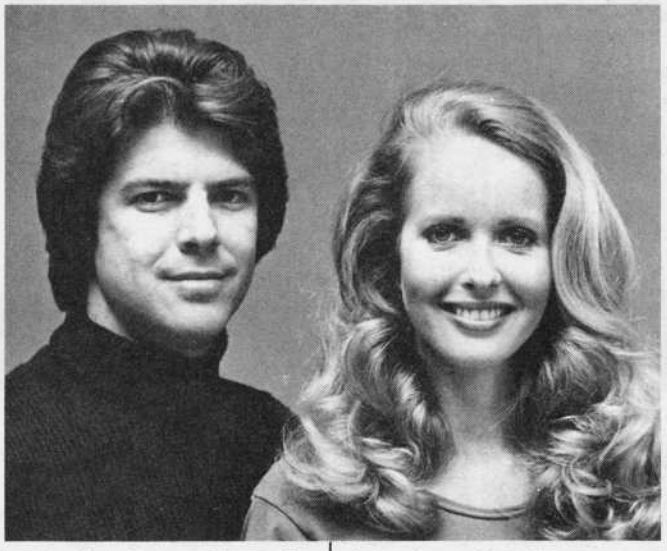
Only Head Start has the proper vitamins and minerals in the right doses for the healthiest possible hair.

HAIR GROWS SEVEN TIMES FASTER THAN BODY CELLS.

A university study reports that the normal adult could be replacing each hair on the head as often as once every three to four years.

Therefore, hair must receive the same kind of specific dietary attention you'd give your body in general.

And according to another university report, the skin sheds cells from its surface all the time. Since the regrowth of the surface cells on the scalp is believed to be seven times faster than on any other part of the body, general nutrition



—even though it may be good enough for proper nourishment of the skin—just isn't sufficient in this day and age to sustain growth of a healthy scalp.

What you need is a regular program to insure that your hair and scalp are healthy.

You need Head Start. It's as fundamental as taking a once-a-day vitamin.

AS YOU GROW OLDER YOUR HAIR NEEDS MORE VITAMINS.

Your circulatory system becomes less efficient as you grow older. And it's generally held that aging produces a slowdown in the blood flow to certain parts of the body. That's one reason you get wrinkles and other earmarks of old age.

But it can also contribute significantly to the tendency of men (and in some cases women) to begin to lose their hair—to go bald—as proper blood flow slackens.

The body's blood delivery system simply breaks down. The tiny capillaries that feed the surface of the skin just don't work as they did when you were younger. Circulation is poor.

And your hair—which still needs the same amount of nutrients it used to—starves to death.

Head Start can give you the help you need.

Because Head Start provides large doses of nutriments in a concentrated form. That way your scalp can receive more of what it needs.

LABORATORY TESTS INDICATE HAIR NEEDS CERTAIN VITAMINS AND MINERALS.

A prominent doctor who specializes in nutrition uses laboratory analysis of hair to determine vitamin and mineral deficiencies. And he says that the body is a factory, food is its fuel, and one of its products is hair.

Thus the richer the fuel in vitamins, minerals, and protein, the healthier the body, including the hair.

Medical researchers today are using the electronic microscope to analyze hair (magnified 1000's of times). When the hair is magnified certain mineral deficiencies can be detected.

In other tests, inositol, a hard to get vitamin, was recommended by a famous nutritionist to help balding men. And nearly every case reported that hair was no longer falling out.

And zinc sulfate and inositol are only two of "12" ingredients—each specifically included with healthy hair in mind—that make Head Start the perfect vitamin and mineral supplement for your hair.

HEAD START HAS WORKED FOR THOUSANDS OF USERS.

There's nothing particularly mysterious about balding cases other than hereditary situations.

It occurs for the same reason that some other scalp disorders occur.

Dry, unmanageable hair is a result of unhealthy hair and scalp. And doctors, as in a report to The Lee Foundation For Nutritional Research, are linking both these conditions to vitamin deficiencies and poor hair care.

But after over three years of testing and daily use, thousands of Head Start users state that Head Start works.

Head Start ingredients

HEADSTART WILL WORK FOR YOU OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

Head Start is not one of those magical baldness preventatives.

It is just the vitamins and minerals designed for healthy hair and scalp.

So, take advantage of our special offer in the coupon below, and try Head Start for 30 days.

If you feel the results are unsatisfactory, you can return the unused portion and we'll refund your money.

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Send me _____ **bottles of Head Start at $9.95 each plus 75¢ handling.**
Act now and receive a free booklet on hair care.
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dude—put on nose plugs and lay face down in the water, breathing through a snorkel.

"He turned into a helpless infant in 15 minutes," Orr reports. "Took him 20 minutes to recover. I put him back and he reverted again." Orr has delivered nearly 1000 rebirths over the past two years, most of them in the basement of the large Victorian mansion he calls home. Others present help guide the subject through his or her nascent memories, which are often accompanied by screams and visions of trauma. "I've known only three or four who didn't go into it within ten minutes," says Orr. "They were professional people, and so it took a little longer."

What's to be gained by Theta Rebirth? It's a purging of "painful primal traumas," say rebirth veterans, which opens the doors to love and wisdom. Does it have a lasting effect?

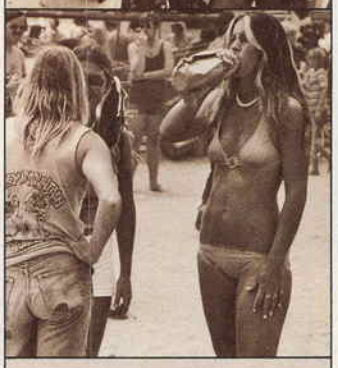
"Well," says Orr, "people sure notice a difference when they go back to work the next day." Yeah, and from then on, they take only showers.

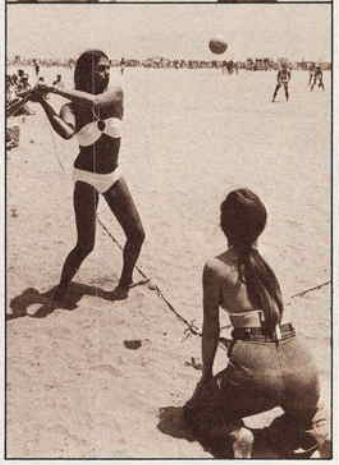
—Tom Carter

Over-the-line is off-the-wall

A prediction: Very, very soon kids all over the country will be playing a new game called over-the-line, which is a lot like softball, only different. Actually, over-the-line is an old game that two beach bums introduced to their fun-loving, beer-drinking friends 23 years ago in the countercultural community of Mission Beach, California. What Mike Curren and Ron LaPolice started as a mild diversion, however, has now become a summer rite, and this year more than 600 three-person teams will participate in the 23rd O.T.L. World Championships, watched by 15,000 scantily clad spectators.

What's that you say? If over-the-line is such a hot sport, how come you've never heard of it? Actually there's a good reason for that. First of all, Mission Beach is still the only place in the world where over-the-line is played.





Furthermore, the O.T.L. tournament has a reputation for being raunchy: Team names are largely unprintable in local newspapers (the guys name their teams things like the Vulva Vikings, the Boston Red Cocks and Buster Hymen and the Maidenheads, while the girls' teams include the Honey Drippers, Hot Cross Buns and No Balls at All) and the public-address-system commentary is unfit for tender ears. A major television network once promised to televise the tournament if the spicy P.A. commentary were toned down; to the organizers' credit, they remained true to the spirit of over-the-line and told the network to fuck it.

As an athletic event, over-the-line probably ranks on the legitimacy scale somewhere between horseshoes and volleyball. In its favor are easy rules and a fun-loving spirit that keep hard-nosed, pain-is-good-for-you jocks away. The sport is played on a triangular field with the batter standing at the apex. He (or she) tries to hit a softball tossed up by a kneeling teammate to where the opposing fielders aren't; the ball must travel across the base of the triangle to be in play (hence over-the-line). Three hits equal a run—although there is no base running.

The game's emphasis is on precision hitting and quick-witted fielding, with raw athletic ability being of only marginal importance—which is just as the founders wanted it. A major neutralizing factor is that true concentration is impossible; all those supple bikinied California bodies, mixed with 400 kegs of beer, just won't allow for it.

One sportswriter has pointed out that, in spite of the number of people and the quantity of beer and mild hallucinogens consumed, fights or other disturbances are almost unheard-of. O.T.L. players even clean up the beach after the tournament. In fact, it might even be said that the Muff Divers and the Crotch Crickets play the cleanest sport around.

The bone that might have been

This unusual composite X ray was sent to us by a physician from Pasadena as a chilling reminder of how vastly different the course of human history *might have been* if. . . .

The if in this case involves a bone—or, rather, the *absence* of a bone—called the baculum, which forms the internal skeleton of the penis in certain insectivores and carnivores, as well as in some primates. Man, of course, is also a primate, and, but for the whims of evolutionary selectivity, every male walking the earth today *could* have been encumbered by a baculum of his own.

"The entire history of mankind might have been significantly altered," writes our correspondent. "Imagine the difficulties—or the advantages, for that matter—that this little bone may have conjured for the male species of the human race. Such a hypothetical situation may be appreciated in this X ray."

We understand quite clearly. What kind of cast would be used for a break? Would it need a sling? Would we ask people to autograph it?

Thank God for evolution.

MERCI

Our thanks and speedy entree into the wonderful world of big-time journalism to: Kim Bonnell, Viraj Chiengsong, Richard Erickson, Stewart D. Fordham, Vincent Reisch, Dick Rorabach, Laurence Santrey, Lawrence Shook, Deanne Stillman, Susan "Love those boxer shorts" Subtle, Gale Wiley and the epopoean Erla Zwingle. Photo credits: hockey girls, Gerard Mareschal; Climax, William Javenkoski; Montreal mural, Haresh Shah; underwear of the stars, Bockris-Wylie and the SX-70; drag race, Photo Trends; Dwayne Dong, Michael Utterback; bath therapy, Roy Shigley; over-the-line, Photo Trends. Art credits: *Openers* and Merci boxes, Dick Brooks; horny pigeon, Rothberg; fairy tale, Ashley Wolf; blond eye, Richard Newton; sexy violin, Dennis Magdich. Ta-ta.

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SEX TAPES

ANAL INTERCOURSE

Of all sexual activity, heterosexual anal sex generates the most heated controversy. People are either enthusiastic about it or, like Gershon Legman, they feel that it is not a proper activity for a person of culture. In contrast to many civilizations, the ancient Greek and Roman particularly, Christian cultures have traditionally regarded anal intercourse as a vile perversion. However, there has been a significant change in attitude in the past few decades. A recent sex survey revealed that one sixth of males and females under the age of 25 who have experienced intercourse have experienced anal intercourse, as well. This month's "Sex Tapes" asked a variety of people about this controversial subject. Their answers underscore the wide range of erotic response possible through anal intercourse. We learned that anal sex is not a way that sadistic men abuse women, but rather it is a mutually agreed upon extension of a couple's sexuality.

Janet B., 24, jewelry maker: It started when a friend of mine was doing some kind of survey about vibrators. She had a whole lot of them over at her house. I borrowed one and liked it, and eventually I bought my own. Men enjoy a vibrator, too, because they're not used to that kind of sexual stimulation. Some men are just beginning to discover their asses, and a vibrator is a great way to get introduced.

One particular experience stands out in my mind. I inserted my vibrator into a guy—we were in my bed at the time—and he was downright transformed. It was almost frightening. He made love to me anally and he was *growling*. My response, too, was outrageous. I was saying with my actions, "This is a good experience; give it back to me!"

Roger T., 30, bookstore manager: My first time was with a woman I'd been living with for four years. We weren't married, but we might as well have been. We had just had an enormous fight after a party. She'd gotten a little drunk and had made eyes at the host's teenage son, for God's sake. It was the kind of thing that really got me boiling mad, because it was as if she was trying to find something that would set me off. So that night at home, she decided to play cute and act like she didn't want to make love, and I just exploded and flipped her over onto her belly and she screamed and shrieked and called me names, but the more names she called me, the more I could feel her beginning to respond to me. It was incredible. My cock was way up inside her ass and I could feel everything inside her quivering, and she started crying. I started feeling pretty bad. Somehow it turned into the most personal moment we'd ever shared together, and we really began to respond to each other with more tenderness than we'd felt in a long while. The next night, she asked me to take her anally again. We're not living together anymore, but I still see her sometimes, and whenever we make love, she always wants me to fondle her ass, or cornhole her, just before she comes. When I take her anally now, it's like a sign that I care for her in a special way.

Cliff C., 28, detective: I get the same feeling from an ass that I get from a great pair of breasts. A slide job between a woman's breasts is terrific, but with two nice soft buttocks, you get the same cushioned effect, with the additional treats of having something to hold on to plus the penetration, too.

Liza P., 28, travel agent: I once accompanied a tour to Rome, and I met an Italian who happened to be the manager of the hotel where my tour was staying. It was just like in a women's magazine—I was available, interested and I didn't see anything wrong with going out with him the few evenings I was free. Like most Italian men he was really sexy, and I really wanted to go to bed with him. So I did. He was a great lover until he tried to take me anally. He got in with the help of some kind of Italian K-Y, but it felt like somebody had rammed a telephone pole up my rectum. All I could think about was getting it out! I can't imagine ever getting over that feeling of being skewered! He acted as though I was being silly and said I didn't know what I was missing. I told him thanks, but no thanks! I could hardly sit down for days. All the time I had to sit on the plane on my way back to the States, I could feel that my Italian lover had definitely been there! That was the first and last time for me.

James N., 53, art dealer: I was in my early 20s when I had my most

memorable experience with anal sex. It was at the beginning of World War Two. I'd gotten one of the last regular passenger planes out of Switzerland coming to the States, and there was the most marvelous woman on board. She was English and probably was at least ten years older than I was. She was on her way to meet her American husband in Bermuda, where the plane was due to make a stop. Obviously the plane wasn't a jet, and it was a long flight. During the night, the stewardess brought blankets and I had my flask. Since I wasn't exactly inexperienced, despite my age, one thing led to another, and we spent a fabulous night under two blankets at the rear of the plane.

My friends still tease me about being a leg man, and I guess I always was. She had a delicious pair of thighs and nicely rounded buttocks, and since the whole thing got started with our pretending we were going to sleep, with her back toward me, I was easily able to get her skirt up and her panties down enough so that I could spread her buttocks and enter her anal passage from behind. She certainly didn't protest, although I could feel her whole body tense as I entered her. Then she sighed and relaxed, and it didn't seem as if any of the people sleeping around us took note of our lovemaking. There was a lot of turbulence, and the motion added to our excitement all night long. We made love other ways, but I remember best the feel of the clenching tightness inside her rectum. She kissed me goodbye in the morning when we arrived in Bermuda, a polite kiss on the cheek, and she shook my hand. Through the window, I saw her get into a jeep with the man I supposed was her husband. I went on to New York, where some relatives were waiting for me, and I never saw her again.

George L., 31, horse trainer: I had met a couple on my first LSD experience back in 1967, and a few weeks later, they invited me to spend a long weekend at their place in the Adirondack Mountains. The first night there, I ended up in bed with them in their tiny little cabin. It was obvious that was what they had had in mind in the first place. I was pretty impressed, since I had just slept with a woman for the first time a few weeks before and here I was in a *ménage à trois*! Well, after I thought we had done just about everything three people could do, I was lying on my back with a still-raging hard-on, and this woman proceeded to squat over me with her back toward me and without so much as a whimper (*I* was whimpering a lot!), she slipped her ass right down over my cock. I've never felt anything like it before or since. Then, to top it off, she lay back against me and her old man, who was hung like a horse, proceeded to get on top of her and to fuck her like mad while I was still in her ass. So I was not only going crazy from the incredible tightness of her beautiful ass but also, at the same time, I could feel his cock through the thin membrane that separated us. When I came, it really lasted. Talk about satisfaction!

"I thought we had done just about everything three people could do."

Jenny W., 20, dollmaker: The best thing that happened when I was introduced to anal sex was that it liberated me from the embarrassment that I'd always felt about my ass. I always thought of it as being too big, and that made me self-conscious. Now I think of my ass sexually, and I'm actually proud of its size. It's nice and shapely and I *like* it; and I especially like being able to turn men on that way. It makes me feel really womanly.

Jill T., 24, airline employee: A year ago, I never would have thought it. I never believed people really did such things. But then I met Paul, and he got me into a lot of sexual experimentation, including anal sex. He loved going down on me and it all started because he'd lift my legs up and slide his tongue down from my pussy into the crack of my ass. He got me so wet that when he started inserting his tongue back there, it didn't even shock me. The wetness really made me feel that whatever he was doing was OK. So far, he's used only his tongue and his finger back there. It's exciting, because we both know that sometime soon he's going to fuck me like that. It's a lot like being a virgin again—going through that same kind of anticipation mixed with fear.

Colette R., 28, writer: I used to write erotic books for a living, and in each one, I had to do an anal scene. Sure I'd had sex that way a few times, but I'd never concentrated on the act the way I had to in order to write about it. At first, I was totally turned off to the whole thing personally, but I met a man, and I recognized right away that what we had together was purely sensuous, totally physical.

Immediately I knew I wanted to get into anal fucking with him. He was a little taken aback when I told him I wanted to do it that way. He said no one had ever asked him to before. He'd always had to persuade women he'd been with that it was worth getting into. I found out that my real reaction to anal sex was very different from the stuff I'd

"One night, by accident, we discovered that anal sex was the most satisfying substitute."

been writing. But the publisher wanted me to keep writing about ass scenes in the same way I had been—describing the incredible pain, the humiliation, etc. Maybe some people get off on that, but for me and this one particular man, it was just one of the important sex things we could do to each other. I say each other, because I got into doing it to him, too.

You know how you're making love with someone and suddenly you feel as though you have to do something outrageous, something one step *farther*? Well, that's how it started. I felt a little timid about it at first, but he responded and really carried on so much when I touched his anus that I got over that fast. The first time, my legs were up around him and I was on my back in the classical position, except he was fucking me in the ass; and I started wiggling my finger into *his* ass while he was doing it. We were both slick and squirmy from our own juices and Vaseline jelly and it was real easy to dip my finger in there. He came, but I mean *instantly*, and so did I, because it was a lot like his cock was just an extension of my finger or vice versa; and in a way, that made it like fucking *myself*. It took a while to control it so that he didn't come right away, but we managed. It was great.

Allen S., 29, computer programmer: It's something I've always wanted to do. I have fantasies about doing it to my wife, but so far I haven't gotten up the nerve. I know she'd be really freaked out by it. Once when we were in bed, I sort of pretended I was entering her cunt and I started worming my prick in between her buttocks and it was really far-out. But she caught on pretty fast and clenched and straightened out so fast that she nearly castrated me in the process. I got the message. I guess she's the one woman I want to do it to in particular, because she's the one I know who would be most against it. If I did it with a woman who was used to ass fucking, it would lose some of the excitement. Just thinking about it with my wife turns me on tremendously. She's got a lot of ass to get into. Maybe one day it will really happen.

Irene C., 26, editorial assistant: When I was in college, I didn't use any kind of birth control. On my fertile days, the man I was seeing and I would have oral sex, but one night, by accident, we discovered that anal sex was the most satisfying substitute. We both wanted to make love very much, and we were almost going to do it even though it was almost certain I'd be pregnant if we did. At the last minute, I said, "No, please don't!" and he asked, "Will you let me put it in your ass?" and I said "Yes!" It was very exciting. It hurt until I relaxed, and then it was wonderful. It's a regular part of my sex life now, and it's almost always good because of the way it happened the first time.

Bud A., 28, tour-bus operator: I have this problem because I'm hung so well. That's not bragging; that's just the way it is. A lot of girls freak out when they see how big I am, let alone getting it up their behinds! That doesn't mean I haven't done it, though. When I was a kid, there was a girl in our school out in California who said she was saving her virginity for her wedding night, so fucking her cunt was out. However, she was more than willing to do just about anything else—including ass fucking. So I was an ass man before I ever got around to anything else. Now, finding a woman who'll let me in the back way is next to impossible. But every once in a while I luck out. There's something to be said for having a small cock, no matter what anyone says.

Melody D., 21, film maker: I hate to say never, but I can honestly say that I never want anyone to make love to me anally. I think there's plenty to enjoy without getting involved with that.

Kay M., 24, nurse: Nurses have a reputation for being into sex, and I can vouch for the fact that it's true. It may be because the proximity to sick bodies makes you really appreciate a well body and the way it functions. I've had anal sex many times. It's marvelous when you get used to it. Some of my friends are into enemas and things like that, but that doesn't interest me too much. Give me a good hard penis and I'm happy. Of course, I always make the man wash off (usually I wash him off myself—not only is it more efficient but it's also sexier), before he enters me vaginally. Otherwise it's easy to get an infection. Wearing a rubber for anal sex is not a bad idea either. The friction makes it feel good. The most important thing that I've discovered about anal sex is that voiding first prepares the body and can make it a completely painless experience if you are both relaxed enough.

Tim C., 27, telephone technician: When I got out of school, I spent a summer in Europe. I was crazy in love with this French girl I'd met in Ibiza. We stayed with very good friends of mine who had

"Even though I've done it a lot, I've never gotten *used* to it. It's kind of a minor, sexy trauma each time."

rented a house in the south of France for the month of August. It started when she got a summer cold, and you know how the French swear by suppositories instead of any kind of oral medicine. Well, she bought what looked like a year's supply and, I don't know, one thing led to another, and at night we started inserting them into each other. And then, one night when she was well, I just put my finger in instead of the suppository; and then, one night, I just put my cock in instead of my finger! That night we both made so much noise that my friends came down and knocked on the door to make sure we were all right. We were.

Sylvie, 23, exchange student: Well, the best part about it for me is that I never think I *want* to. I mean when my pussy is feeling nice and full of his cock, I just want it to go on. Why spoil it and pull out to go at it the back way?

But that's just what makes it so exciting. Even though I've done it a lot, I've never gotten *used* to it. It's kind of a minor trauma each time—but a sexy trauma. The thought of doing something unnatural, of being perverse, really turns me on.

Most of the men I've tried it with feel the same way—they get a little more excited, a little more brutal once they get inside me. There was only one exception to that: a beautifully built Frenchman. He was small enough so that his whole body fit exactly to mine, and his cock was a lot smaller than those I'd been used to. He would alternately slip his cock into my anus and into my pussy without missing a stroke and it felt fantastic—like there was a third opening down there with an entirely different sensation. And the whole thing was very loving. I later found out that this practice was hygienically dangerous.

Most of the time, however, I'm conscious of being stuffed—of something going against the grain, so to speak. One friend I'm seeing a lot of, a German guy, pulls me up on my knees as if I were *unwilling*. And then, of course, I *get* unwilling. At the same time, I start to feel sexy. It's a funny game. If he goes into my cunt first, I find myself hoping he'll come before he can get my ass.

But he's got me figured out and before either of us can come, his middle finger worms its way up into my anus until it's widened enough to get two fingers in, and then he's double-fucking me real hard and fast, so I can hardly hold up on my knees.

Then he switches and puts his cock where his fingers were and vice versa and I start going to pieces. I know it's not exactly à la mode to get your kicks out of feeling abused by a man, but it can be fantastic! This German guy starts talking to me like I've done something wrong, you know, like he's *punishing* me for something. Usually it's some little thing, like the fact that he knows I'm seeing other guys, which doesn't bother him otherwise—I mean, when we're not in bed. A lot of times, it's just that I'm getting punished because I'm liking it so much. That drives me *wild*. I love it! And when he's hurting me—not much, just a little, just enough—I think, "Yes, I deserve it, I'm really awful. Yes, fuck me, fuck my ass good!" It's like I've been reduced to some pure animal state where there are only feelings, and when I come like that, it's like some final absolution. It's more intense than anything I've experienced with just plain intercourse.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot: Afterward is very important, too. Long after he's gone, I've still got a kind of tingly throbbing back there every time I sit down and it's a little uncomfortable, but I know I've been *used* to my full potential. I've really been appreciated.

Lewis J., 33, teacher: I think that most people are turned off about it because they feel it's a put-down. It's taking the whole idea of being *fucked* (in the pejorative sense) one step farther. Getting fucked in the ass is the lowest on the scale. Language about sex has to change along with sexual mores before people can really be sexually free. My lover likes it well enough as long as I've made love to her vaginally first and she's had an orgasm. Otherwise she's not interested.

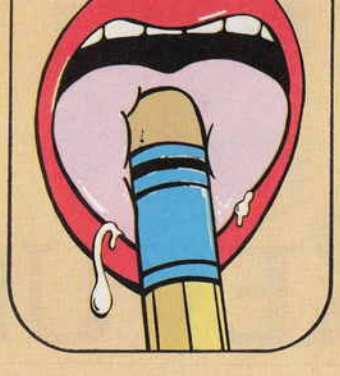
Sandy L., 20, painter: I really got into anal sex, because a guy I once lived with was primarily gay before we got together. At first, I felt kind of disappointed when he would turn me over when we were making love and I knew that was what he wanted to do. But after a while, I got over that and really started to groove on it. It hurts only a little while at first—just like regular sex. But you have to use lots of lubrication, like Vaseline or K-Y. A woman can feel a lot more of what's happening to her anally than she can vaginally. There's a lot going on inside my pussy, and it's all diffuse. But once you've got a cock up your ass, there's nothing about what's happening that you don't feel!

I was really surprised at how good it feels and in such a different way. Frankly I was grateful to him for showing me that I had this other part of my body that would give me pleasure. I can come that way. Anyway, it *seems* to be starting from back there! I know it sounds funny, but it really is like a backward or an inverted orgasm.

Anne W., 19, waitress: It's OK. I do it and have nothing against it, but I don't let a guy come in there. It's afterward when the come comes back out that I don't like. It gives me the willies!

Santiago H., 23, rock musician: I can't get enough of it. That's how I rate women these days. If they can take it up the old chocolate tunnel, they're OK with me! ▣

Illustrations by Michael Trossman



SEX TAPE LETTERS

Incest is best

When I was 11, I stole a porno magazine from the local drugstore. I sneaked it home, hidden under my jacket, and read it nervously while sitting on my bed. When my 16-year-old sister knocked on the door, I jumped so high that I almost hit the ceiling. I shoved the magazine under the bed before letting her in, but she saw a corner of it and pulled it out and began leafing through the pages. She smiled and told me not to be embarrassed. She asked me if I liked the pictures, but I was so ashamed that I couldn't say a word. She sensed my excitement, so she closed the door, locking it behind her. Then she walked over to me, unbuttoning her blouse. I was a little scared, but her naked breasts excited me. She stripped to her panties and lay down on the bed beside me. I didn't know what to do, so she took my hand and started massaging her breasts with it. After a while, I began doing it myself. She unzipped my pants and helped me to remove them. I had a thick growth of pubic hair then, and she said she liked that. I asked to see hers, so she pulled off her panties and threw them on the floor. Then she saw by my expression that I was fascinated and she pulled my head to her cunt. I had heard about oral sex from some of my friends, so I knew what was expected of me. As I heard her moans of pleasure, I figured I was doing the right thing. Then she swung around and began caressing my balls. I couldn't stand the pleasure and I came almost immediately, but she massaged my cock until it was hard again. She said it wasn't as big as her boyfriend's, but she was close to climax and wanted me to fuck her. I didn't know what to do, exactly, so I lay on my back and she sat on top of me. As she pumped her pelvis up and down, she leaned forward and her breasts brushed my face lightly. I kissed them and ran my tongue all over them until they were wet and slippery. She began moving very fast and I was almost coming again. She told me to push myself farther inside her and then she closed her eyes and let out a low growl of satisfaction. Seeing her come made me come, too. We did it often after that when our folks weren't home, and we even used their bed in front of the mirrors. My sister is married now, and I have a girl here at grad school, but no other sexual experience has been as wonderful as the times my sister and I got it on.

BILL M.
Hartsdale, New York

Until reading many personal accounts in various books, I had no idea that incest was a common occurrence. I have been having an incestuous relationship with my son for almost three years now. We are members of an upper-middle-class family and have all the material advantages that money can buy. I am an attractive, intelligent woman, just 39 years old. I have kept myself in good physical shape and have a fine figure. My husband and I have always enjoyed sex, so that has nothing to do with my

secret sex life with my 17-year-old son. It began three years ago on a warm Saturday afternoon. He and I were alone in the house, and for some reason, I was sexually aroused. I remember wishing my husband were home to satisfy my desires. I was doing some work upstairs, and as I was going down the hall, I saw Tony, my son, in the bathroom. He had just stepped out of the shower. I stood there a moment watching him dry off, my eyes going over his entire body. I could hardly believe what I was thinking. I tried to push the crazy thoughts from my mind, but they persisted. I went into my bedroom and shakily lit a cigarette, trying to get control of myself. I heard Tony leave the bathroom and go into his bedroom. Almost like a sleepwalker, I got up and followed him. I can't remember what I may have said to him, or any part of our conversation, but I vividly recall him standing there with only a towel wrapped around him. As though I were drugged, I walked over to him and slowly pulled the towel away. Tony stood there staring at me as I put my hand on his penis and stroked it. He didn't say a word or try to move away as it began to stiffen under my touch. Then I led him to the bed and pulled him down next to me. As I removed my clothing, both fear and excitement raced through me, and I knew I wanted him. My own 14-year-old son! I guided him gently yet passionately in his first experience with sexual intercourse. As he began to move in and out of me, my passion mounted feverishly and I had two beautiful orgasms. Almost simultaneously Tony exploded inside me. When it was over, I lay there physically and emotionally drained. I gathered my clothes and went to my room, where I fell upon the bed and burst into tears. It was a terrible afternoon, and when my husband came home, I said I was sick so that I would not have to face him or Tony. The next day was also hell for me. I could not look at my son without imagining him between my legs. A week or ten days went by, and again Tony and I were alone in the house. Again, as though I were drawn to him against my will, I went to his room. I undressed silently and again my son made love to me. After that second time, it became easier and more frequent. During the past three years, we have indulged in every variety of sexual activity, including fellatio, cunnilingus and anal intercourse. I can't seem to help myself nor do I even want to.

ELIZABETH B.
Atlanta, Georgia

Roller ball

My wife and I want to share one of our more lively sexual experiments. This might *(Continued on page 124)*

REVUE

Mano is mortified

The Story of O is a coffee-table S/M film. Real swank, like having Christian Barnaard do your hemorrhoidectomy. A whip arm is raised; a woman yells "Ouch!"—in French; but there's no contact. You might as well try to blow a soul kiss at someone.

All in all, the season's been a bummer for S/M and B/D addicts. **The Story of Joanna** was meant as Gerard Damiano's very obvious me-too rip-off. At least, the ouches are in English. *Joanna* is hard-core, but then so is an unripe mango. Leave your raincoat at home.

O, according to the heavy advance notices, had what it'd take to give S/M sexual chic: fat budget, subtitles, a Krafft-Ebing–type classic, plus a dignified East Side theater where you could bring your wife and where you'd need an *Oxford English Dictionary* to understand the men's room graffiti. But Just Jaeckin, who directed *O*, puts more grease on his lens than you'd find on the headrest of a Greyhound bus seat. There are Tinkerbell star-burst highlights glinting off of everyone's front teeth. *Joanna* is just as pretentious, only Damiano made his phony rep using a microscope instead of a camera. There's one ludicrous shot where a male member, magnified 1,000,000 times maybe, lurches toward you like *The Shwantz That Ate Up Chicago*. Two dismal films: all *très* arty and dull. The raunchiest S/Mer would have a hard time Just Jaeckin off.

Women, zero; men, two. Make that three. In contrast to *O* and *Joanna*, **Swept Away** seems to be a doctoral thesis (plus a complete physical) on the subject of female humiliation. By now, you know that I think Lina Wertmuller is our most brilliant, imaginative new director. Plot: Rich, sexy, self-indulgent Italian bitch is dinghywrecked on a desert island with poor, Communist, Sicilian yacht hand. He brain- and bodywashes her. By comparison, Sir Stephen and O look like kids having a game of knucks. Furthermore, Wertmuller's film is twice as sensual with one one hundredth the nudity. Yet *Swept Away* let me down, the way *Coriolanus* might after *King Lear* and *Macbeth*. Wertmuller's premises—geographical and political and sexual—have a bumper-sticker glibness. Giancarlo Giannini of the 600-watt eyeballs—by law, he ought to dim them when cars approach from the opposite direction—appears cranky and shrill, yelling "*Fongool!*" for two hours: could be that his passive, passionate master performances in *Love and Anarchy* and *The Seduction of Mimi* have spoiled me. Wertmuller plays *Swept Away* on the white keys only; it hasn't that subtle, sweet half-note ambience of her previous films. Special credit to Mariangela Melato's bikini, which survives ripping, raping, sharp rocks, nasty undergrowth, etc., for days on end. There hasn't been an Italian government in three decades with such durability.

One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest is great, great mellerdrama. You'll cry and clap when Chief Broom escapes (by shot-putting a 300-pound sitz bath out the asylum window). I did, anyway. I also cried and clapped 25 years ago when Lassie came home. In structure, Ken Kesey's plot (cunningly adapted by Milos Forman, Lawrence Hauben and Bo Goldman) resembles a clothespin: simple, efficient, beautiful; who cares if we've invented electric driers since? The meaning is as unmistakable as a BEWARE OF DOGS sign outside some ten-dollar massage parlor. Asylum = establishment. Incarceration = a denial of free will. Lunatics have their shtick—say, fox-trotting around the ward all day. Characterization is static, a form of Molièresque comedy. And Nurse Ratched (ratchet = moving part) is also static, comic: She can't change; another nut. In

PREVUE: With France still in the throes of its own S/M chic and the first landings of American hard-core, the most refreshing success of the Paris season is a funny sex film for the whole family, *Les Gallettes de Pont Aven*. Director Joel Seria has put together a robust barrel of laughs for his star Jean-Pierre Marielle to wallow in with great energy. Marielle, one of those great second-level French actors, finally breaks through into his own starring role as a traveling salesman (in umbrellas) who really wants to go off and paint. What he likes painting best is ass. When he finds a pretty one, he is capable of rhapsodizing about it for hours, painting it blue, green, red, big, bigger, each buttock lovingly handled, molded and gazed upon in total rapture. Jeanne Goupil is the owner of the prettiest of them all, and Marielle gives up wife, home and umbrellas for the chance to paint it and then nestle up against it at the end of a hard day at the canvas. One had almost forgotten how much pleasure there is in sex.

—JACK ALTMAN

comes McMurphy, who represents God, saying, "*Nu?* Eat the apple or don't eat it—but choose, schmuck." Nurse Ratched has McMurphy lobotomized: That's the essential comic-static act. (Women, one; men, three.) I find nothing wrong with *Cuckoo* except that there's nothing wrong with it. An artist must be in control, but he shouldn't apply half nelsons. The film is a perfect equation. One X left unsolved and it might have been great, great drama.

Quickies.

Hester Street and **Lies My Father Told Me:** both about the New World immigrant Jewish assimilation. Both loving, sentimental, pleasant—sort of like filming a nice plate of kreplech soup.

Dog Day Afternoon: fine but overlong true story about a bank-holdup, hostage situation. Makes you feel like paying the usher a ransom on your way out.

Three Days of the Condor: engrossing thriller. America threatened by CIAs inside CIAs. Claustrophobic, somewhat paranoid, should be retitled *Three Days in a Condom.*

Special Section: Aaagh. A Costa-Gavras film is too much like being called for jury duty. Plead extenuating circumstances and maybe the judge will let you off this time. —D. KEITH MANO

A fistful of pages

This month's fistful oozes monomania. First we have Ovid Demaris' **The Director: An Oral Biography of J. Edgar Hoover** (Harper's Magazine Press), an account of the making of an American bulldog. Hoover started young. In grade school, he stuttered but overcame it, rewarding himself with ice cream and puppies. In high school, he passed up girls and slugged away at his studies, diverting himself with male-chauvinist pigskin and other red-blooded sports. In Government service, he went for the executive jugular and hung on until all his rivals flopped dead. By 1936, he'd consolidated his position and had begun assembling those 55,000,000 index cards the FBI eventually brandished at us.

And it was around this time that Hoover's magnificent obsession began to abscess. He and Clyde Tolson became the country's odd couple. Wrapped identically in suits of white linen, they cruised America's mainstem in bullet-proof limos, photographed each other on Florida beaches, ordered simultaneous steaks at Washington restaurants, bet the same ponies at California race tracks.

Yet it is Demaris' great achievement that he never fag baits, never conjectures. He conjures the Hoover/Tolson friendship entirely through the words of old relatives, servant Congressmen and G-men, allowing the reader to make up his own mind. If anything, the evidence Demaris presents suggests an American comedy, the asexual putrescence of old-lady schoolteachers or old scoutmasters, the ones from Dad's time, who led blameless lives, accomplished exactly what they set out to do and never doubted for a moment.

The Dead Father (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) is Donald Barthelme's anti-novel about God the monomaniac. From the first, we see that He is as neurotic as the crowd at the coffee machine. In fact, He is the coffee machine. Sometimes He wants only to comfort us, to warm our bellies; at other times, He boils over and tries to scald us. He is possessive, vain, vindictive, murderous. He's too big, draped like Gulliver "from the Avenue Pommard to the Boulevard Grist. Over-all length: 3200 cubits." When He figures out that we're through with Him, that we want Him dead, He issues "A Manual for Sons." It condones generational mistrust but takes a hard line on patricide. Barthelme conveys a sense that it is impossible to feel close to things, absurd to try, and hilarious that we sometimes do.

Muhammad Ali's monomania has been so frequently poked and probed

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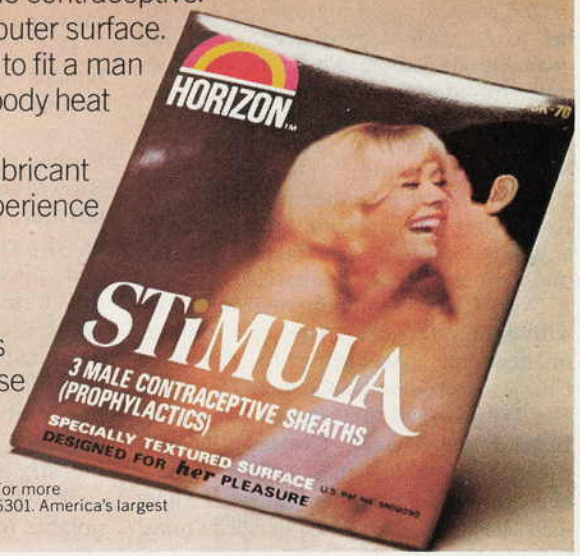

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Myth America: Picturing Women 1865–1945 **(Pantheon) is a Pandora's box of photos and illustrations of women from the end of the Civil War to the close of World War Two. (Some of the above posters are available from the Yesterday gallery in New York.) Carol Wald, who pulled this book together, is obviously a manic collector wired to some of the best sources of Paper Americana in the country. She and Judith Papachristou, who wrote the text, feel that all these advertising cards, postcards, trading cards, magazine ads and illustrations actually shaped our image of the American girl. In a time when extended families were breaking up and farm people were moving to the impersonal, insecure life of the city, these sweet-faced, healthy, smiling girls became, in effect, family. They shaped the cultural expectations and the value systems of a country in flux until they, in turn, were phased out by the technology of television. The retouched and airbrushed American girl of *Myth America* is wholesome, pure and eternally smiling. She also has a strong whiff of propaganda about her. The sheer insistence of page after page of smiling women becomes a numbing, bewildering experience, like thumbing through a particularly large high school yearbook full of total strangers. And just who is this Myth America?**
—CAROL TROY

by the intelligentsia that **The Greatest: My Own Story** (Random House) almost seems posthumous. True, the champ and his ghostwriter, Richard Durham, render Ali's slam-bang press-conference style well, and sure, the champ gets in some good shots (he smacks Jimmy Breslin's liberalism in the mouth by revealing that Breslin once called him "a Muslim and a bedbug" for refusing the draft), but the book's self-image is as glazed as most autobiographies. According to Ali, Ali is heroic, generous and probably a genius. The faults he admits to—studying Gorgeous George's villainous style just to hype the gate; threatening Sugar Ray Robinson because he caught Robinson checking out his wife's legs—are all endearing. The faults Ali ignores—his robotoid acceptance of anything Muslim, his waves of xenophobia—are all too familiar.

Coco Chanel's monomania had to do with obliterating any traces of cheapness in her chic. According to Edmonde Charles-Roux's snide **Chanel: Her Life, Her World—and the Woman Behind the Legend She Herself Created** (Knopf), she learned to sew in a convent where her drunkard father, an itinerant shoelace salesman, abandoned her. The nuns' habits affected Chanel in several ways, the author meows: There were her mother-superior mien, the black-and-white austerity of her fashions, her medieval discipline with models, the 30-year friendship with her ladyfriend Misia Sert. "She has the head of a little black swan," Cocteau once said of Chanel. "And the heart of a little black bull," Colette added. Still, Charles-Roux's writing is so stilted that you root for Coco by default.

Did Yukio Mishima, Japan's most famous writer, commit hara-kiri for complex aesthetic and political reasons, or was he just showing off? John Nathan's **Mishima: A Biography** (Little, Brown) is bullish on the first explanation but fails to convince. Nathan can't tell us why virtually all of Mishima's novels and plays deal with sexual fantasts driven to extreme acts of violence in political contexts; or even why Mishima once had himself photographed as Saint Sebastian—nude, hands tied over his head and riddled with arrows.

Dance is plagued by a little cottage industry of dancewriters who, like sportswriters and rockwriters, are most notable for their meager ideas and their inappropriate language. Lincoln Kerstein, who did the text for **Nijinsky Dancing** (Knopf), an otherwise OK collection of photos, is one of the worst. For the millionth time, Kerstein tells us how Nijinsky was the first male executant and creator in ballet to function as more than a forklift for ballerinas. Then, Kerstein tells us Nijinsky was through at 30 and choreographed only three ballets—one of which tenuously survived. Fittingly, Kerstein's writing tortures itself to death: "[*The Afternoon of a Faun* concerns] the promise of limitless discovery beyond manneristic or decorative recovery, with exploration of private and individual sensibility past rhetoric or gentility." —JOHN LOMBARDI

The high cost of eating out

The Palace is, for the moment, the most expensive restaurant in the world, a spot where Las Vegas showmanship joins hands with French *haute cuisine* to take on the food mavens of the Big Apple. Just glancing at the menu, so stiff, so creamy, so studded with French, causes my stomach to execute a flip-flop, part eager anticipation, part sheer dismay

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at the groaning overload of riches to come. But there's no such ambivalence on the menu. Down in the lower left corner, it reads "PRIX FIXE: FIFTY DOLLARS."

The setting is grandly showbiz; the restaurant is in the lobby of a new apartment building next to the 59th Street Bridge. Once inside, you find overblown flowers on the rug, soundproofed ceiling, a pompous center table on a platform, piped-in Muzak, fresh flowers, original oils a notch above the type sold at stores advertising "original oils" and heavy cut-crystal glasses that the waiters eagerly tell you cost $15 each! New York food critics smart in such a place; the obviously theatrical setting is inimical to good food. The restaurant is a sitting duck for outbursts of New York snobbery. But that's not the crowd the Palace caters to. The Palace is for those guests who will pay to have their *haute cuisine* served without the usual *haute snob* waiters, those guests who would rather not tremble before a sneering maître de, who would rather not have to hide their garbled pronunciation behind the wine list. The Palace is for people with money (or an expansive expense account) who want to eat well and not put up with any crap. The staff is actually friendly, and the kitchen, under the guidance of a former Lutèce chef, is capable of turning out little tastes of heaven. Seven courses of heaven.

For hors d'oeuvres, perhaps divine Emincé Crû de Filet de Boeuf Mariné aux Herbes—thin slices of beef served raw, raw, raw, timid and tender under a nippy mustard sauce. For the soup, a Moule au Safran, cream of mussel brightened with bits of saffron and tiny little scallops. The lingo for the third course tries to fool the stomach: "Little

PREVUE: With *The Story of Adèle H.*, it seems that Francois Truffaut cannot bring himself to do a film that's not beautiful. Every scene of his new picture of unrequited passion is so delicately put together and of such an intricate rhythm that one suspects that if just one foot of film were removed, it would throw the whole movie off balance. His heroine, played by the breathtakingly exquisite Isabelle Adjani (above), is the daughter of superstar Victor Hugo, traveling incognito to Canada. She is fleeing from her father's suffocating fame and is searching desperately for an English officer she fell in love with when she and her father were in exile on Guernsey. She finds the officer, but he turns out to be a classic English cad who wants nothing more of her. She literally goes mad with passion for him. Drawing on the recently decoded diary of Adèle Hugo, the film is the study of that crazed hermetic passion. The only flaw is the maddeningly trite English dialog put into the mouths of the English and Anglo-Canadian characters, but after a while, it's not difficult to tune that out and just concentrate on Adjani. She has superb range in orchestrating her decline from hope and excitement all the way to insane, desolate misery. And she's still just a kid. Adjani is the best thing to happen to French acting since old Pegleg Bernhardt. —J.A.

***The Picture Newspaper* is seventh heaven. It's like a big folded magazine, bigger than *Time*, bigger than *Rolling Stone*, just about the size of the gigantic *New York Times*. Big enough to take on the biggest fantasies of New York. And with all this space to play around with, publisher Steve Laurence has decided to have no words. No print to clutter up the straight visual high of huge picture after huge picture by people like Annie Liebowitz, French illustrator Christian Piper, Instamatic master Antonio, Richard Avedon and Peter Beard. Each page is so huge that it becomes an instant poster, so each month brings a new gallery for your bedroom. Weird but entertaining. *The Picture Newspaper* is like television: very cool. Marshall McLuhan would love it. —C.T.**

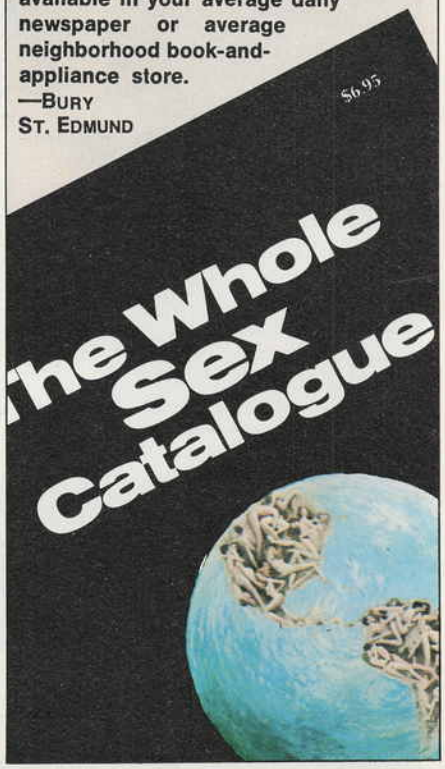
Boy, I bet Bernhardt J. Hurwood, editor of *The Whole Sex Catalogue*, and Pinnacle, his publisher, thought it would be easier than shooting consumers in a barrel. Put out a book with the word sex on the cover, stuff it full of clippings and photos from existing sources, dash off a few "essays" to pad out the book, and then—this is the capperoo—*put it out in a large-format paperback whose title and cover art are parodies of a best seller!*

Yes, Virginia, there have been worse ideas. If this one had been executed with a sense of humor, it might have found a respectable place in the growing archives of post-literate snatch-reading material. Alas, it is soaked in a sense of Novocained relevancy. The introduction, signed by the ubiquitous Kronhausens, urges the *W. S. Catalogue* on us because "there are no entries under *French ticklers* . . . in the phone book."

The essays, though brief, are packed with unusual tidbits: Did you know that homosexuals existed before *Midnight Cowboy* was released? That there have been sexual themes in art and music and, gosh, theater, all through history?

There is one interesting section on contemporary erotic artists that provides a cross section of the dirty work being done in respectable galleries today. Almost the entire book, however, is given over to listing titles and addresses of swingers' magazines, straight-gay-bi magazines and sex-supply magazines giving bibliographies on contraceptives, erotic cooking, mysticism and printing the addresses of some sex clubs and bordellos.

In short, there's nothing that isn't available in your average daily newspaper or average neighborhood book-and-appliance store.
—BURY ST. EDMUND



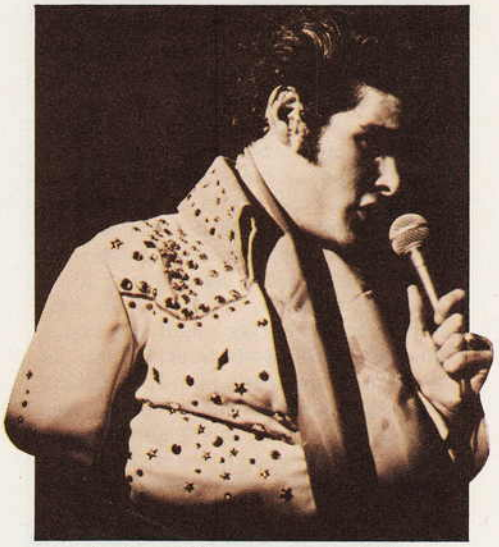
Entrees and Fishes," it is called. There are no "little" entrees in my book. My choice, Capelli d'Angelo, angel's-hair pasta in a lovely truffled sauce, is a big letdown. The angel's hair has turned into a sodden mass by the time it is served.

Here we slip in a tart lemon sherbet with a touch of cassis to cool the brain for the entree: Côte de Boeuf Grand Palace au Madèra. Mind spinning and stomach stuffed and churning, we greet the beef on its opulent silver service, prettied up with a snappily decorated tomato and an artichoke heart stuffed with mysteries . . . a flotilla of visual delights. But we can eat only a fifth of it, because by now there has been just too much food, too much richness. Our brain fevers are brought down a notch by a fresh salad, jacked back up by the presentation of a tray of four rich cheeses . . . and brought to a hot heat by the Vegas-showgirl splendor of the dessert: tiny, teeny toothfuls of miniature pastries mounting a server fashioned of pastel sugar. *Petits fours* in a pastry basket kissed with blossoms of sugar roses. And perhaps some mousse? Pear Napoleon? Chocolate truffles? We are reeling by the end of the meal (or should we call it a production number?), our stomach performs drum rolls during the last act, fueled by glasses of wine. We arrived at eight. Out of our mind with food, we reel out of the Palace at 11:30, clutch a taxi and thank our lucky stars that we got to eat and gaze upon all that delicious mind-boggling food without—and here's the catch—picking up the check. We wonder if our curiosity about *haute cuisine* and our desire to avoid the snarling snob waiters of $40-*prix-fixe* French restaurants will ever be strong enough to make us lay out all that dough. But it sure was good food. No crap. —C.T.

If you can't beat 'em

No, this is not Elvis. Forget the uncanny resemblance to Presley in his prime; the familiar stance, those smoldering eyes and that chilling curl of the lip. Wait—don't listen to him sing! Ah, nuts. You're paying attention—which is exactly what Alan Meyer (the kid in the picture) figured. Pretty smart. We hope Elvis isn't the jealous type, because with the commotion **Alan: A Tribute to Elvis** is causing, the king has good reason to be.

America imitates its heroes, and Elvis is no exception. So with the original article overweight and in seclusion, it's now or never for a whole raft of Elvises across the country. Alan is the best of the lot. So good, in fact, that he terms his form of flattery a "tribute." He started singing along to Elvis records back when *Teddy Bear* was tops, and now the 26-year-old's vocals are literally indistinguishable from his master's voice. Alan doesn't miss a note or a nuance; and he knows 396 of Elvis'



tunes by heart. No requests denied.

Alan wasn't always Elvis. As an electronics technician in Seattle, he was

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PREMIUM BLANK CASSETTES, CARTRIDGES AND OPEN REELS

PREVUE: Most people seem to have the idea that making a porn flick is just one big ball. But how would you like white-hot lights close enough to burn your asshole while you're trying to keep it up long enough to satisfy some ridiculous director? Well, this reviewer wouldn't and that's why it surprised me to see the actresses and actors really enjoying themselves in last year's Danish porn spectacular *I Tuillingernes Tegn*. The delightfully thin plot involves two rival recording companies competing to sign a new singing sensation. The business maneuverings become predictably complicated by the heavy sexual maneuverings. The movie apes its own genre and hams up its melodrama.

The more sophisticated Danish porn flicks seem to be developing in an unusual direction. In the U. S., producers try to get as much sex into a film as possible—without getting an X rating. In Denmark, porn is becoming more wholesome—more story, less sex. Despite the problems the guy below is experiencing, the result is that actors, actresses and audience all have a good time. —ERIC KAHN

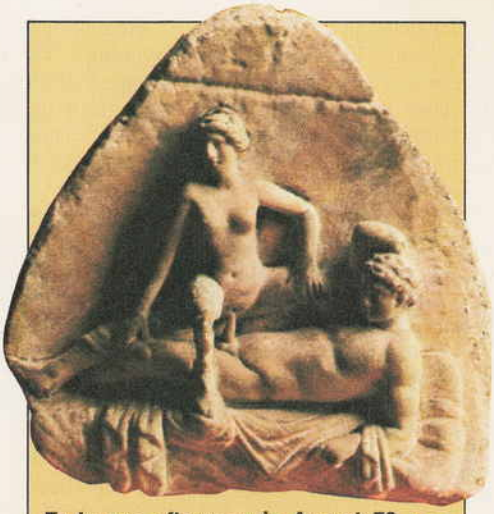
training to go into orbit and repair manned space stations. But despite Spiro's glowing predictions of intergalactic adventure, the program was delayed 20 years. So Alan tried his Elvis impression at a talent contest, landed the first of many small jobs and eventually abandoned a lucrative career in engineering to take his product to the people. It's been almost two years now, and Alan is breaking house records (in off season, no less) at the Thunderbird Hotel in Las Vegas.

The show is a well-paced singing-and-dancing tour of Elvis' career: from the Fifties through the Seventies with appropriate costuming (though no pillow stuffing for the later years). Alan doesn't dance, but after two hours, if not after the first song, Alan's expertise is very convincing.

"I make Elvis look good," says his youthful counterpart, huskily. "I hate Elvis imitators, and I've made a point to see every one. None of them has the *voice*."

Where to from here? Perhaps a meeting with Elvis himself. The Colonel has already sent trusted scouts to observe Alan, who contends the feedback has been positive. Maybe they'll try a duet or at least pose for some before-and-after ads. Alan's featured the fateful moment so many times that it hurts. But it will be far from painful when Alan returns to Vegas in July and August for a peak-season stand at the Tropicana. Better break out those blue suedes, baby. —DAVID RENSIN

PREVUE: When Marguerite Duras was little, she wasn't very pretty, so when she grew up, she began writing stories about women—with psychological overtones. She got a reputation. She was deep. She was an intellectual. She became a Communist. She became more boring than ever. She wrote more novels about women. Two of them were called *The Sea Wall* and *The Square*. Because she couldn't outsell Simone de Beauvoir, she teamed up with the biggest avant-garde bore in France—Alain Resnais—and together they made one of the most highly acclaimed boring films of all times: *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*. Convinced there was a big market to exploit, she began making boring films all by herself. *India Song* is the latest. There is no story. The words don't go with the pictures. There is no action. The heroine (below, the beautiful Delphine Seyrig) commits suicide. The film won a prize at the Cannes Film Festival. So did *The Strawberry Statement*. —STEVEN FULLER



Early one afternoon in August 79 A.D., Vesuvius dropped a huge load of lava all over Pompeii, and, in doing so, buried a fertile and surprisingly stark collection of sexual artifacts, ornamentation, paintings and sculptures. *Eros in Pompeii: The Secret Rooms of the National Museum of Naples* (Morrow) is a loving account of what was dug up from the ruins and hid away from the Pompeians' more timid ancestors. It is peculiar that what the secret museum rooms secrete was commonplace for classical Pompeians. Ornamental phalluses cropped up like daisies in a cow pasture, warding off evil, ensuring good fortune, as well as giving potency and fertility a helping hand. It seems that the amorous Pompeians were so taken by their Epicureanism, which often filled their walls with explicit frescoes, that an ancient wit was moved to graffiti: "I wonder, wall, you do not smash, / Beneath the weight of all this trash." But Antonia Mulas' great color plates and Michael Grant's classy text make this volume a *Réalités*like appreciation of playful porn. —NAN MUIR

Paranoia potpourri

Illuminatus!, a three-volume opus by Robert Shea and Robert Anton Wilson, is a book after Sherman Skolnick's heart. Everything in it is a conspiracy, and all the conspiracies are connected. It reads like equal parts of Ian Fleming, bad acid and Thomas Pynchon. There are a mad genius, Hagbard Celine, who lives in a Jules Verne–type submarine; a right-wing Masonic conspiracy, the Illuminati; left wingers; an ancient Babylonian secret society called the JAMS (Justified Ancients of Mummu); a *2001*-style computer called FUCKUP (First Universal Cybernetic-Kinetic-Ultramicro-Programmer), which throws *I Ching* hexagrams to predict events; mysterious Mavis, a radical woman who gives fine head; Richard Laurel and Spiro Hardy; a coup on Fernando Poo; a Vegas hooker named Sherri and her pimp Carmel, who

fleece a research chemist of his top-secret project only to find that it's an anthrax virus—which kills them; reporters from *Confrontation*, a muckraking magazine; New York City police; and, of course, an English spy, Fission Chips (00005), whose boss rightly disbelieves Chips's reports on BUGGER (Blowhard's Unreformed Gangsters, Goons and Espionage Renegades). The energy of the book's paranoia is disturbing even when one considers that none of it is very serious. The authors even supply their own critic, Epicene Wildeblood, who pans the book—unconvincingly—and they correct their own errata. I can hardly wait to see the *Cliff's Notes* on this.

—LAWRENCE RAND

Creeping paranoia collides with the free-enterprise system to produce **How to Hide Almost Anything** (Morrow), by David Krotz, a guide to turning your house or apartment into a warren of secret compartments. Krotz, who came to his expertise after having his apartment ransacked by one of New York's resident bands of Visigoths, shows how to build false walls, sliding bookcases and baseboard cubbyholes. Cash, jewels, stereos, marijuana plants, everything can be concealed—even an affair, and Krotz offers some whimsical advice about that, too. —SEAN CALLAHAN

At first glance, the 32 plates reproduced in *The Fantastic Art of Frank Frazetta* (Scribner's) might appear to be voluptuous visual pastries and little else. They are sumptuously hued paintings of impossibly muscled barbarians, achingly carnal women and frighteningly sexual monsters—all cloaked in shadows that writhe with barely perceptible nightmare figures. Frazetta, you see, is a gifted storyteller who's been earning his keep these past 20 years by drawing comicbooks, which is—among its mature practitioners—the art of making movies by hand. As a result of this experience, each of Frazetta's paintings is an adult fantasy indulged with teenaged abandon; brilliantly realized freeze frames from films that someone should start shooting immediately (though a director of photography would lose his eyeballs trying to re-create Frazetta's lighting and coloring). For now, we'll have to be satisfied with this collection, which is not a coffee-table book but a night-table book if ever there was one. —B.ST.E.

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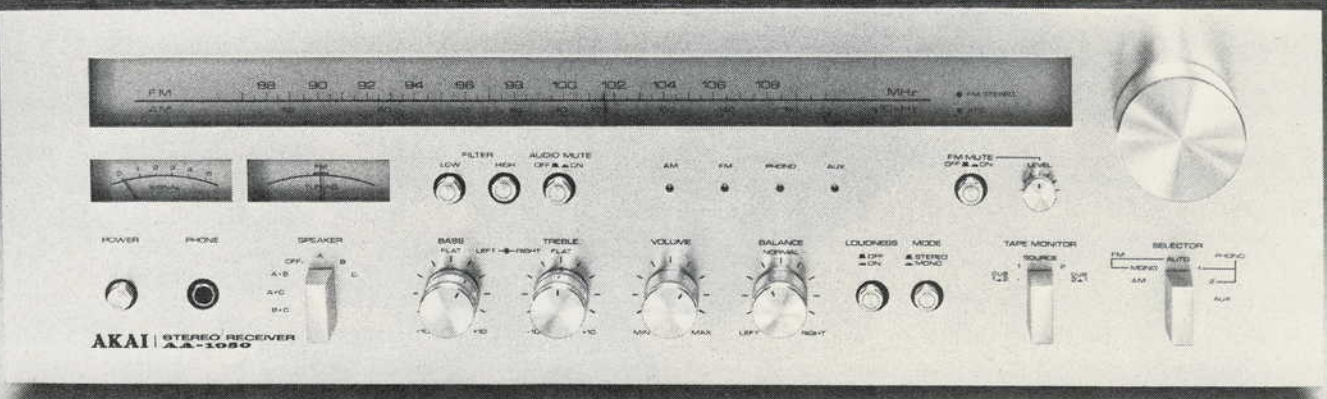

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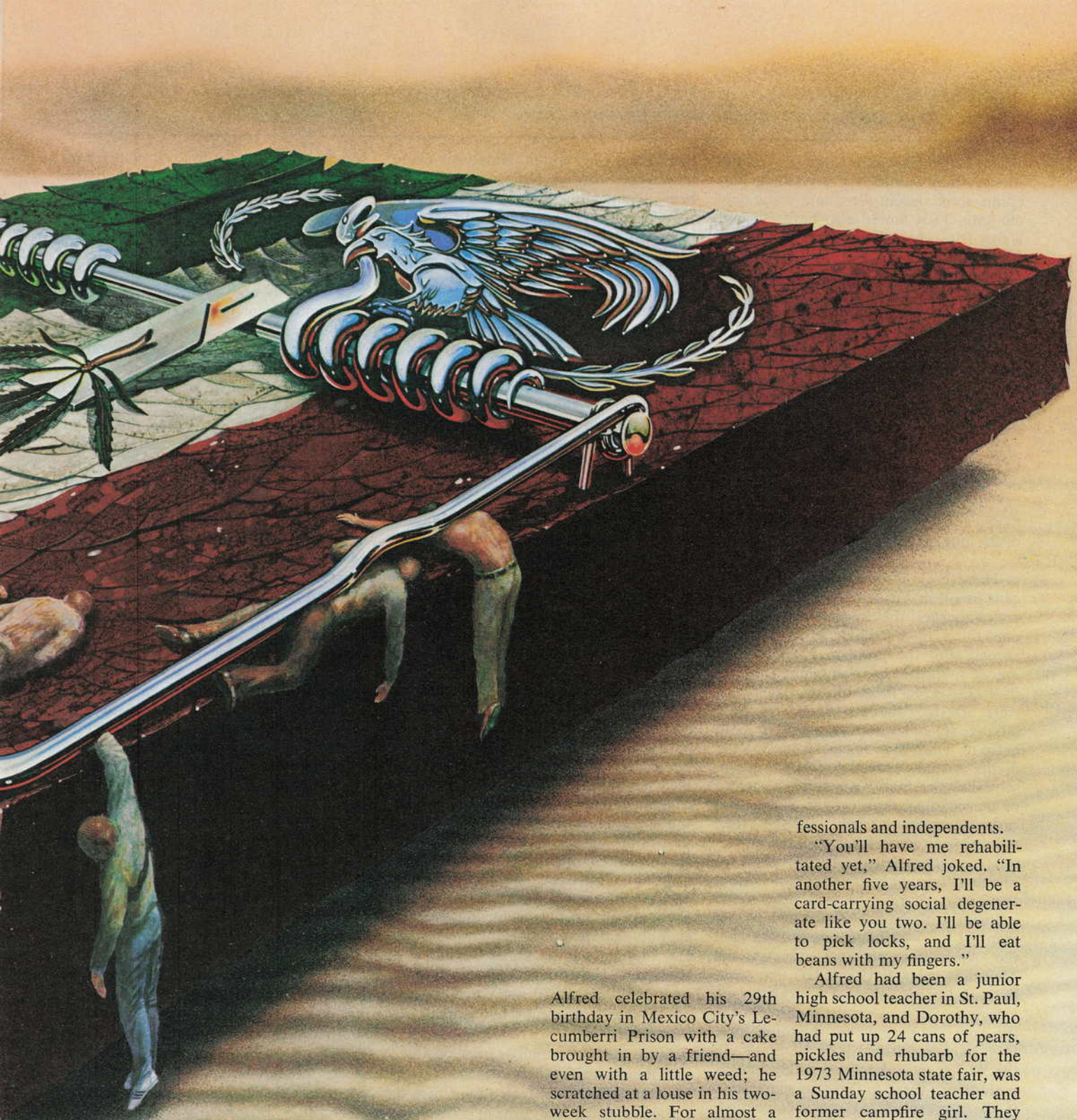
MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE



How hundreds of American kids landed in Mexican jails on drug busts—and why the State Department doesn't do anything about it

Article by Curtis Hartman

Alfred celebrated his 29th birthday in Mexico City's Lecumberri Prison with a cake brought in by a friend—and even with a little weed; he scratched at a louse in his two-week stubble. For almost a year, long enough to have told and retold and told yet again the story of his and his wife Dorothy's disaster, he had shared expenses with Jim and Rick, including, when they could manage it, 15 pesos a week in rent for an eight-by-15-foot cell in Dormitory O, the maximum-security wing for political prisoners. And, as a former amateur smuggler and a "mule," he had to endure the teasing of his cellmates, who had been both professionals and independents.

"You'll have me rehabilitated yet," Alfred joked. "In another five years, I'll be a card-carrying social degenerate like you two. I'll be able to pick locks, and I'll eat beans with my fingers."

Alfred had been a junior high school teacher in St. Paul, Minnesota, and Dorothy, who had put up 24 cans of pears, pickles and rhubarb for the 1973 Minnesota state fair, was a Sunday school teacher and former campfire girl. They were the very picture of innocence, though maybe the picture was too hokey to convince their audience. They hadn't even fooled a Mexican customs agent who, according to arrogant Alfred, was "probably dumber than the great American unwashed."

The understanding, in any case, had been that the couple would fly to Colombia, pick up two pounds of cocaine and return to the Midwest via Mexico City—for which they

Illustration by Wayne McLoughlin

MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE *In Mexico, which still operates under the Napoleonic code, a prisoner is assumed to be guilty unless he can prove his innocence.*

would be paid $3000 on arrival; with the money, they would buy a washing machine, some decent weed and some new clothing. They would also have enjoyed a free trip. Their daughter was about to start kindergarten.

When they arrived in Mexico City from Bogotá, Alfred was carrying three quarters of a pound of cocaine under a Living Girdle ("You are the most foolish cocaine smuggler on God's earth," says Rick) and Dorothy—"the mother who cans," as she got to be known in the press—was carrying the rest. Then, as Alfred remembers it, two men walked over. They were waving .45s and tin badges of the kind you find at the bottom of Cracker Jack boxes.

"*Federales*," they had said. "You're under arrest." It was only the beginning of the long nightmare.

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There are approximately 550 Americans in jail in Mexico, primarily on narcotics charges; they represent more than one third of all U. S. citizens jailed abroad. But the problem is more than one of numbers. Ever since the summer of 1973, when most of the Americans were arrested, the prisoners have been talking tactics—whom to blame, how to get out. They also engage in occasional flights of fancy in which they see themselves as the martyred guerrilla heroes of the counterculture of the Sixties and early Seventies. Chiefly, though, they talk tactics. They label themselves victims and they label everyone else oppressors. To explain the shock of failure, they even charge the American Government with having intervened to put them in jail—by which they mean that the Americans put pressure on the Mexicans, who, having a less fine sense of civil liberties than Americans, were willing to jail and virtually throw away the keys on kids whom it would have been hard to put in jail in the States. In the States, a coke bust rarely means more than a three-to-five-year sentence—if the prosecutor can get a conviction. But in Mexico, which still operates under the Napoleonic code, a prisoner is assumed guilty unless he can prove his innocence, and confessions are accepted in court no matter how they have been obtained—which led women in Los Reyes, the women's prison, to demand, paradoxically, "our constitutional rights!" Sixty-one prisoners claim that they were forced to sign confessions in Spanish, which, because no translator was present, they could not read. Forty-six protest that they were denied access to an attorney or to the American Embassy within the 72 hours stipulated by the Vienna Convention. Ninety-six claim they were tortured. Others complain of being charged with importation even though they were arrested at the airport, in transit, without having legally entered Mexico. The Mexican constitution, moreover, guarantees trial within a year of arrest, but 23 prisoners spent a year in jail without being tried. And many of those who were tried didn't understand what was happening to them. Few saw a judge. Cases were decided on the basis of the confessions, and some prisoners saw no official other than the secretary who told them their sentences. The sentences averaged seven and a half years. Five sentences, however, were for more than 15 years.

Visiting moms and dads turned the situation into a cause. Imagine middle-class American adults, going to visit their children, being skin searched and forced to bribe three different sets of guards; they were led past the caged bodies, a small-town PTA's nightmare. They were outraged at the conspiracy to ruin their kids, decent first offenders most of them. The part of them that said "I am an American; you can't do this to me" was affronted. They were accustomed to more deference. And like the British in the last century, they believed that their nationality was a shield. Back home, they started a letter-writing campaign and won a powerful ally in Congressman Fortney "Pete" Stark of California, who, in turn, wrote to Henry Kissinger, announcing his plans for Congressional hearings. "The time for cover-up has long since passed," Stark insisted. He spoke of "torture, extortion and other inhumane practices . . . known about and indirectly encouraged by the U. S. Embassy." He panicked an already-paranoid consular section; the embassy started to speak of a plot to discredit the State Department.

Stark is "criminally irresponsible," said then–consul general Peter Peterson, the U. S. official in Mexico most directly responsible for the prisoners' welfare. "Stark is president of the Northern California A.C.L.U.," Peterson continued. "That's a radical outfit. I think he's an s.o.b." (Subsequently, Stark informed us that he is a member of the Northern California A.C.L.U., but has never held an office in that organization.)

Ed Heath, regional deputy director of the U. S. Drug Enforcement Agency, insisted: "If prisoners are abused, you've got to remember that they wouldn't be abused if they had been good citizens. All of a sudden they get involved in this jet-set life or something, and it comes as a shock to them to discover that down here a prison is a prison—not a home for wayward kids." By mid-1974, there were all the makings of a serious international misunderstanding.

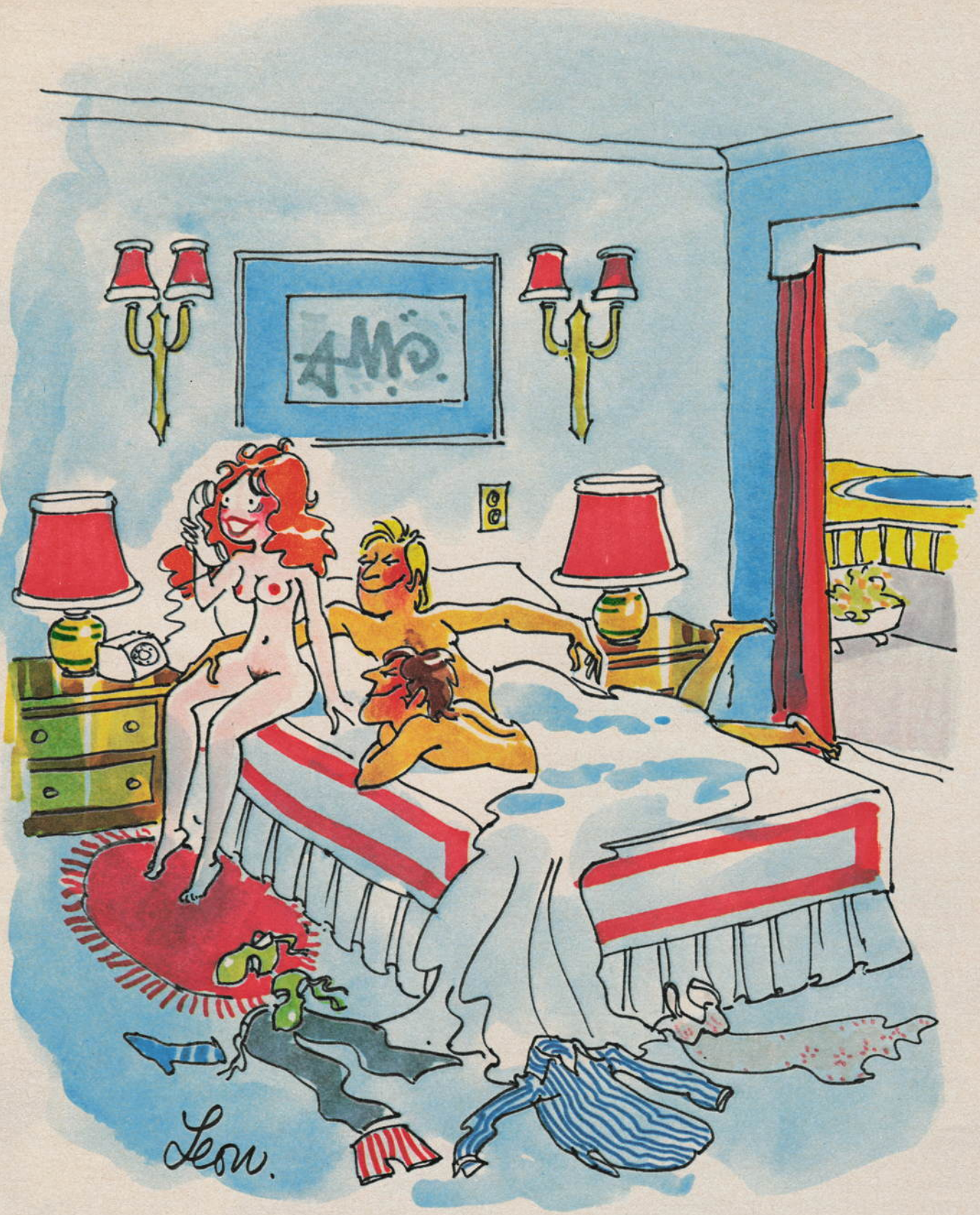
•

The Mexican prison experience, seen as a coda to one strain of the Sixties youth movement in America, is directly attributable to the magic spell of cocaine. The white powder that is distilled from the boiled leaves of the coca plant in laboratories hidden in Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia and Colombia is usually flown to the Caribbean by the Mob, allowed to cool there, away from international narcotics agents, then smuggled into the U. S. for distribution by franchisers. Ten pounds, purchased for $20,000 in Bogotá, fetch $350,000 in Boston or Seattle, and most of the profit goes to the wholesaler. For an independent entrepreneur, therefore, who decides, in the best American tradition, to circumvent the middleman, the upside potential is $300,000, minus expenses. For mules, or carriers, there is the promise of a generous fee. The risks, of course, are equally awe-inspiring. Drug smugglers stand a chance of getting burned both by professionals who want to discourage competition and by narcotics agents who want to inflate statistics. But still there is the dream; U. S. authorities estimate, in fact, that several thousand carriers make it home free every year, and some of them, it must be assumed, satisfied with the one big killing, settle down to enjoy it.

To Rick, Alfred's cellmate, cocaine smuggling looked like the shortest way to an early retirement in Ibiza and out of a dead-end job ushering in a South Side Chicago moviehouse, an experience that won him the knowledge that makes him prison trivia champ and also put the Hollywood patina on his dreams. Rick's father was a shoe salesman who, says Rick, "died of boredom." He wasn't going to let the same thing happen to him.

Another prisoner, Tex, remembers, "We didn't want any lineman's sweat. We were quarterbacks and flankers." Tex is standing against the dingy pink wallpaper outside of Alfred's cell, drying his socks. He hardly looks like the dorm ideolog, but he delights nevertheless in combining the gospel according to a Big Ten football coach with a dialectic of global conspiracy.

"While the losers were getting drafted, we were in college," he says, "and even when we were marching for this and that, we knew that if worst came to worst, we *(Continued on page 114)*



"I've been told the weather here is fabulous; they say the beach is great; and I've heard that there's dancing and cabaret after dinner every night!"

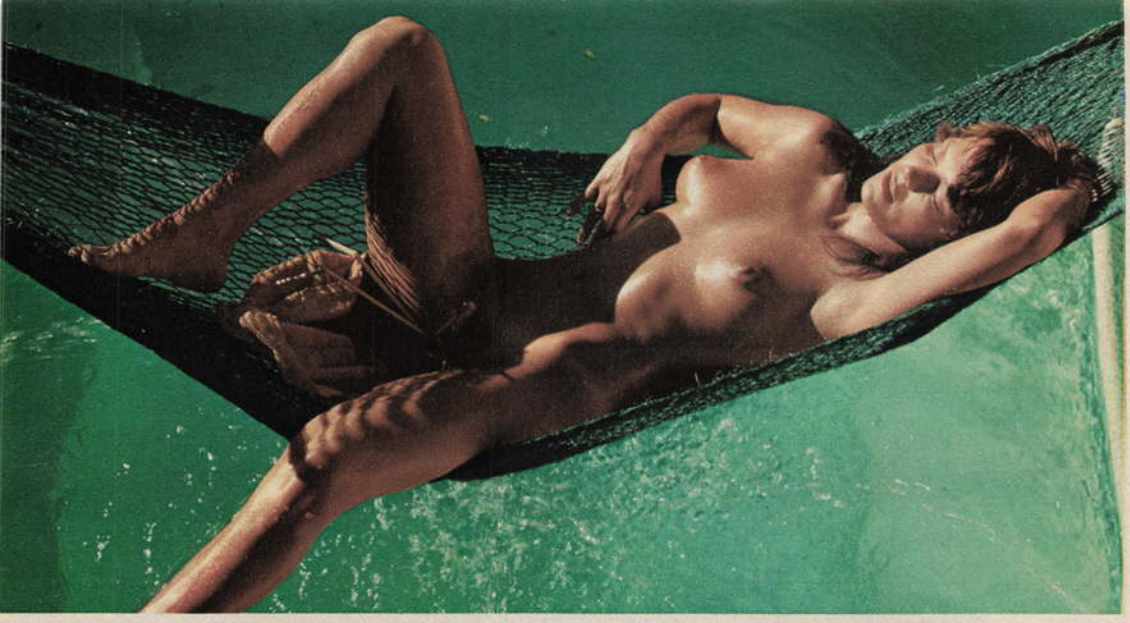
NO, NO, JEANNETTE

JEANNETTE WEARS SLEEVES TO STICK HER ACES UP

Photography by R. Scott Hooper

WHEN SHE HAS NOTHING BETTER TO DO, SHE PLAYS A MEAN GAME OF SOLITAIRE

Jeannette is called Lady Luck and a lot of other names as well by the men at the gaming club she works at in Geneva. "Blow on the dice for us," her customers say, in lascivious voices and breathing heavily. "Bring sevens and elevens, sweetheart." The club is small and private and has a black double door on which are set two brass knockers—Jeannette's, let it be said, are of caressable flesh; and next to the door is a tiny ivory buzzer—well, Jeannette has an ivory buzzer, too. Off duty, Jeannette likes a good game of five-card stud herself, and she's not averse to a little strip poker either, when the company's interesting. At home, she even practices strategy. To a large extent, Geneva's recent gains as a gaming capital can be attributed to Jeannette herself, or so many of her satisfied customers testify, whether they win or lose. Jeannette certainly has the languages and cultures for the work: Greek, English, a little Arabic and, of course, her native French, though she speaks it with a weird accent. Some people say her mother was a Maya Indian from the Yucatán; her father taught mechanical engineering at Mulhouse and, apart from that, generally didn't approve. Jeannette appears in these pages because our Paris office received a letter from her that read this way: "Hi. I live in Geneva and work at a club. The work's fun, though you wouldn't call it satisfying necessarily, and sometimes I get bored. I'm always looking for bigger and better thrills. Also, I'm willing to try anything once. I don't know how to put this in such a way that it doesn't sound coy,



but if you were willing to send a photographer, I might be willing to take my clothes off. I want just a little convincing, if you know what I mean. And I want you to know that I don't make this kind of proposal to everyone; your magazine has a lot of class. Even if you don't pick me, keep up the good work." This is a rough translation from the French. A Polaroid head shot fell out of the envelope. On the back of it, Jeannette had printed "The rest is even better." In Geneva, the conversation went approximately like this:

OUI: We're from OUI.

JEANNETTE: Hi.

OUI: Will you take your clothes off for us?

JEANNETTE: Sure.

That's about all there was to it. The playing cards in the pictures were Jeannette's idea. "I make my living with dice and cards," she said, "so why beat around the bush? Let's try to give the public a feel for the real me." The hotel swimming pool was also Jeannette's idea. "Look," she said, "it's not warm in Geneva all the time. When I've got a chance to sit in the sun, I do it, and the hotel management never complains, even though I'm not a guest. And it's not as if they don't notice me, even though I normally wear a bathing suit." OUI representatives left Geneva with a favorable impression of the girl. Jeannette had told them, "You know, my problem is that I try hard to be a tease, but somehow or other it never works. I mean, I can't keep up the act. I just say fuck it. I give up without a struggle. I know that isn't what men want. Men want a little chase. But I can't help myself. Really, I don't know what to do."

THE HOTEL STILL HASN'T COMPLAINED ABOUT HER HANGING OUT AT THE POOL

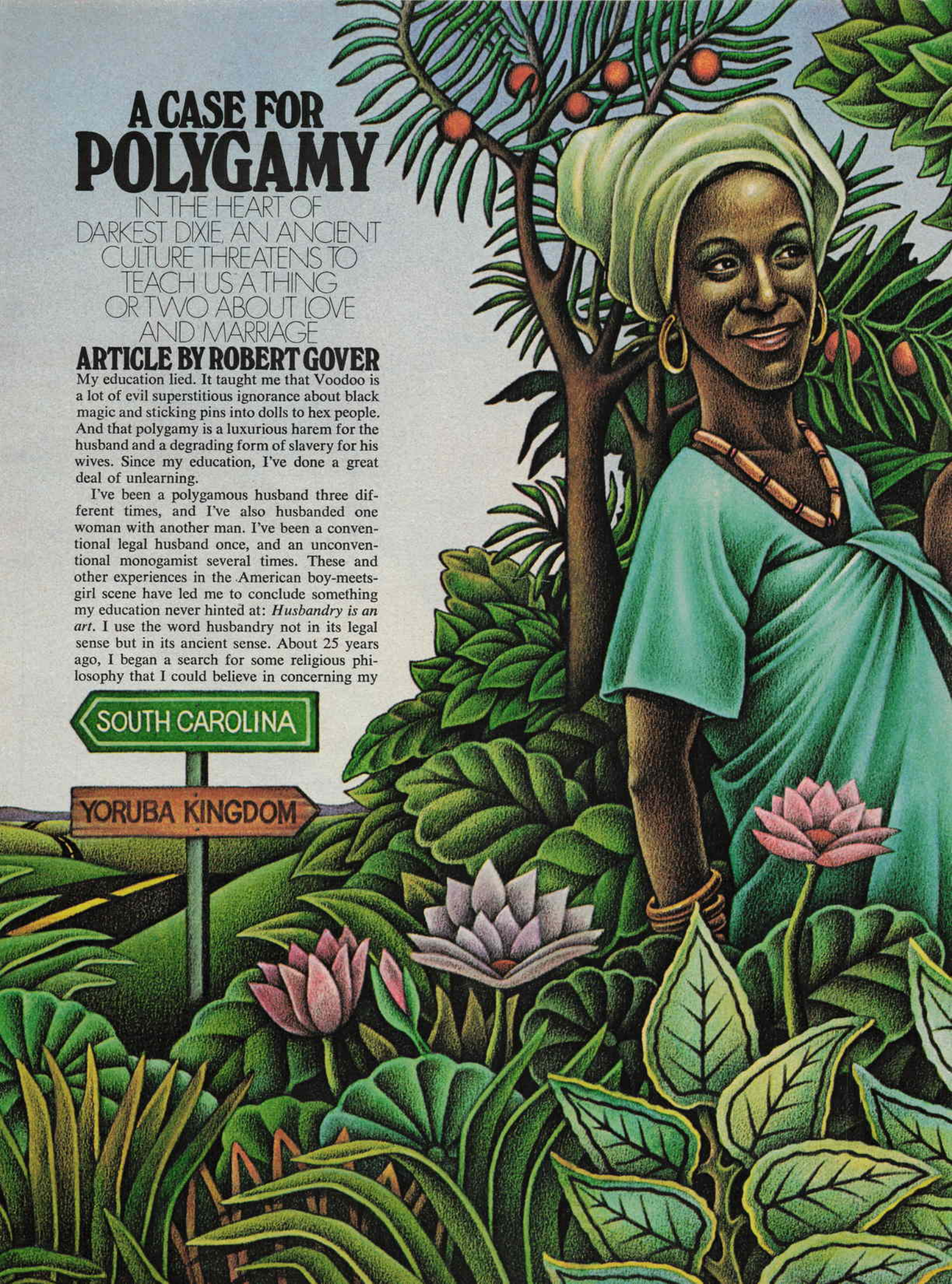
A CASE FOR POLYGAMY

IN THE HEART OF DARKEST DIXIE, AN ANCIENT CULTURE THREATENS TO TEACH US A THING OR TWO ABOUT LOVE AND MARRIAGE

ARTICLE BY ROBERT GOVER

My education lied. It taught me that Voodoo is a lot of evil superstitious ignorance about black magic and sticking pins into dolls to hex people. And that polygamy is a luxurious harem for the husband and a degrading form of slavery for his wives. Since my education, I've done a great deal of unlearning.

I've been a polygamous husband three different times, and I've also husbanded one woman with another man. I've been a conventional legal husband once, and an unconventional monogamist several times. These and other experiences in the American boy-meets-girl scene have led me to conclude something my education never hinted at: *Husbandry is an art*. I use the word husbandry not in its legal sense but in its ancient sense. About 25 years ago, I began a search for some religious philosophy that I could believe in concerning my



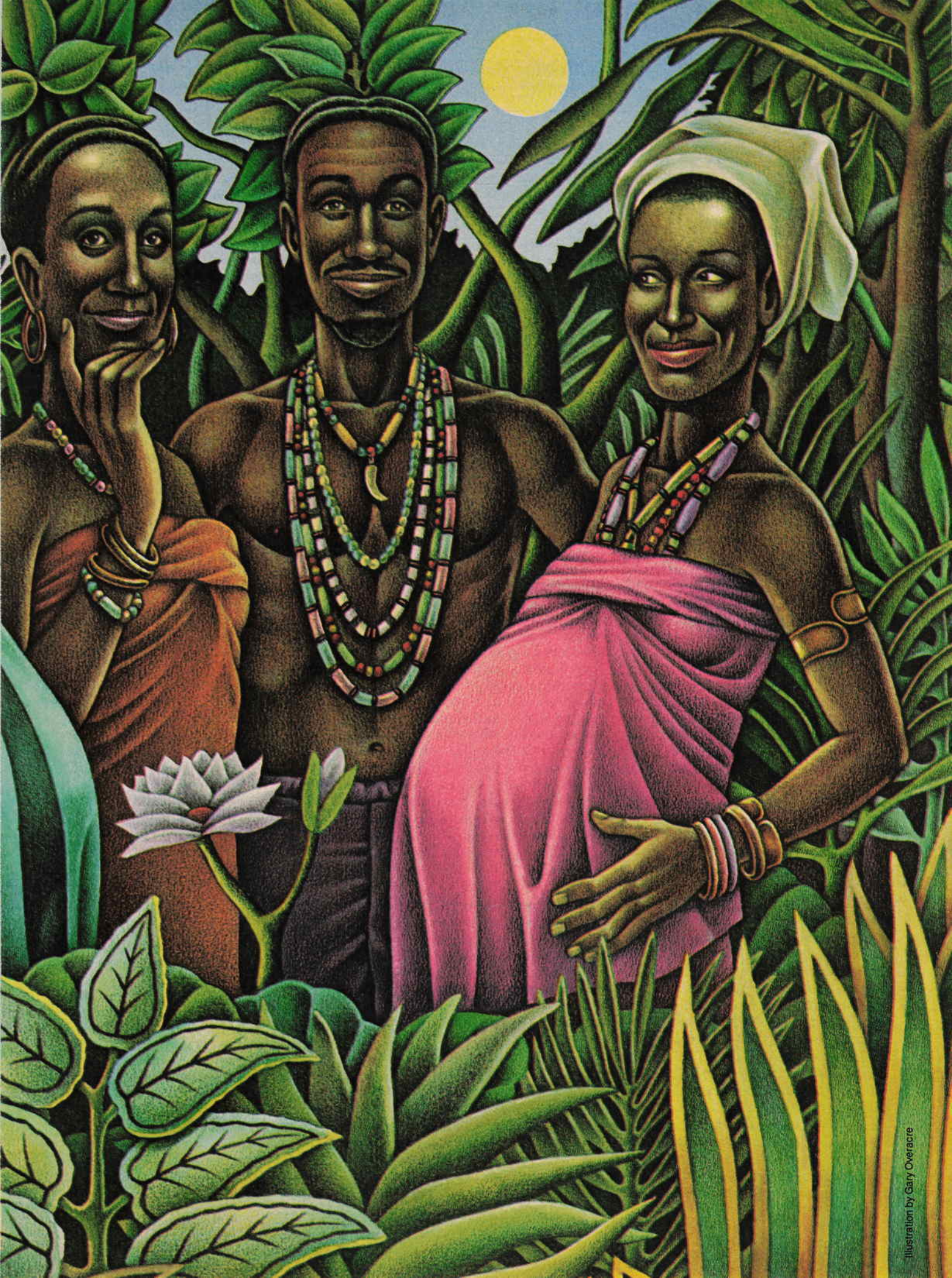


Illustration by Gary Overacre

A CASE FOR POLYGAMY *Eshu is the Voodoo god of the point where spirit and matter meet—it's considered a good idea to salute him by rubbing your genitals or spraying him with a mouthful of gin.*

relationships with death and with the vast mystery that surrounds the awareness of being alive. I shopped the religions of both West and East, but found nothing that resolved for me the seeming contradiction between modern science and religion. Then about ten years ago I discovered what Voodoo really is. By the word Voodoo, I mean African paganism modernized by contact with Western culture. Research for a book intended to undo some of the superstitious prejudice Western culture has toward Voodoo took me, last summer, to an African village in South Carolina, where Voodoo and the art of polygamous husbandry interact.

Oyotunji is south of Charleston and north of Savannah, in the low country of Beaufort (Byoo-fert) County, which has a long and strong tradition of Voodoo, dating back to the earliest days of Colonial America. Some of the more famous local Voodoo priests (known as root workers) have been Doctor Buzzard, Doctor Snake, Doctor Hawk and High Sheriff McTeer.

Ed McTeer became sheriff of Beaufort County at the age of 22 in 1926, replacing his father, and during his 37 years in office became famous as a white witch doctor specializing in dehexing and psychic healing. He protected the county's Voodooists from the sort of Christianity that destroyed Voodooism in other parts of North America, and today—in his early 70s and retired—he spends much of his time talking to writers and scientists who come to Beaufort on the wave of growing interest in things occult. He enjoys spinning yarns about his adventures with Doctors Buzzard, Snake and Hawk, and has written a book about his root-working days titled *High Sheriff to the Low County*. He's something of a homespun guru and can talk psychic and/or Voodoo phenomena with the best of them. Requests for his works continue to pour in from all over the United States, and the large sums of money he earns from this go to his favorite charities. He's superstitious about keeping a single penny for himself.

Snug in this traditional haven of Voodoo, safe from the persecutions of traditional scientists and Christians, the village of Oyotunji thrives. To find it, drive out of Beaufort City about 13 miles on Route 21 to Sheldon and ask at the gas station. They'll direct you down a sandy road toward the woods, at the edge of which you should park and walk. About a half mile on, you'll arrive at a gate with a sign reading YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND ENTERING A YORUBA KINGDOM, WHERE THE ORISHA VOODOO GODS OF AFRICAN ANCESTRY ARE WORSHIPED.

Just inside this gate is the rather formidable shrine of Eshu (Aye-*shoo*), Voodoo god of the point where spirit and matter meet, who is symbolized by gates, doors, crossroads and crosses, and who rules messages between the gods and between humanity and the gods. Eshu can fill you with either confidence or confusion, so it's considered a good idea to blow a little smoke his way, or to spray him with a mouthful of gin, or to salute him by rubbing your genitals.

Farther into this environment of pine and oak, you come to a courtyard flanked by brightly painted African-style houses, which is usually alive with black Americans wearing African clothes and speaking Yoruba, plus children, chickens, ducks, cats, goats, cattle and an occasional horse. During the past three years, the village has grown to about 40 full-time residents who work hard at the business of reviving the culture of their ancestors.

At the far end of this courtyard are the reception area and the entrance to the royal palace, if you will. The area is decorated with carved and painted effigies of the African deities and it is often crowded. It's possible to meet professors from Boston or Berkeley here, and there is usually a group of less gainfully employed people, black or white, waiting their turns for Voodoo attentions of one sort or another. Here, too, you will meet Iyasegi, a lovely copper-colored lady of bright, outgoing personality, whose name as official greeter is Amola. She is the king's fourth wife. His various chiefs each have two or more wives. You may have to wait many hours for an audience with the king, his chiefs or one of the priestesses.

As we looked over an assortment of pigeons in a cage one morning, preparing for a sacrifice, the king remarked: "Look up into the trees and you find the monogamous birds, and down here on the ground are the polygamous birds—chickens and ducks, and so on." As I gazed up, I was reminded of towering apartment buildings.

"If American society were ever reduced to its basic elements," the king continued, "polygamy would be natural. For us in Oyotunji, it's not only natural, it's necessary. The more wives you have working in one family, the more secure that family is. That family is able to expand its influence in the community, which is a benefit to each member. And the reason for polygamy and polyandry has nothing to do with male superiority or inferiority. It's simply that men are natural heads, decision makers, and women are natural bodies. The relationship is just like the one in anatomy, where the head knows better than to decide against the body it's attached to. In a polyandrous situation, you eventually have a lot of decision makers conflicting with one another, because that's the nature of the male. In the Yoruba system, each chief—and every husband is a chief—makes the decisions for his compound and participates in the village's external affairs. And each priestess—and every wife is a priestess eventually—confers with the other wives and is responsible for community affairs. The wives, you might say, are the domestic politicians, and the husbands are in charge of the executive and foreign affairs."

Translated to the national level, this would be like stocking the Congress with housewives and the Executive branch with male occultists. Imagine our President coming on TV to do his latest tarot readings for the country—to a House full of housewives, a Senate shrill with female cheers or jeers.

The king's name is Oseijeman Afedumi Efuntola. He's from Detroit, and he is the former Walter Serge King transformed, now known among the villagers of Oyotunji as Kabiyesi. It's his full-time duty to stay in touch with the Voodoo gods, and if any questions arise, to throw the *opele* chain or cowrie shells and divine what the gods have to say about it. This is called "reading the *Ifa*." The *Ifa* is something like the Akashic records of the yogis, a sort of invisible computer programmed with all wisdom. African kings and Voodoo priests have been consulting the *Ifa* since a time thousands of years before the writing of the Old Testament. It's probably the most time-tested divining system known to humanity.

Practically everyone in Oyotunji either knows or is learning how to read the *Ifa*, and each sees the king once a week for a reading of his or her *Odu*, which translates as one's story or destiny, one's inclinations and how to use them in the most socially beneficial way. And although the king's word is law, according to Yoruba tradition, if misfortune befalls the village, the king must die. It's something like being President, except that instead of ducking assassins, you're hassling the Fates.

The villagers grow their own food—as much of it as possible—make their own clothes, teach their own children and worship *(Continued on page 104)*

THE FINE ART OF THE ARTICHOKE
OUI'S GUIDE ON HOW TO COOK AND EAT THE WORLD'S MOST SENSUOUS VEGETABLE

1. Grasp the tip of an artichoke leaf between the thumb and forefinger, and gently pluck it from the artichoke. It is best to begin with the large leaves at the bottom and work your way up. Insert the large end of the leaf into your mouth and gently bite down.

3. Keep the pulp side facing your tongue. The lower teeth are designed for artichoke scraping. Continue scraping the leaves until you reach the small leaves, which aren't worth the bother. Discard them. What's left is the heart. Prepare to eat it out.

When the Romans conquered Britain in the First Century B.C., one of the many wonders they introduced to the island was the artichoke. It was not an immediate success. In the 16th Century, when Catherine de Médicis arrived in Paris to marry the heir to the French throne, she brought along a retinue of Italian chefs and pastry cooks and an unknown vegetable called the artichoke. It was not an immediate success in Paris, either.

The artichoke, forgotten in Britain after the retreat of the Roman legions, was reintroduced there by French visitors who had apparently learned something from Catherine. And, although several recipes were given for its preparation in Robert May's *Accomplisht Cook*, published in 1660, it was still not an immediate success.

In the late 18th Century, French settlers carried artichokes with them to Louisiana and the Spanish lugged them from Florida to California. Once again, they were not what you would call an immediate success.

One would think that in the 2500 years the globe artichoke, or *Cynara scolymus*, has been under cultivation—for it *is* the globe artichoke we are talking about and not the Jerusalem artichoke, which, in fact, is neither an artichoke nor from Jerusalem—men would have learned to honor the delicate flavor of the thistle's immature flower. Instead, the artichoke has practically been ignored. The Bible, for example, mentions artichokes not at all, though they were growing all over the place in Biblical times. And Shakespeare, who managed to cram just about everything else into the mouths of his actors, wrote not a line about artichokes. When occasionally a classical author does mention artichokes, it's usually along the lines of Pliny's characterization of them as "monstrous productions of the earth. . . . Four-footed beasts instinctively refuse to touch them."

Which seems a little strange, as it has long been known that the artichoke is every donkey's favorite nosh in the wild. In fact, one ancient writer, whose identity is unknown, noted that the prickly vegetables "would not generate wind" and therefore hailed them as a stomach remedy of sorts. Donkeys, as everyone knew, ate many of them, and "they have better stomachs than men," he concluded.

The poor artichoke hasn't fared much better in modern times. In 1960, the farmers of Brittany were up to their ears in artichokes, couldn't stop them from growing and had to destroy 140,000,000 of them to prevent a glut in the market place. The following year, the prices fell anyway, and by 1962, the French artichoke war was the best show in Europe: In June, 2000 farmers from the Saint-Pol-de-Léon cooperative attacked freight trains at the station to protest the plummeting price. And before police dispersed the mob with tear gas, several farmers were badly beaten.

Ten years later, the

Photography by Bill Arsenault

2. With your teeth closed, pull gently on the leaf, until you have it well out of your mouth. Theoretically, the edible pulp will have been scraped from the leaf by your teeth. Savor, then swallow. Should part of the leaf be left in your mouth, you are biting too hard.

4. Insert a table knife into the upper edge of the heart at a shallow angle—under the hairy-looking center—and turn the heart until the fibers are removed. Pop the heart into your mouth enthusiastically and lick up any remaining dressing from your fingers and boobies.

artichoke war was still going on. In 1974, the Breton farmers tried to drive up prices by spreading 300 tons of artichokes on the highways of France. It didn't work.

So the brave vegetable and its hardy producers simply hang in there, satisfying a small but select group of admirers the world over—among whom the artichoke has acquired a reputation as a delicacy and even as a powerful aphrodisiac. It has been enjoyed in soups, in salads, stuffed or relatively naked.

In Europe, the artichoke comes in an enormous array of shapes and sizes, some so small and tender that they are eaten raw—with a vinaigrette sauce or simply with salt. The American artichoke, however, is usually four to six inches in diameter—and is tough until well cooked. Some words of caution: Dr. Linda Bartoshuk, a Yale University psychologist, has scientifically confirmed that beverages taste sweeter after artichokes. She says that the effect lasts for four to five minutes. And the observation has been made by nonscientists as well. In the early Seventies, James Beard and some other food writers got involved in a controversy over whether wines of great distinction should be served with artichokes. Some of them had noticed that artichokes make wines taste undesirably sweet. So put away your Richebourg 1959 and savor the flavor of the most delicate vegetable known to man—though not without this warning: *The artichoke is extremely perishable.*

Try not to buy artichokes until the day they are to be cooked. A sure sign that they are past their prime is the telltale brown streaking that may appear on the petals. Only those flowers that are tightly closed and beautifully green, sometimes with a tinge of purple, should be considered. If more than one artichoke is being cooked, have them all the same size so that they will cook in the same time.

Trim the stems so the artichoke can stand upright on its bottom. Then break off the lower leaves and any others that may be loose, cracked or discolored. Lay the artichoke on its side and trim an inch off the top. Then, with a pair of kitchen shears, snip off the thorny tips of the leaves. Wash the artichokes well and drain them upside down. Then rub all the cut areas with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Stand the artichokes on the rack of a vegetable steamer, or—lacking such equipment—in the bottom of a large pot containing about an inch of boiling water and three tablespoons of vinegar. Cover tightly and steam for 45 minutes to an hour, depending on the artichokes' size. Be sure to check the water from time to time to make sure that it doesn't boil away. The artichokes are done when you can easily pull off the outer bottom leaves. Drain and serve the artichokes hot or cold, with a vinaigrette or melted butter. Those are the basics. Learn to prepare artichokes and a whole new globe of sensuous eating will be yours.—S. J. Bovoso

HOW I LEARNED TO LIKE SEX

ARTICLE BY JERRY RUBIN

THE EX-YIPPIE LEADER USED TO FEEL LIKE A CONSPIRATOR IN BED, BUT NOW HE'S TAKEN HIS LIFE INTO HIS OWN HANDS AND HE FEELS MUCH BETTER, THANK YOU

The most intimate writing in recent years has come from women. Men, on the other hand, believe in maintaining their male image. They have not discussed their emotions and pain publicly. I hope my admission encourages other men to write about the collective pain we experience living in a patriarchal system that oppresses us almost as much as it does women.

I am a typically sexually obsessed American male—obsessed about performance, the size of my cock, competition, jealousy and control. Like other American men, I feel I have to control the woman I am with. If she seems interested in another man, rage and fear roar through my body. Jealousy turns me into an irrational animal. I am always comparing myself sexually with other men.

In bed with my lover, I lay the heaviest

Illustration by Brian Zick / Star Studios

HOW I LEARNED TO LIKE SEX *The Government may think I am a dangerous radical, but it doesn't know the true size of my cock.*

head trip of all on my body: How well am I *performing*?

This performance crisis centers around a point of basic male-female incompatibility: speed of climax. When the man comes, he comes. It lasts ten seconds maybe and afterward all sexual desire leaves him. It takes time to get excited again. Most women take longer to get excited, but they can come again and again.

Although I love to cuddle, kiss, eat, touch and feel the closeness and the warmth of a woman's body, I have identified sex with performance. Because I have judged myself in bed and am scared that I may go soft, I have often avoided sexual contact.

For years, I felt that my cock was too small. Many American males think their cocks are not big enough. Bigness is sacred! A big cock means Big Business, and I have been overcompensating since childhood for what I thought was my small cock.

I created a Big Image. Whenever I arrived to give a speech in a college town, people who greeted me would often say, "We thought you were six feet tall." For years, while making love with women, I actually tried to hide my cock from sight. It took acrobatics, but it usually worked. The Government may think I am a dangerous radical, but it doesn't know the true size of my cock.

I could never imagine my parents fucking. In fact, I never saw my mother naked—her body was off limits to me. Her tits were like the Treasure of Sierra Madre: Touch them and die. My parents never discussed the subject of sex with me, nor were there suggestive books or pictures around the house. By the time I was a teenager, they slept in separate beds. When the older guys in school told me about sex, I listened for groaning at night from my parents' bedroom, but I never heard a sound.

One of the most poignant moments of my life was when I visited my father in the hospital, where he was recovering from one of his heart attacks. Close to death, he was in a mood to review his life. "Mother refused to have sex with me," he said, and I could feel the pain in his body as he talked. Tears welled up in his eyes; his voice choked. "Mother kept saying she didn't want to because she was afraid that Grandpa might hear the noise and get upset." I felt a rush of compassion for both of my parents. My father had to put up with the tyranny of my grandfather, and he sacrificed his desires to my mother's anxiety.

I also felt sympathy for my dead mother. Her father had smothered her with possessive love, putting her into a symbolic chastity belt. "Nobody can touch this but me" was his message to her. She learned from her mother that the role of woman is to be passive—to submit to a man when he desired sexual release, to bear his children, to serve his needs. No wonder my mother was so uninterested in sex. She had never been encouraged to enjoy it.

I rebelled against my parents outwardly, but I picked up their feelings about sex on an unconscious level. I remember the first day I masturbated. The feelings of my cock vibrating and sperm gushing from it were an intensely pleasurable release. But when it was over, I felt guilty.

I feared that Mother might know that I was masturbating. What if she came in and found my hand on my cock? What explanation could I give; what excuse? So I masturbated quickly, trying to be as silent as hell. When it was over, I wiped off the sperm with toilet paper. Sperm leaves a mark no matter how well you clean it up. Wouldn't Mother see the soiled sheets? Well, maybe that is my silent secret with her. She knew and I knew, but neither of us mentioned it.

During my teens, I developed a masturbating pattern: I imagined a girl from school, propped the pillow under my cock, rubbed it up a few times, let it come and cleaned it up, all as quietly as possible. The quicker, the better. I had no interest in prolonging the erection. I was so ashamed of my cock that I didn't like to touch it. I had the opposite of penis envy: penis shame.

In high school, I transferred much of my sex energy to writing about sports. I copied my father's busy-busy style. I never had time for sex. I masturbated quickly. I took girls to drive-in movies and rubbed myself on top of them or put their hand on my cock until I came in my pants. I loved to kiss and neck, and I considered it a major victory when I got what we called bare tit. Among the boys, the big question was "Did you get any?" If you didn't, you usually lied to maintain your reputation.

I felt sexually superior to women, since I didn't think they enjoyed sex. If the man turned on, that was a woman's main satisfaction. I had no idea what female genitals were like. I felt lucky to be a man.

The first time I fucked with a woman, at the age of 22, she took my cock and stuck it into her pussy. I'm glad she did, because I never would have found it myself. I came inside her, and it felt cozy and complete, but still I wondered, is that it?

My entire sexual history and masturbating pattern were training in premature ejaculation. If you come before or immediately upon entering, that's premature. I often found it hard to contain the initial rush of excitement.

I felt so sorry about coming quickly that I repressed my enjoyment of orgasm. I began to prefer masturbation to fucking. In masturbating, I experienced explosive, dynamic orgasms throughout my entire body. In fucking, I felt shame and failure when I came quickly. And when I didn't get it up, I felt like a worm.

I used to wonder if I were laying this trip on myself or if I were responding to my partner's demands. I concluded that it was me—I had huge self-expectations of what it means to be a man. Instead of enjoying my climax, I felt guilty and even tried to hide the fact that I was coming.

At times I have had trouble getting it up. My cock does not always heed my mind. I can't say when it's going to be hard or soft. Sometimes I am very turned on and my cock stays neutral. Other times it's hard as a rock. Sometimes I feel that I have cycles.

Most men act so tough and strong on the outside, putting on a big show of masculinity, because on the inside they are scared, weak and fragile. Men, not women, are the weaker sex. We are scared of not performing, of being limp, even when we are not.

Women have been discussing frigidity for years; men don't even like to mention the word impotence. Going limp is the most emasculating experience of a man's life.

We have defined manhood as making money, doing well in sports, fucking a lot of women. We think it is so important to win that we constantly con one another. We don't let the truth out that we are vulnerable. We see ourselves as competitive athletes fighting for the rewards of life—women, status, money, power. We need women to tell us that we are men.

My father taught me a lot about competition in sports, but little about pleasure sharing. My uncles put boxing gloves on my cousin and me when we were kids and forced us to hit each other for their benefit. I learned to express aggression and to defend myself, but not to express and accept affection.

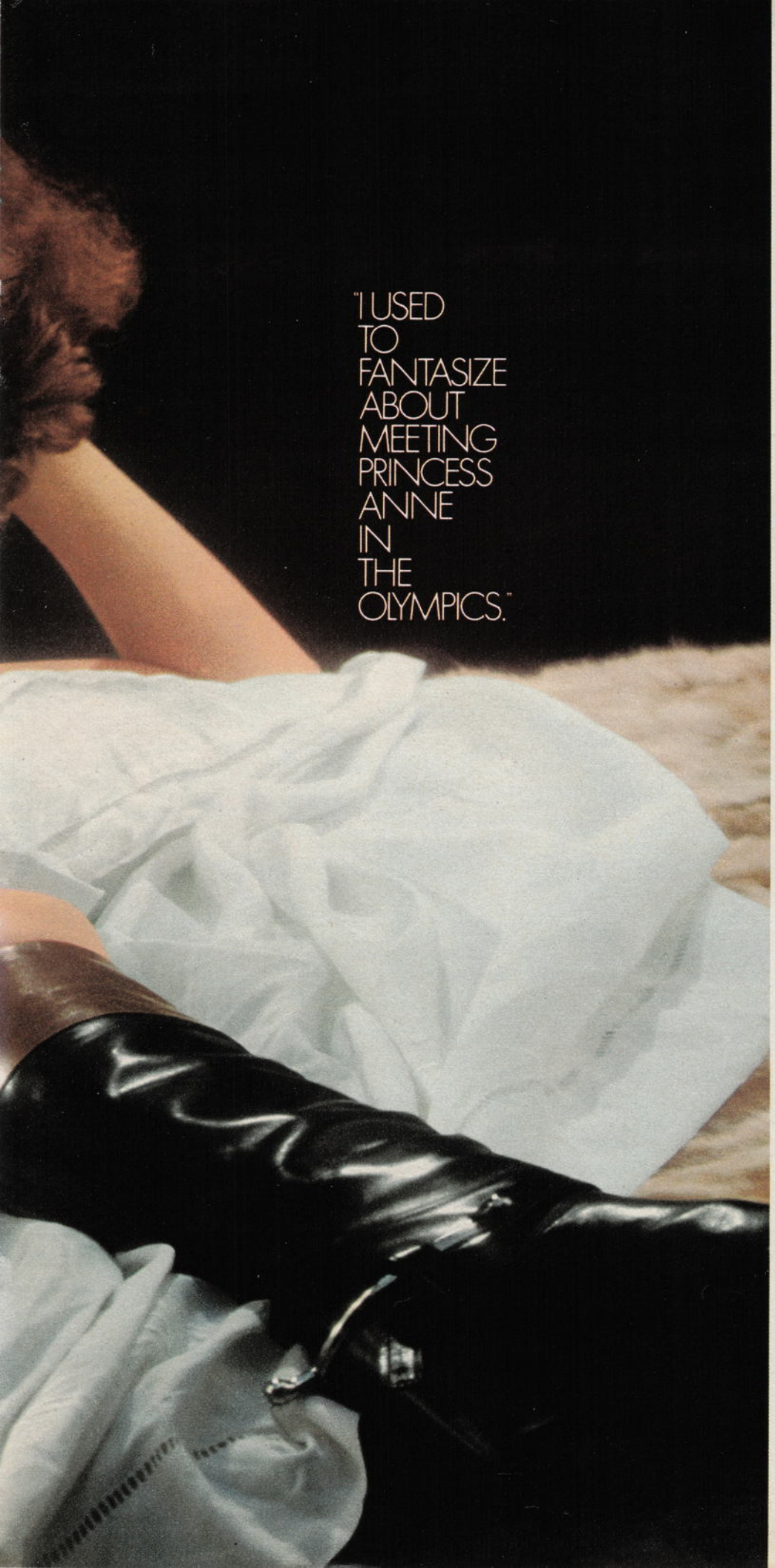
Men have been conditioned from birth to apply the sports example to all situations in our life: The bedroom is seen as a continuation of the gymnasium. Women become *(Continued on page 111)*

TISH
LOVES
TO
RIDE

If ever a woman were born to be called foxy, Tish Hampton-Smith is that lady. In fact, we were so impressed with the 23-year-old English lass that we put her on our cover. Tish knows what she's about when it comes to foxes, because she grew up in the fox-hunting county of Cheshire before moving to London two years ago. Although Tish has been riding horses since she was five, she has participated in only one actual fox hunt. "Six years ago, I went on a hunt and I found myself cheering for the fox," she recalls. "The one we were chasing was extremely clever—he kept running over rocks so that the hounds would lose his scent. That fox was in total control of the situation. Made the dogs and the hunters look foolish as he ran us all in circles. I kept thinking about a remark the poet William Shenstone made two centuries ago: 'The world may be divided into people that read, people that write, people that think, and fox hunters.' He's right, you know." A mischievous twinkle came into Tish's eyes. "No one admits it, but fox hunting is really a sexual chase. The hounds don't actually see the fox; they just

"ONCE I WENT ON A HUNT, AND I FOUND MYSELF CHEERING FOR THE FOX."

"I LOVE
TO FEEL A
SURGE
OF
POWER
BETWEEN
MY
KNEES."



follow his scent, which comes from a fine oil secreted by a gland located under his tail. So, when you think about it, fox hunters are all just chasing after a piece of tail. It's a classic case of Freudian transference."

If you say so, Tish. But you still ride? "Well, my father encouraged me to go into competitive jumping, and for a while, I took it rather seriously. I used to fantasize about meeting Princess Anne in the Olympics, but I was never very good, really. So I gave it up, except for fun. Jumping horses is exhilarating; I love to feel the surge of power between my knees when my horse gathers himself to leap over a four-foot hedge." That sounds rather sexual. "It is." She laughs again. "But I don't have any Catherine the Great fantasies about making love to my horse, if that's what you mean. However, I must admit that in bed I like to be on top and ride my lover. There's a rocking motion that enables me to reach incredible heights. Besides, it's great exercise for the legs." We've noticed. But what about the whip? "Oh, that's just for show. Like the spurs. Adds a little atmosphere."

Photography by James Baes

oui

FIRE ESCAPE

ROUND-TABLE DISCUSSION:

CRIME IN AMERICA

America's top crime writers talk about the fact and fantasy of investigative reporting, the true structure of organized crime today and what our favorite mobsters are really like

In 1968, following Joe Valachi's nationally televised testimony to the McClellan Senate subcommittee probing organized crime, Peter Maas, then an investigative reporter for **The Saturday Evening Post,** ***wrote "The Valachi Papers." Within weeks of its publication, the book was heading the best-seller lists, eventually selling more than 2,500,000 copies in America alone. During the months that followed, the book was translated into 15 languages and made into a blockbuster movie. Maas soon came to realize that he not only had codified the phrase Cosa Nostra but also had created a new industry.***

Crime and its chronicles, certainly, have always been around. Al Capone flourished during Prohibition and so did **The Police Gazette;** ***the Thirties' dust bowl created Bonnie and Clyde and*** **True Detective** ***as well. Yet, with Maas's book, something new appeared. Valachi, an overweight, third-string New York trigger man, was presented in human, almost victimlike terms. Also, Maas's picture of organized crime, the legendary Mafia, or Mob, or Syndicate, made it appear to be no more exotic an institution than General Motors or U.S. Steel. Despite the blood baths and vendettas, crime is big business, inextricably linked to the political and economic indexes of our time. The complicity of cops and politicians, the Mob's systematic allotment of regional franchises within its many domains and, arguably, its contribution to modern business theory were all documented and turned into the stuff of solid sociology in "The Valachi Papers." For the publishing industry, if not for the FBI, the doors had been opened.***

Others followed suit. Joseph Wambaugh, a veteran detective with the Los Angeles Police Department, wrote "The New Centurions," a book that was quickly hailed as the first realistic portrayal of modern policemen. More books, "Blue Knight" and "The Onion Field," soon followed, as well as the highly acclaimed "Police Story" series for NBC-TV. Wambaugh recently resigned from the force, and his newly published "The Choirboys" has been described as an extraordinary and bleak picture of the business of the cop.

When George V. Higgins, formerly a reporter with the Associated Press and **The Providence Journal,** ***was a lawyer prosecuting Federal gun-control cases for the Massachusetts attorney general's office, he wrote "The Friends of Eddie Coyle." The dean of contemporary tough-guy fiction, Ross Macdonald, hailed it as "the most powerful and frightening crime novel I have read this year." Norman Mailer praised the book's dialog as perhaps the closest to real hood talk that anyone had ever seen in print. Higgins, whose metabolism rivals that of a speed freak, replied with "The Digger's Game," "Cogan's Trade," "A City on a Hill" and his lengthy and controversial investigation of the Watergate hearings, "The Friends of Richard Nixon," within a period of only three years.***

Closer to the nonfiction approach made famous by Maas are the works of Nicholas Gage and Hank Messick. Gage, head investigative reporter for **The New York Times,** ***is the author of the recently published "The Bourlotas Fortune" and "The Mafia Is Not an Equal Opportunity Employer." He is also the crime writer in Gotham. His reputation for reliability, for consistently sound judgment in handling a delicate story, for his connections and sources, is legendary. Messick is possibly the man most knowledgeable about organized crime in the country. He is the author of 13 books on the Syndicate and he acts as a consultant to various legislative committees and to the Ford Foundation. His outspoken indictments of the newspaper business and of Federal agencies offer a particularly sober perspective on the crime establishment as a whole, and its inevitable collusion with the noncriminal establishment on every imaginable level. Indeed, as he puts it, "If you were to dismantle organized crime, the whole damn socio-economic system would crumble."***

OUI ***asked free-lance writer Peter Manso to find out from these men how crime operates in the United States today and how they are able to discover facts about it. He reports that the panelists were all "very helpful and surprisingly frank, especially about their disagreements." The logical way to begin the panel discussion was to ask about the origin of investigative crime reporting and how information about crime is uncovered.***

OUI: Over the past few years, the investigative reporter has become a kind of culture hero. How new a phenomenon is investigative reporting?

MESSICK: Basically, it's been going on ever since there have been newspapers—as a tool by which publishers have achieved their own political ends. There is no unrestrained investigative reporting. Publishers figure they can't be blamed for not publishing what they don't know, and with the elimination of newspaper competition in most cities, there's no longer the danger of somebody scooping them. Editors, therefore, figure they can ignore a lot without "holding anything back." Most investigative reporting is a hoax, particularly in dealing with crime as it really exists.

HIGGINS: Back in 1962, when I started out in the newspaper business, there was very little investigative work as we now know it. What you had was reactive journalism—the type of thing where a man was sent to the Statehouse to report on what a senator had to say on a water-pollution bill. Nobody ever tried to track down *why* he was taking that position or what the policy implications of it were going to be. Nobody did very much to

Illustration by Eraldo Carugati

uncover corruption or malfeasance or conflict of interest until the state or Federal grand jury handed up an indictment.

OUI: Why?

HIGGINS: For one thing, this kind of work costs a lot of money. The cost per word is a function of how much it costs to run the building, how much the linotypists get for setting that word, how much the editors get for changing that word, how much the reporters get for writing it. So if you pay your reporters meagerly and keep them occupied rewriting the garden-club announcements, you're going to fill space more cheaply than if you put them to work chasing people who are usually much too clever to get caught in the first place. The same thing happens today, of course, but television news makes it appear to be different. As Walter Cronkite once pointed out, the number of words uttered on his evening news show wouldn't fill the front page of *The New York Times*, so obviously the newspapers have had to do something other than what the broadcast media do better—they've had to dig more deeply into the news. It's like sex. Sex isn't new, but there's probably more of it going on now than there used to be.

OUI: How much of this is attributable to the editors' social commitment?

HIGGINS: A lot. When you get into investigative journalism, you take substantial risks: courting libel suits and boycotts. You don't just absorb a good libel suit, you know. A $2,500,000 judgment would probably throw any newspaper in the country into the red for a year or two.

MAAS: There's more to it. Prior to *Valachi*, when I was doing investigative reporting on a regular basis for *Collier's*, *Look*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Herald Tribune*, most editors weren't really interested in investigative journalism; they were interested in their advertisers. Once I did a story for *Look* on fund-raising charity drives, and the editors figured I was going to do a potboiler piece on the obvious phonies. But I started looking into the big-time outfits—the American Heart Association, the American Cancer Society and the like—and I found that a lot of the professional people running these organizations were paying themselves enormous salaries with money that was ostensibly being used for other purposes. The *Look* management was appalled, and a lot of the story was cut; even so, a week after the story ran, the magazine lost something like $6,000,000 in advertising, which created a lot of problems. So I learned very quickly. Magazines want to stay out of court and this only fuels the editors' disinterest, makes them even more receptive to the caution of the magazine's attorneys. In my own situation, I said finally, "To hell with it." When you start out, you think you're going to change everything, but, in fact, you don't change much at all.

OUI: Did your decision to write books come from this cynicism?

MAAS: Yes, but I also decided I wanted to pursue the *why* instead of the *what*. For example, I don't think *Serpico* had any devastatingly new facts in it. Yet none of the previous reporting had ever gone into what made this guy tick, why he wound up taking on New York City. I stopped being interested in the facts. I wanted to get into the subject's head. When you're working for a paper, you have neither time nor space for this.

GAGE: On the other hand, a certain amount of neutrality is absolutely necessary. The kind of stuff I'm doing at the *Times* isn't muckraking. The reporter himself stays out of it. He's only an instrument, not a personality. Someone like Jack Newfield or some of the people at *Rolling Stone* put themselves too far into their articles. I don't think that's investigative reporting. What's new, really, is the digging kind of reporting, where the reporter documents his facts without becoming involved.

OUI: But the innovative feature of Gay Talese's important book on the Bonannos, *Honor Thy Father*, is that Talese made a point of becoming involved in the family so that he could treat his subjects as more than mere mobsters.

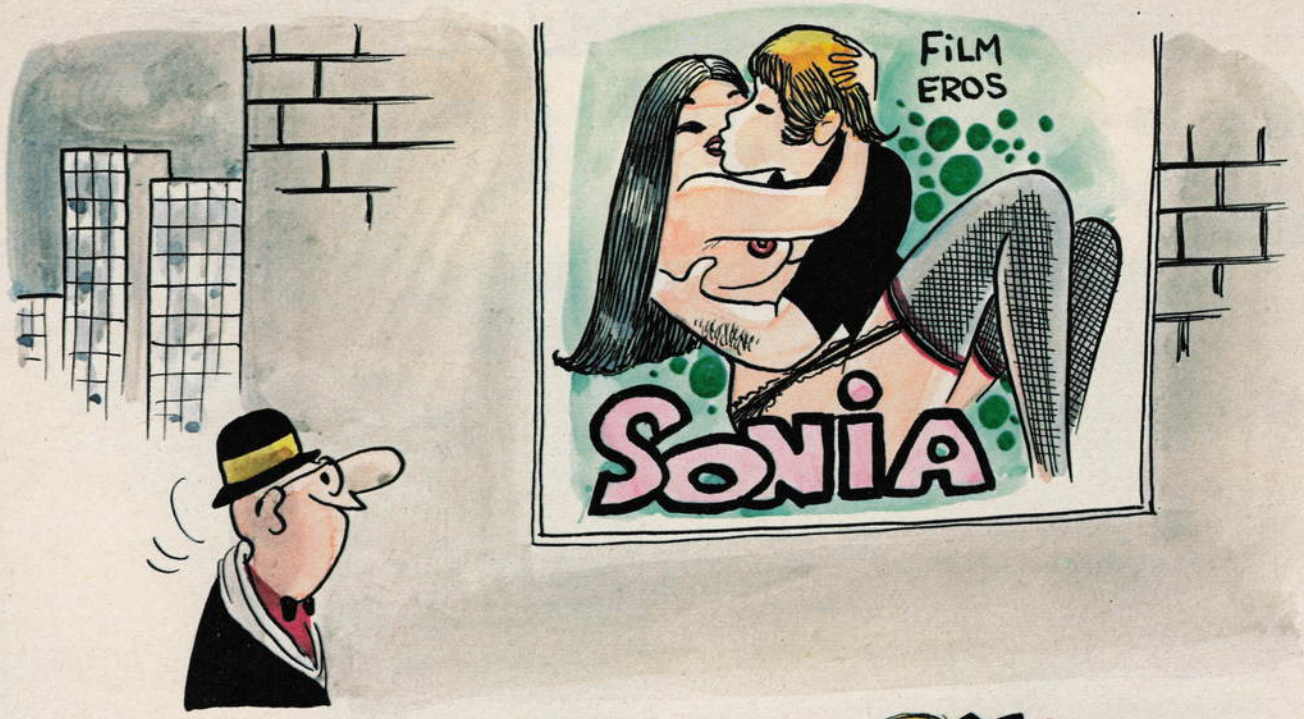
GAGE: That's a good example. *Honor Thy Father* is very well written, but it's not completely truthful—largely because Talese got too close to his subject. He claims that the Bonanno family was not involved in narcotics, yet Carmine Galante, a Bonanno underboss, set up the Montreal connection. While Talese was writing the book, Galante already had started doing a 20-year stretch for narcotics, which Talese mentions only in passing and without dealing with the implications. When challenged on this, Talese still insists the Bonannos really had nothing to do with narcotics. The only conclusion you can reach is that Carmine Galante was framed. When you get too closely involved, you believe too much.

MESSICK: Not long ago, I was reading a C. S. Lewis book in which one character claims there're always two sides to every situation, and another character replies, "Yeah, there are, until you find out the truth. Then there's only one side." This should be the objective of investigative reporting. I don't think you ought to balance out a story with a lot of crap just to appear objective. Back in the old days, the city of Newport, Kentucky, was the most wide-open, corrupt gambling city around, and A. B. "Happy" Chandler, the governor, remarked that the people have the right to have it dirty if they want to. In a way, he was right. The public *does* have this right, but it also has the right to make an intelligent decision, and it's the newspaper's responsibility to supply the information needed to make that decision. Damn few editors and management people, though, will back you up if you take this too far. And by going too far, I don't mean not documenting your story. I mean leaning on the wrong people. Take, for example, the situation a couple of years back at *The Boston Herald-Traveler*. They set up a special investigative team consisting of John Salin from Cleveland, Jim Savage and Nick Gage from [New York], and myself, with the understanding that there would be no restrictions. But the *Herald*'s idea of an investigative reporter was someone who goes out and catches a cop stealing apples off of a pushcart. As it happened, we started out working on organized crime. I had friends high in the Justice Department and other agencies who were forming a regional strike force, and within a day, I'd found out more about crime in Boston than anybody on the paper had picked up in years. We started piecing this stuff together, and then someone made a call to the paper's attorney, who in turn called the top man on the paper, who immediately issued orders for us to stop. He didn't exactly know what it was we were up to, but he ordered it stopped anyway, and we found ourselves unemployed.

MAAS: The point is really that the higher you go, the more you're likely to run into names that are almost untouchable—people who are true master fixers and who are involved in every crucial area of society. It's a level beyond organized crime as we know it, and the money involved is astronomical. It involves unions and financial institutions of all kinds, and you can't name them because there's no way to prove it.

OUI: Is society as a whole, the media included, geared to their protection?

MAAS: Yes, because what I'm talking about gets so close to the whole economic structure of the country. The Marxist position that there's little difference between the Mob and the higher levels of corporate capitalism is almost incontrovertible. Once, for example, a top executive of a major casualty-insurance company was *(Continued on page 116)*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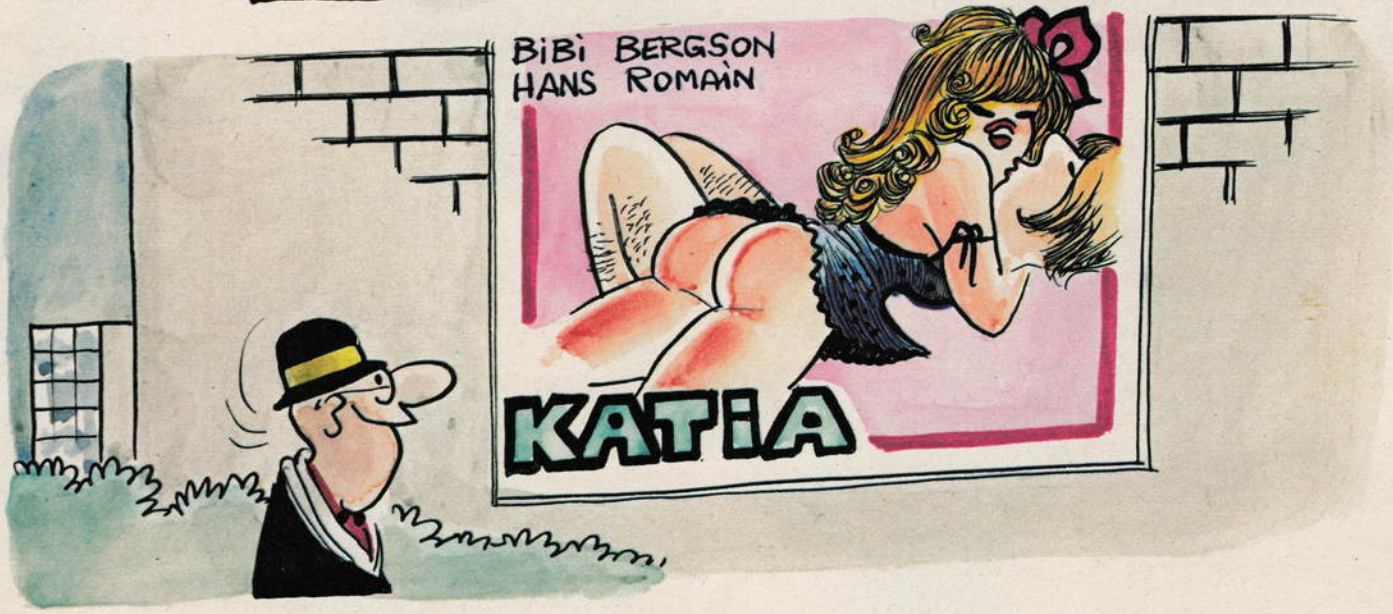
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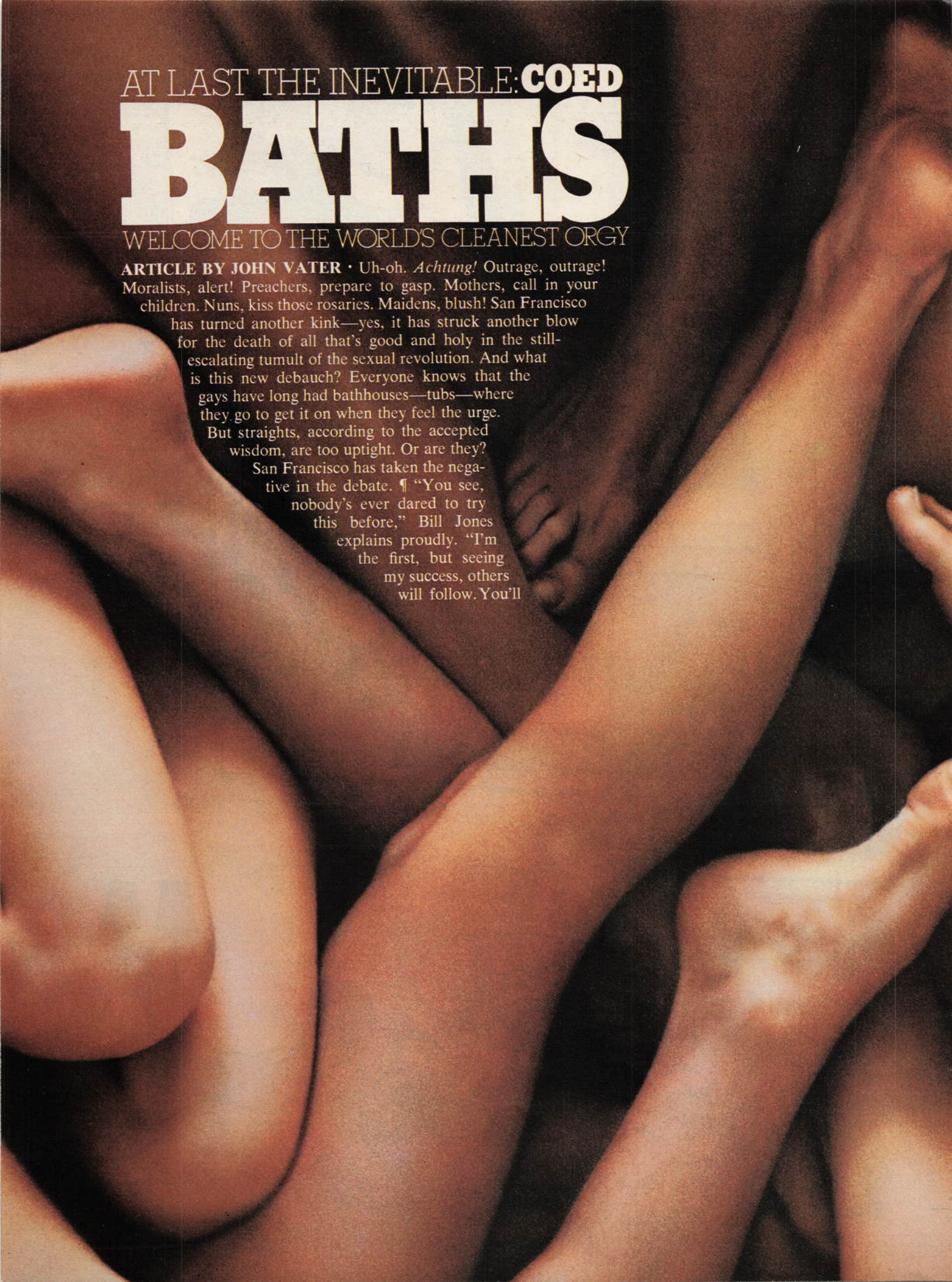


AT LAST THE INEVITABLE: **COED**

BATHS

WELCOME TO THE WORLD'S CLEANEST ORGY

ARTICLE BY JOHN VATER · Uh-oh. *Achtung!* Outrage, outrage! Moralists, alert! Preachers, prepare to gasp. Mothers, call in your children. Nuns, kiss those rosaries. Maidens, blush! San Francisco has turned another kink—yes, it has struck another blow for the death of all that's good and holy in the still-escalating tumult of the sexual revolution. And what is this new debauch? Everyone knows that the gays have long had bathhouses—tubs—where they go to get it on when they feel the urge. But straights, according to the accepted wisdom, are too uptight. Or are they? San Francisco has taken the negative in the debate. ¶ "You see, nobody's ever dared to try this before," Bill Jones explains proudly. "I'm the first, but seeing my success, others will follow. You'll

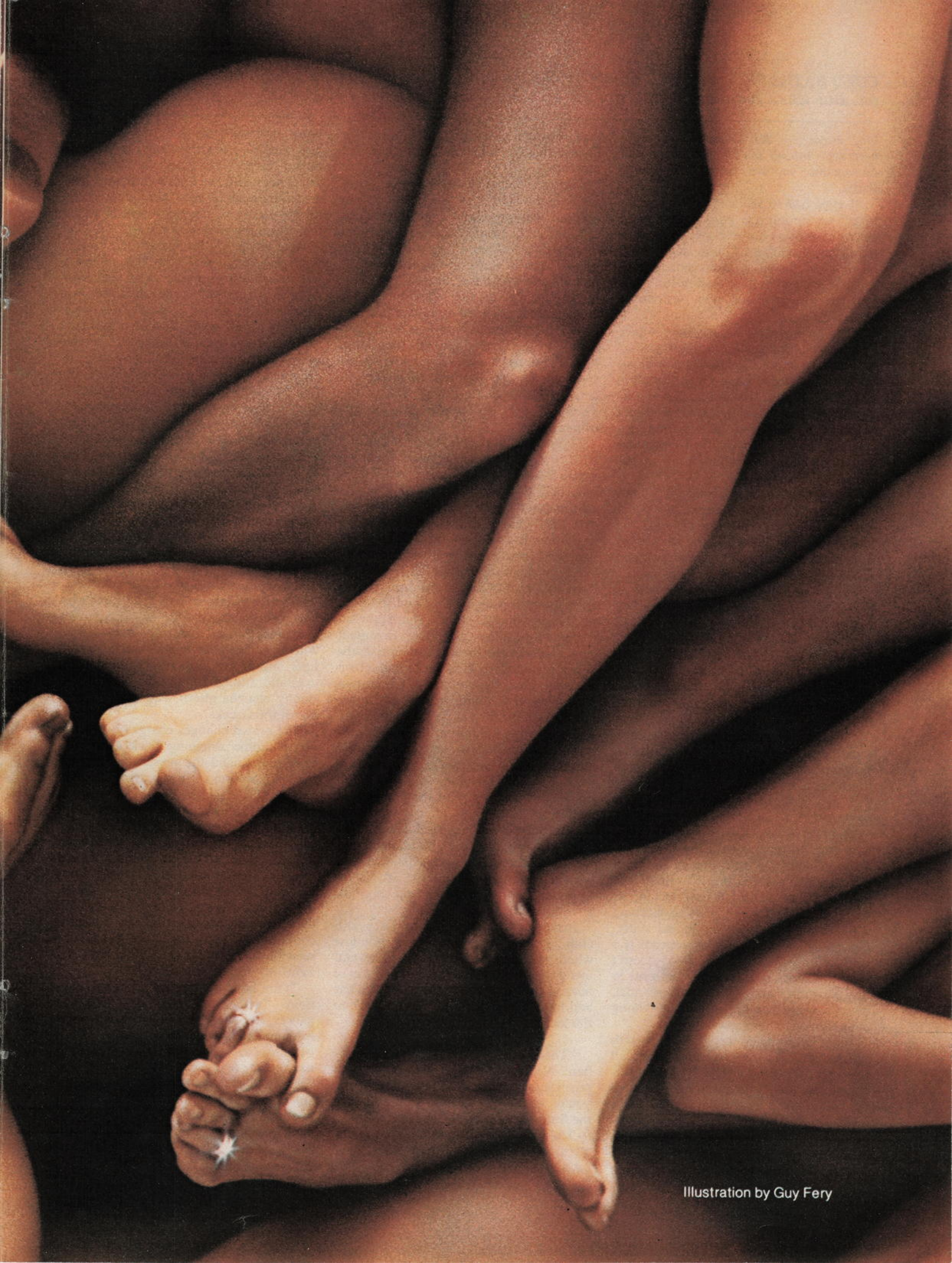


Illustration by Guy Fery

COED BATHS *"When it's just gay boys dicking around, the law pretends it doesn't know what's going on. But when there are young women involved—people get ver-r-ry huffy."*

sec." Jones is a San Francisco entrepreneur who has all his chips riding on an outrageous venture called the Sutro Baths.

"I even had to sell some of my furniture," he continues, pointing to some empty corners in his now-more-spacious-than-ever apartment. "But soon we'll be moving the Sutro Baths into grander quarters and selling franchises." His eyes go out of focus with visions of the future.

"The major tubs—the gay ones—have been considering going coed for years," he gloats, naming the famous Continental Baths of New York City, the Club Baths syndicate, the Ritch Street organization—all Goliath Sodoms thinly disguised as health clubs and made respectable by their luxury, their discretion and their occasional showcasing of celebrity entertainers.

"What they've been afraid of," Jones continues, "is, of course, the law. When it's just gay boys dicking around, the law pretends it doesn't know what's going on. But when there are young women involved—people get ver-r-ry huffy.

"What we have in our favor here is California's new Consensual Adult Sex Act. [Act in the sense of law, reader.] The act applies to consensual adult sex in private, of course; and that's why we became a private club. Get it? Membership cards, screening out of uglies and potential problem types; that sort of thing."

But a one-year membership card costs a paltry two dollars at the door. Admission with a card is four dollars—sometimes cheaper. For the price of a cheapo skin flick, you get to participate in your own scenarios.

"I have studied this ve-r-ry carefully with my lawyer and with the D.A.'s office and with the local precinct," Jones explains. "The D.A. had to admit that there's no law against it now as long as we're private, though they're keeping a finger on the public pulse and studying it further. The precinct sergeant is a wonderful old Irishman who doesn't want any more boarded-up storefronts in his territory and, leery of scandal, doesn't want his hot-and-horny young cops seen anywhere *near* my place."

Jones leans back and chuckles with satisfaction. He does seem to have all the angles covered. "The Irishman was concerned about prostitution," he goes on to say. "And he was concerned about drug use on the premises—that sort of thing—and he expects us to police this ourselves, as any other private club would. He also seemed skeptical about our being able to prevent the sex-crazed *macho* element from fighting like dogs around a bitch in heat. He's still amazed."

Well, the Sutro Baths is a very amazing place. And the word is getting around. Rumors about the Sutro Baths are, in fact, passing quickly through every stratum of San Francisco Bay Area society, and in some circles, it is hard to find anyone who hasn't heard some fabulous fiction. No wonder. Discount passes are sometimes handed out along fashionable Union Street. You see lapel buttons with the Sutro logo and the slogan I TOOK THE DARE. Jones has taken out ad space in the San Francisco *Bay Guardian*, the *Berkeley Barb* and most of the giveaway bar newspapers and events calendars.

If not many people have taken the dare, it might be because Valencia Street, where Sutro is located, isn't very glamorous, despite some light-footed cowboys en route to the Rainbow Cattle Company down the street. That's San Francisco's most popular cowboy gay bar, a time-warp saloon with c-&-w music and flashy Western shirts. Otherwise it's a neighborhood of cut-rate furniture outlets and automotive-repair shops on the edge of the Mission District. There are an American Indian alcoholic treatment center across the street from the Baths and a major Hare Krishna temple down the way. Next door is the old Victorian Levi Strauss building, a San Francisco landmark. When Latino neighbors are asked for their opinion of the Baths, they respond suspiciously—and express little curiosity about the place. After all, it was a gay bath for years, and that didn't bother anyone. A few of the young men simply smile.

The Sutro building itself looks innocent enough; it's your basic neighborhood storefront. The glass is painted over with the Sutro logo and the artist's interpretation of blue waves breaking into a frothy surf.

Inside, it's like walking into a health club. There's a foyer with a window where you pay and pick up a key and towels. There's a louvered door you're buzzed through. First you enter the bar and lounge and then proceed on back to the lockers to change.

•

"That's raht, honey. Theah's all kinds here. Nekidness is a great equalizer, but regardless of where you're coming from, you're gonna meet some people here at the Sutro who are pret-ty strange."

The woman is sitting on a sofa in the TV lounge and pulling on a purple-and-gold cigarette, but not inhaling. She's caressing her huge breasts with her elbows and, with her hands, twirling an ice-cold bottle of Coca-Cola between her upper thighs. Her name is Mona and she is here with her husband, Harry. The glistening neck of the Coke bottle seems to rise up out of her thick nest of pubic hair like a green glass penis.

Also in the TV lounge at the moment is a spectrum, a real grab bag, of other folk. Across from me is an ancient man with only one eye, shining like the proverbial diamond in a goat's ass, who looks as if he's going to return momentarily to dust—mud if it happens in the sauna. He is being guided around by a clean-cut young woman with Sierra Club legs. A positively nubile young woman, blacker than black, with intricately plaited hair, is browsing through the club's porno collection with a middle-aged dyke and a tattooed motorcycle momma. Two mom-and-apple-pie-gay towel boys are serving juice and readying the 8mm projector for a scintillating fuck flick. A Latin businessman with a paunch and a thin mustache is cruising Mona. Mona's attention, however, is riveted to a young golden surfer, so disarmingly charming that even the dyke is waxing coquettish.

Then there are a hard-eyed man who looks disturbingly like an undercover vice officer, three jabbering Greek sailors with rippling muscles and lousy teeth, a lithe nut-brown Filipino with darting eyes and a tongue like a lizard, and one skinny cha-cha queen who bats his eyelids at the Greeks.

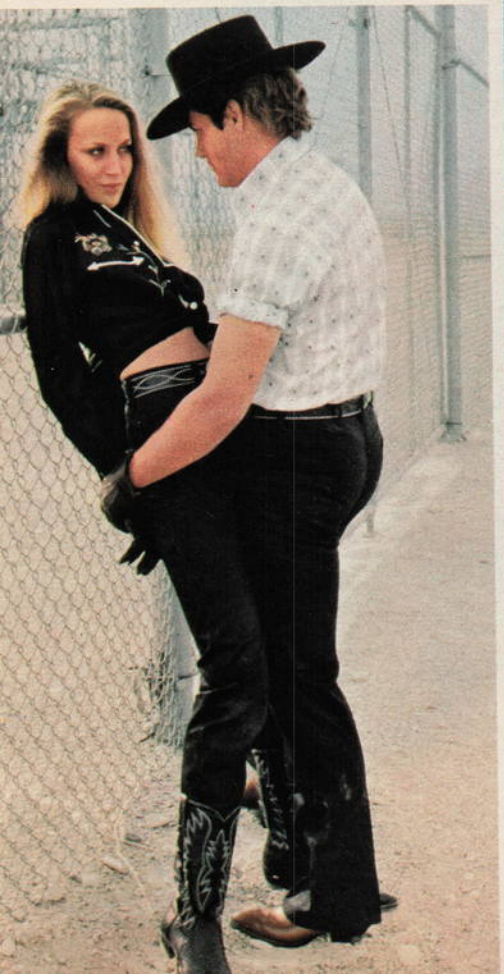
The crowd changes character as other people come dragging back from the orgy rooms, and the present people, refreshed, venture off again into the dark and musky regions. The black woman and the dyke leave, for example, casting absolutely salacious glances over their shoulders at the surfer. He, to Mona's disgust, promptly excuses himself and follows. The Latin businessman slips out furtively behind them. The Greek sailors can't decide whether to follow or to keep their eyes on Mona's tits. She, in turn, continues to twirl the Coke bottle obscenely and prattles on about how delightfully strange this place is.

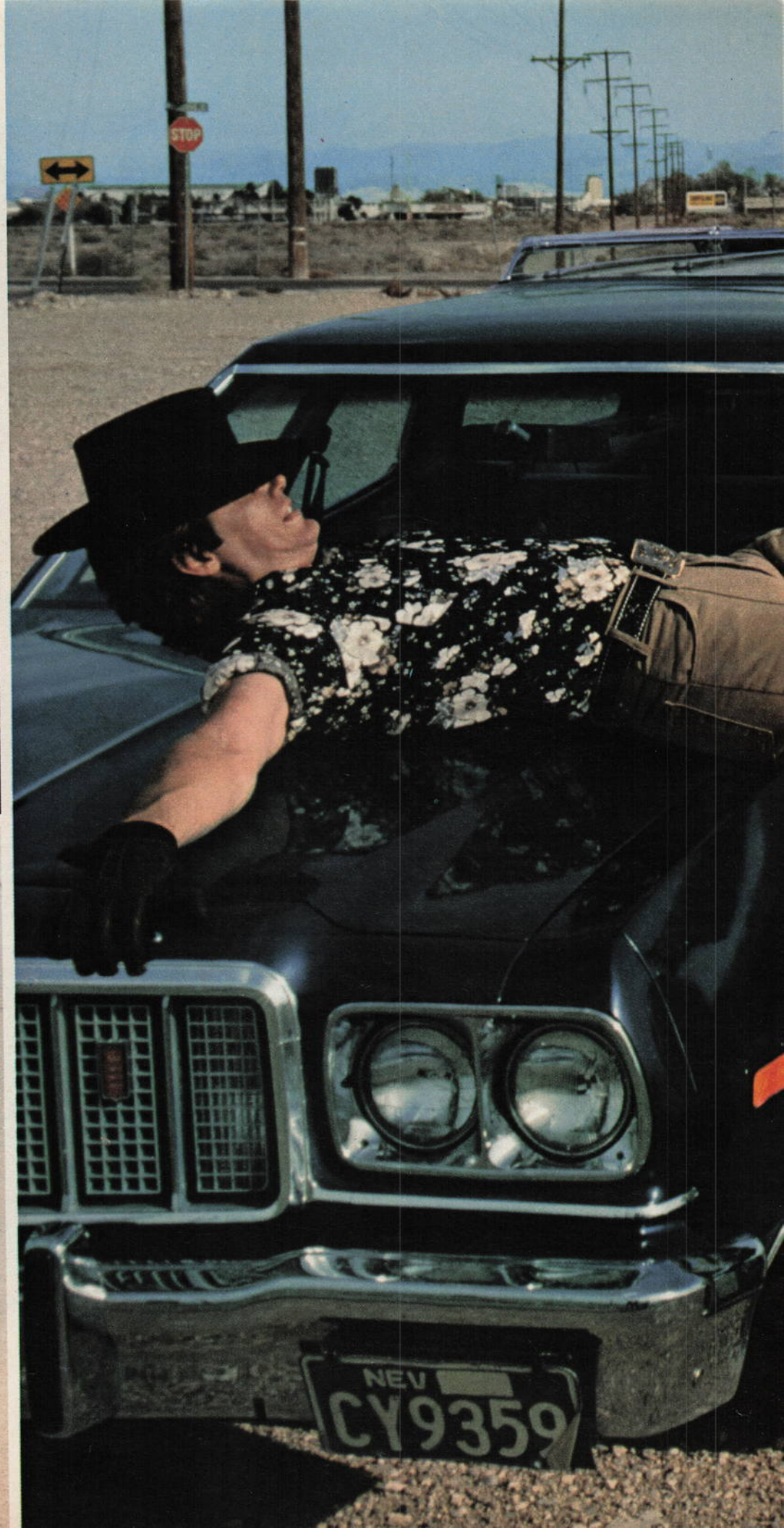
"You have to be firm," Mona cautions, "with some of the"—here she pauses and looks around to see who is listening, then whispers—"*creeps*. Oh, a withering look is usually enough to send most of the ogres shrinking back into the shadows," she says reassuringly, "but it's still a good idea for a lady to have a friend watching over her, uh, interests while she's got her heels in the air. Otherwise it turns into a dog pile and a girl can get suffocated."

Her face *(Continued on page 100)*

"When the wick has burned out,
I have only just begun to glow."
—Catherine Kluny

KING 8
HOTEL
CASINO

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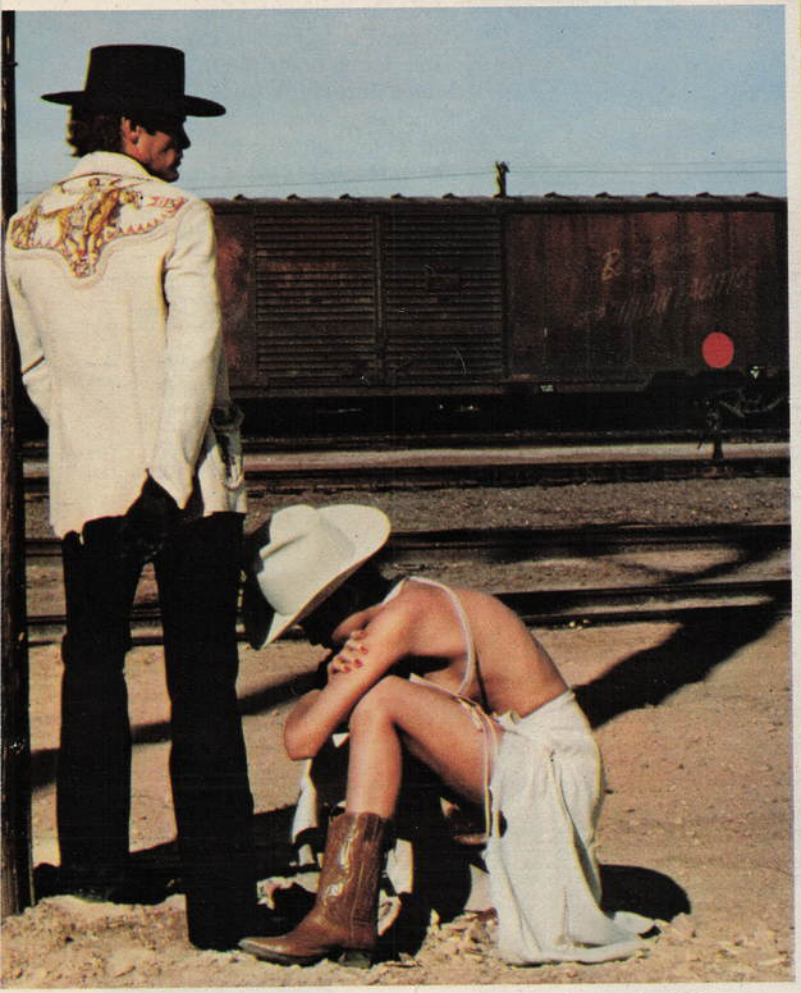
RODEO RAGS

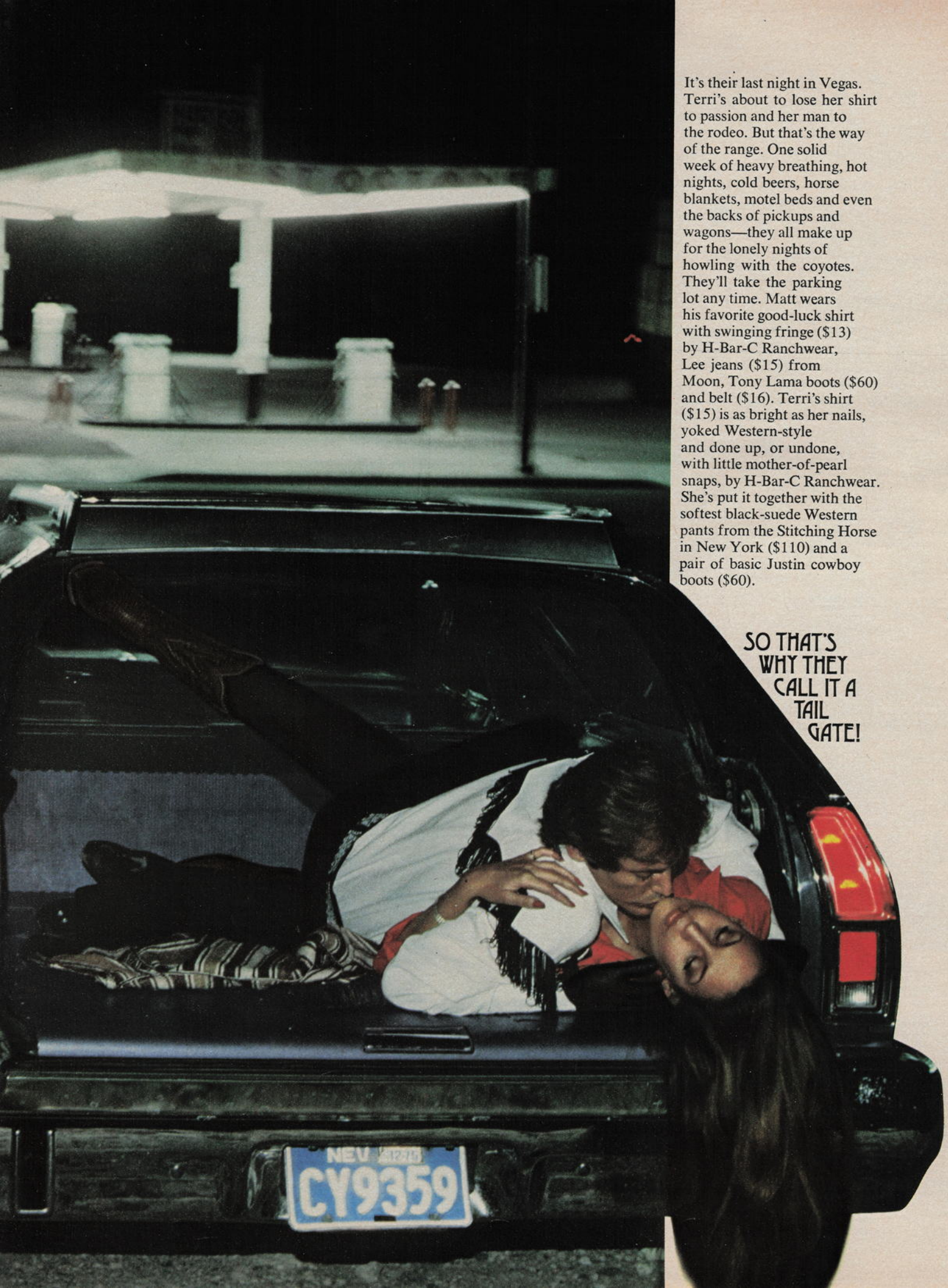
Matt rides bulls on the men's rodeo circuit. Terri rides on the girls' circuit. Once a year their circuits cross in Las Vegas, and it's electric! Far left, above: Terri wears a leather vest ($65) by Kamali, jeans ($15) by Lee, boots ($125) by Justin and spurs ($6) by Adams Feed. Matt sports a Fred Leighton shirt ($20), black Lee pants ($15), a tooled Tony Lama belt ($15) and a felt hat ($35) by Bailey. Far left, below: Terri's up against it in a Miller shirt ($15), Miller belt ($10), Adams Feed gloves ($15) and Tony Lama boots ($60). Matt's shirt ($15), by H-Bar-C Ranchwear, tops Levis ($10) and Tony Lama boots ($60). His hat ($40) is from Byer-Rolnick. Left, Matt's shirt ($15) and tan jeans ($15) are both by Levis; boots ($60) and belt ($10) by Tony Lama; gloves by Adams Feed. Her deerskin pants ($175) are by Michel & Anouchka and her shirt ($15) is by Gentleman John.

I SURE HOPE HIS HAT COMES OFF EASIER THAN THIS



Top, Matt's tender foot is encased in shiny black over-stitched Justin boots ($135), which are topped by furry chaps from New York's Pleasure Chest. She's currying favor in her skintight Kamali vest, and Lee's lean black jeans ($15) tucked into Tony Lama boots ($60) with the higher riding heel. Her black kid gloves ($15) are by Adams Feed. Terri and Matt like to meet outside of town at Darwin Lamb's Los Rancheros, a private club for rodeo *aficionados*. Above, Matt's deerskin jacket ($450), with a handpainted Western scene, from the Stitching Horse in New York, is worn with Levis ($15), Tony Lama boots ($60) and that bull-rider hat. Terri calls her outfit a pleasure suit. Matt calls it a "pleasurin' suit." It's a tiny top and a soft open skirt of fawn deerskin designed by Michel & Anouchka ($300) with tall, tan Justin boots ($60) and a snow-white high-brimmed felt cowgirl hat ($35) by Bailey.

Photography by Helmut Newton
Hair and make-up by Franklyn Welsh



It's their last night in Vegas. Terri's about to lose her shirt to passion and her man to the rodeo. But that's the way of the range. One solid week of heavy breathing, hot nights, cold beers, horse blankets, motel beds and even the backs of pickups and wagons—they all make up for the lonely nights of howling with the coyotes. They'll take the parking lot any time. Matt wears his favorite good-luck shirt with swinging fringe ($13) by H-Bar-C Ranchwear, Lee jeans ($15) from Moon, Tony Lama boots ($60) and belt ($16). Terri's shirt ($15) is as bright as her nails, yoked Western-style and done up, or undone, with little mother-of-pearl snaps, by H-Bar-C Ranchwear. She's put it together with the softest black-suede Western pants from the Stitching Horse in New York ($110) and a pair of basic Justin cowboy boots ($60).

SO THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT A TAIL GATE!

107

THE RETURN OF COUNT VON ZEPPELIN

HOW WILL YOU TRAVEL IN 2000? ROCKET? SAUCER? WOULD YOU BELIEVE THE BIG BALLOON?

ARTICLE BY WILLIAM WISER

In the swinging Thirties, long before the jet set migrated seasonally via 747, the Beautiful People (like Max Schmeling, sporting the black eye that he got knocking Joe Louis down) were wont to pay $400—or its equivalent in Deutsche marks—to sail across the Atlantic suspended in perfect equilibrium (not a drop of Rhine wine spilled from the crystal goblets) from New Jersey to Frankfurt in an 800-foot-long balloon containing 7,000,000 cubic feet of hydrogen.

The trip took two and a half tranquil days in the kind of comfort that permitted one to stroll casually along the Plexiglas promenade deck, quietly digesting *asperge* vinaigrette from the luncheon menu, listening to a pianist play Mozart on a lightweight Bluthner piano.

Heavyweight Max, meanwhile, passed the time hanging out of the *open* windows taking photographs of slow-motion ocean liners that were sometimes only 500 feet below. There was no airsickness, no claustrophobia, no jet lag. The only inconvenience, which compares to our modern security check for hijacking tools, was when the airship's officer politely confiscated matches and cigarette lighters from all boarding

Illustration by Paul Alexander

ZEPPELIN *The Reverend Monroe Drew has a dream: a lighter-than-air Faith Fleet able to reach otherwise inaccessible lost souls in darkest Africa and elsewhere. Talk about fear of God!*

passengers. There was a pressurized smoking room where nicotine addicts could get a fix, but stewards lighted the cigarettes. Hydrogen burns.

During World War One, the rigid airship—or zeppelin—dropped bombs over London, instead of ballast over Lakehurst. Fearsome weapons, the lighter-than-air bombers terrorized London but caused little damage to military targets and were so vulnerable to hot bullets that 40 percent of the German zeppelineers were victims of hideous conflagration.

After the war, the reparations clause in the Versailles Treaty blocked the immediate resurgence of a peacetime zeppelin fleet, but you can't keep a good airship down, and by 1923, the *Zeppelinwerke* had turned out the LZ 124. Five years later, the huge (776 feet long) Graf Zeppelin was aloft and carrying mail and passengers to South America. The Graf Zeppelin was the ultimate, record-breaking glamor ship that once flew from Friedrichshafen nonstop over the steppes of Russia to a hysterical welcome in Tokyo, then nonstop to Lakehurst and back to Friedrichshafen: around the world in 28 days. The little people down there were climbing rooftops, ringing church bells, blowing sirens and writing odes to the floating miracle wherever the big balloon's shadow passed. The Graf Zeppelin was probably responsible for the first worldwide outbreak of zeppelin fever.

By 1936, the sky seemed to be the limit. The mighty Hindenburg, with twice the gas volume of the Graf and twice the horsepower, seemed to be the ultimate mode of transportation. A year later, the sky fell in. Over Lakehurst the Hindenburg's 7,000,000 cubic feet of hydrogen burst into flame and 37 lives were lost.

•

The past 40 years of air traffic—getting heavier all the time, with *heavier* aircraft—have relegated the dirigible to the fate of a quaint museum piece, smelling faintly of old tennis shoes and airplane glue. If we think of the airship age at all, our recollection is probably of either a tintype of stunt balloonists at a state fair or the Goodyear blimp floating over a football game. But the airship age may be closer than that.

We live in the reign of the jumbo jet, an invention that has spawned deteriorating service, overwhelming pollution and sprawling airports far from the point of destination. The recent oil squeeze, price squeeze and seat squeeze have set even heavier-than-air moguls to thinking out loud: "Say, what ever happened to those big ships that just, uh, floated?"

•

• John Norton's problem is shipping his California lettuce to New York without risking delivery of a trainload of green mush.

• The town of Tempe, Arizona, would like to replace its costly helicopter traffic surveillance with a big balloon is watching you, and Fred Nebiker, in charge of new ventures at Goodyear Aerospace (formerly Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation), thinks he may have the answer.

• Electricité de France has to transport an enormous generator from the Loire River to the Loire-et-Cher by way of Gibraltar, no easy task, so Alain Balleyguier's Flying Crane—two giant balloons linked catamaran style, capable of carrying a 700-ton nuclear reactor—is no longer considered just a Jules Verne fantasy.

• Russia's Ministry of Aeronautic Industry has put Feodor Asberry to work on a 900-foot-long dirigible capable of supplying a hydroelectric plant in Vladivostok with men and materials, as well as stocking those raw new tundra towns east of Omsk with men, women and vodka.

• The Reverend Monroe Drew has a dream: a lighter-than-air Faith Fleet able to reach otherwise inaccessible lost souls in darkest Africa and elsewhere. (Talk about fear of God—can you picture the hapless Jivaro head-hunting the Amazon when the big balloon comes out from behind cloud cover?) The Reverend Drew has already set up the Aereon Corporation with investments of more than $1,500,000 and has hired a German aerostatic engineer to get a prototype off the ground. And, in fact, Aereon 26, the Deltoid Pumpkin Seed, has successfully lifted off, flown, hovered, maneuvered and landed at the same Lakehurst Naval Air Station where the Hindenburg burned.

Even Barry Goldwater, of the SST brotherhood, has said "Airships deserve a second look," and the lighter-than-air underground has surfaced, chanting "The airship lives!" (If you consider the meteorologic balloon and the Goodyear blimp, it never really died.) Sometimes it's hard to tell if the ballooning zeppelin revival is buoyed by genuine helium or just plain hot air, but in Friedrichshafen, Germany, where lighter-than-air first became a heavy industry under the leadership of Count von Zeppelin, Herman Zettel, a survivor of the Hindenburg disaster, guards the sacred archives and original blueprints of the original airship age and keeps close tabs on the zeppelin renaissance.

•

The Rorschach (so help me) chugged along Lake Constance, where the wooden hangars floated offshore in 1900, where the first rigid-frame flying cigar floated overhead, propelled by faith and diesel fuel. But the sky was empty now—the hangars long since sunk—and the shoreline appeared flat—flattened, really, and rebuilt in shopping-center modern. Lake Constance lies on the Swiss-German border, and checking into customs, I had that old tourist letdown of discovering what I already knew: that the Deutschen speak *Deutsch*.

I would need a translator to talk with Herman Zettel, so I tried my hotel, a shoeshop, a bookstore, the bank—no luck. Meanwhile curfew must have sounded, because after dark the only game in town was a beer hall on Eckenerstrasse (named after the captain of the Graf Zeppelin). Behind the tinted windows, I expected to find a scene from Brueghel of flushed burghers chugging mugs of beer with foam like shaving cream, but found instead the Pepsi generation in Levis and INDIANA U. sweat shirts instead of *Lederhosen*, dancing to a jukebox instead of a pumpernickel band. Serving at the bar was the willowy *Fräulein* Ursula, who had a tender way with the beer spigot. Would I like to order pizza? (German *pizza*?) I politely declined, took schnapps instead. Taller than any man in the place, Ursula was a dark-haired, braless mathematics major. She spoke English and tomorrow was her day off.

•

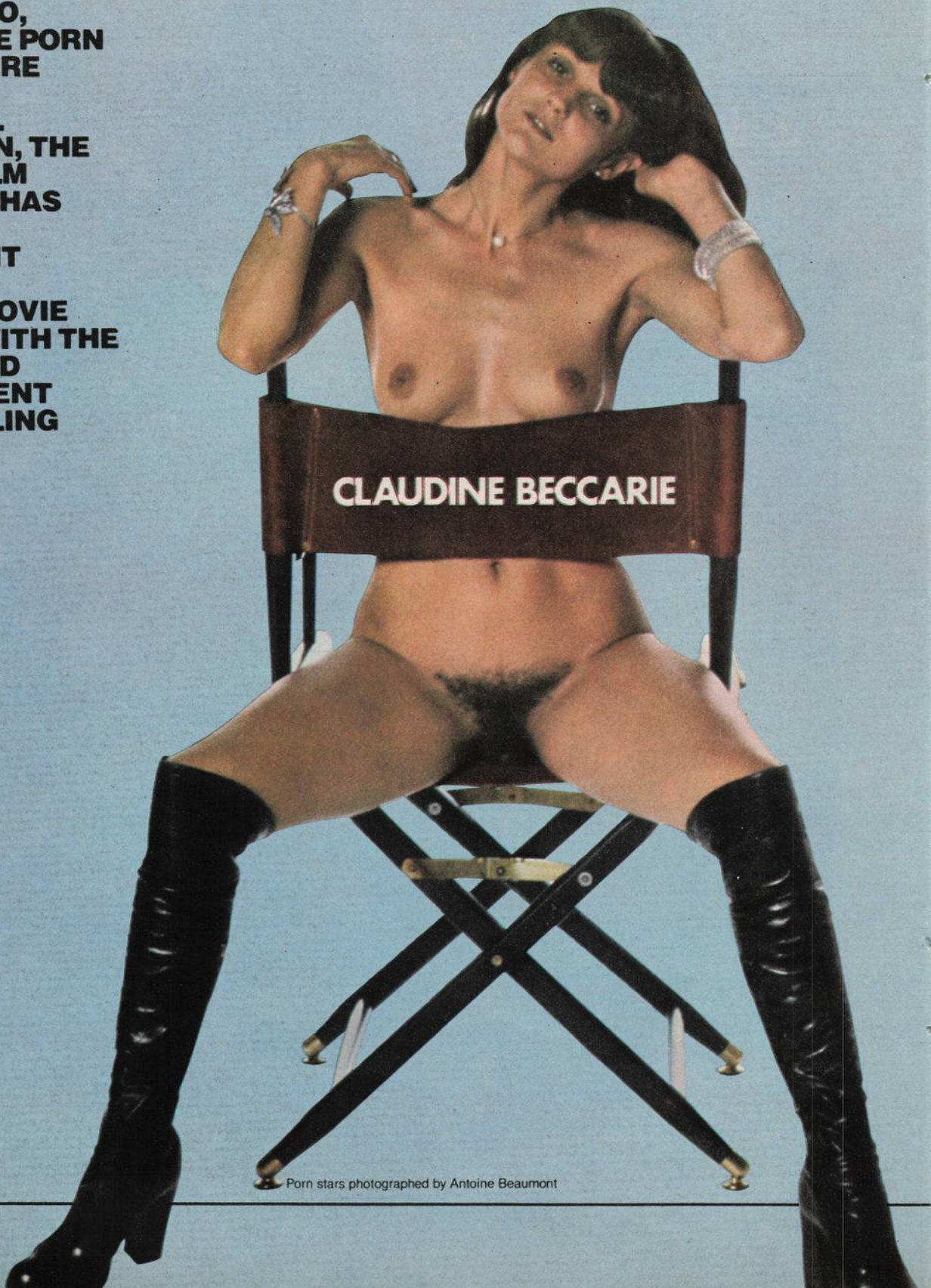
In 1785, François Blanchard made a successful English Channel crossing in a gas-filled balloon, but he was obliged to do a methodical striptease, tossing his clothes overboard, to stay on course. His widow, on a solo stunt run over Paris in 1819, carelessly set off some fireworks attached to her hydrogen balloon. She did not survive the spectacular display. These two historical footnotes were an early indication of the major hazards of lighter-than-air flight: the vagaries of weather and the danger of fire.

Fire hazard is all but eliminated with the use of helium—slightly heavier than hydrogen. With seven percent less lifting power, helium is an inert gas (doesn't combine with other elements); thus it is nonflammable. Germany had hoped to fill the gas envelopes of its zeppelin fleet with helium, but as World War Two approached, the U. S. feared, with good reason, that the airship would again be converted *(Continued on page 92)*

"Grandmother? You can't fool me, Grandpa!"

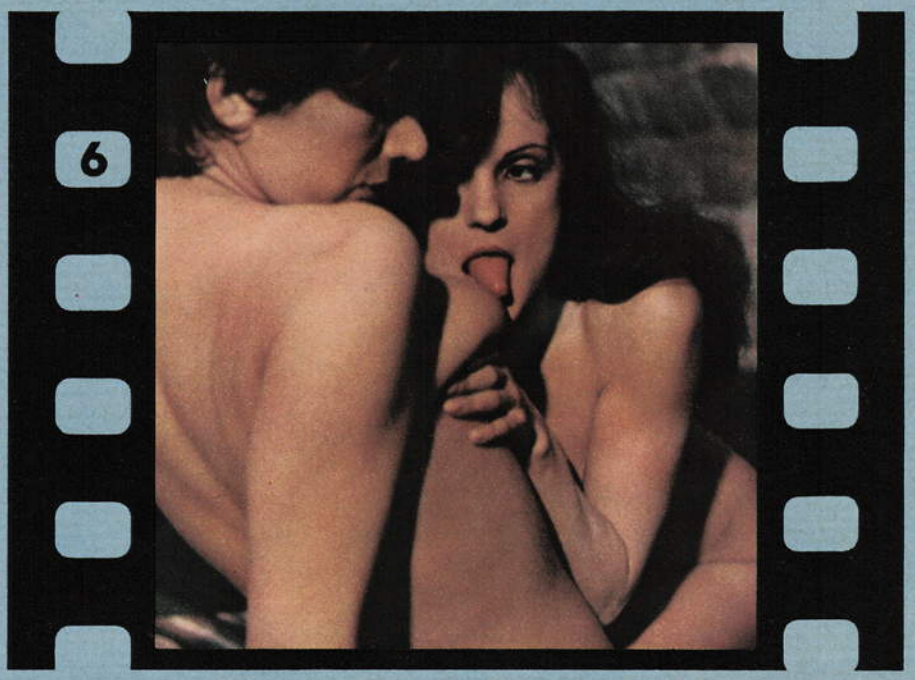
FRANCE DISC

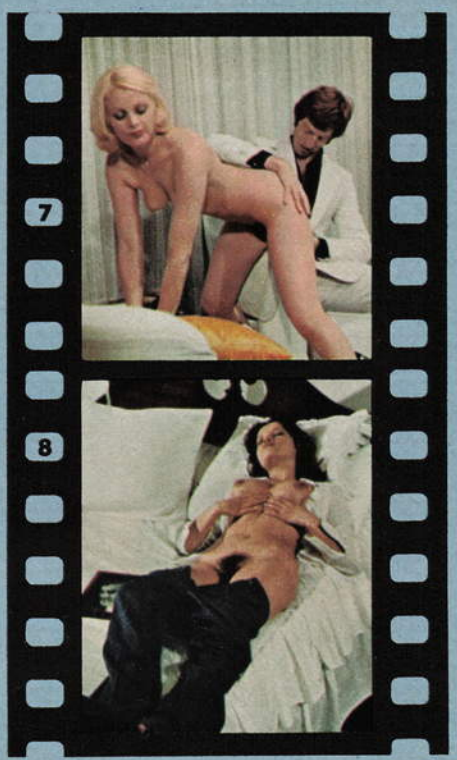
A YEAR AGO, HARD-CORE PORN FLICKS WERE ILLEGAL IN FRANCE. SINCE THEN, THE EROTIC-FILM INDUSTRY HAS GRABBED 25 PERCENT OF THE FRENCH MOVIE MARKET, WITH THE PUBLIC AND GOVERNMENT STILL REELING FROM THE SHOCK.



Porn stars photographed by Antoine Beaumont

OVERS PORN





Claudine Beccarie is France's current queen of porn, having starred in 36 erotic flicks in the past two and one half years. Her most famous film is *Exhibition* (frames **1** to **3**), a documentary in which Claudine reveals her inner thoughts while her co-star plumbs her inner depths. In *Prostitution Clandestine* (**4**, **5**, **7**), Claudine and eight other girls rent a studio where they entertain clients recruited through kinky sex ads. In *The Orgasm Freaks* (**6**, **10**, **11**), an aphrodisiac pill revitalizes the sex lives of Claudine and her friends. The plot of *The Two Dykes* (**8**, **9**) is not worth mentioning, inasmuch as the film's director, 53-year-old José Bénazéraf, says: "I don't give a damn about scripts. For me, an ass doesn't need to talk."

PEOPLE SEE *EMMANUELLE* AND LEAVE WITHOUT FEELING GUILTY

If French headline writers are to be believed, the advent of hard-core porn films in France not only will weaken the moral fiber of the nation's youth but will also bring about the destruction of the entire French film industry! Of course, the French have never been accused of understatement nor, for that matter, even of holding consistent opinions. The country that gave the world the Marquis de Sade, French ticklers and Brigitte Bardot also treated itself to a decade of Charles and Auntie Yvonne de Gaulle, whose rigid puritanism drove prostitutes off the streets and dirty postcards under the counter. It wasn't until 1974—four years after the general's death—that the

Photography by Leonard de Raemy / Sygma

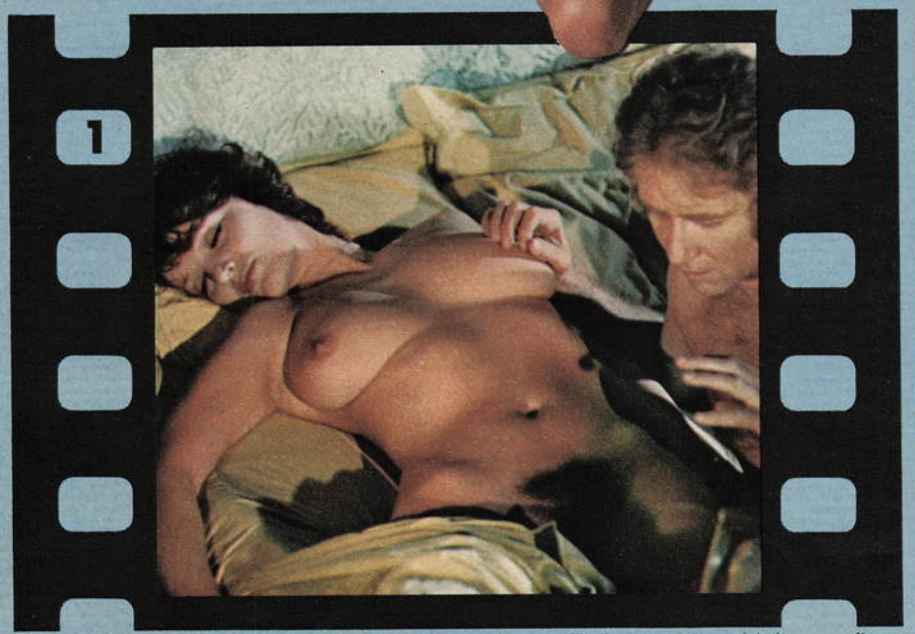
Emmanuelle Arsan (**1**), the 45-year-old author of the original *Emmanuelle* books, has just completed *Laure* (**2**, **3**), a film she wrote and stars in, along with 18-year-old blond newcomer Annie-Belle, who plays Laure. Against the exotic background of the Philippines, Emmanuelle introduces Annie-Belle and her lover (among others) to the delights of bisexuality. Emmanuelle also composed and sings the film's theme song *L'Amour à Trois*, whose first line is: "Love her so that I may love you." Meanwhile, *Emmanuelle II* (**4** to **13**), the film version of Arsan's second novel, *L'Anti-vierge*, has recently debuted in France, with Dutch actress Sylvia Kristel (featured in oui in August 1974 and April 1975) in the title role. This time, the action moves from Bangkok to Hong Kong and later to the island of Bali.

French regained their senses and asked for a little joy again. In that year, a national poll revealed that fully 54 percent of the general public and an astonishing 75 percent of the regular moviegoers favored the easing of film-censorship laws. The new French president, a canny intellectual named Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, sniffed the winds of change and promptly declared that movie censorship was *terminé*. Then, barely a year later, another poll—this time in the influential French weekly *Paris-Match*—indicated that a staggering 59 percent of the French public wanted censorship back. What happened to cause this illiberal reversal of opinion? A veritable porn explosion, that's what. First there had been a wave of soft-core movies—what the French call *films érotiques* (as opposed to *le vrai hard*). The most successful of these was *Emmanuelle*, starring Sylvia Kristel, which made

In *Emmanuelle II*, Sylvia as Emmanuelle visits a massage parlor (**4**, **13**), a bordello (**5**) and Caroline Laurence (**15**), who plays a German tourist traumatized by rape (**9**) but later consoled by Sylvia (**8**, **11**, **12**). Of course, Sylvia also finds several men who take her fancy (**6**, **7**, **10**). Catherine Rivet (**14**) is the proper young English girl whom Sylvia initiates into the varieties of erotic pleasure. Catherine quickly becomes a devoted disciple. Sylvia (**16**) would now like to stop making erotic films and act in detective movies instead. She believes that parents should take their children to see the *Emmanuelle* films "in order to show them the beauty of love." She has no intentions, however, of acting in a hard-core flick. She says, "I'm a good Catholic and it would be against my principles."

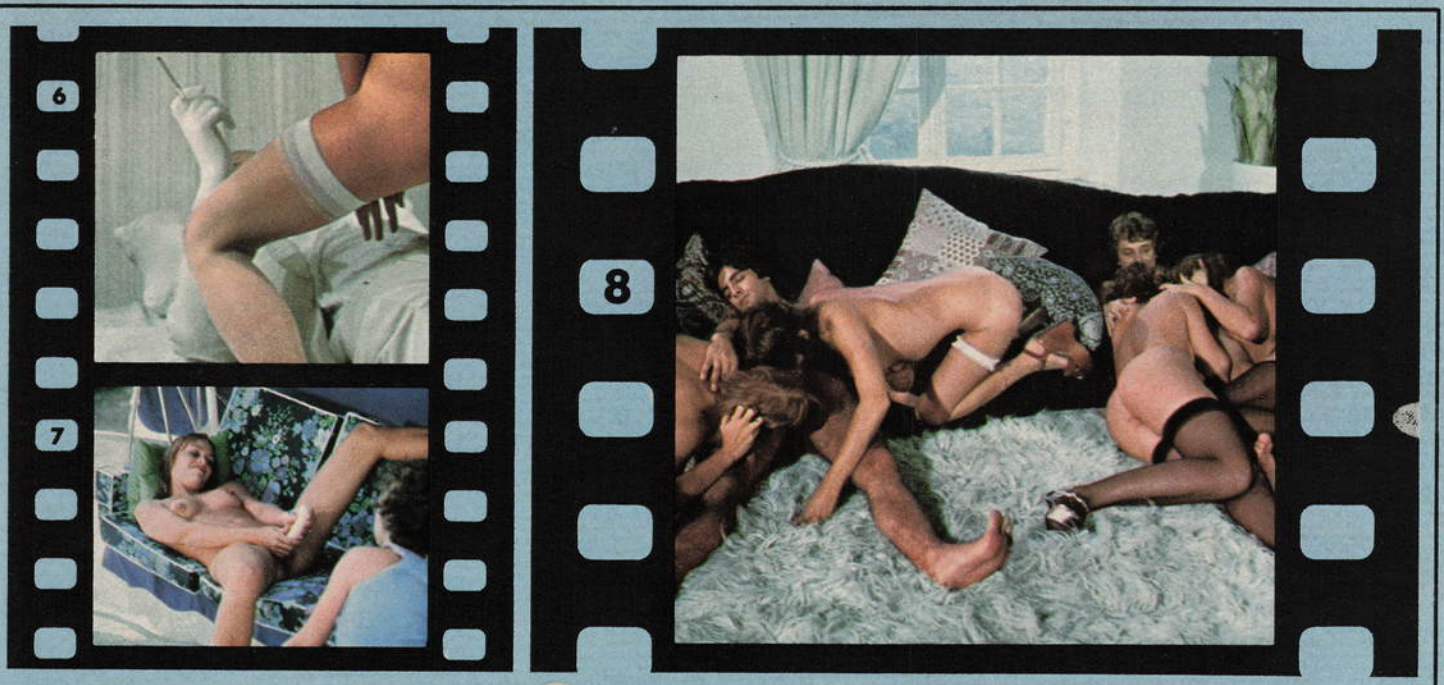
EXHIBITION STARTED THE HARD-CORE PORN EXPLOSION IN FRANCE

more money than any film in French history. By U.S. porn standards, *Emmanuelle* was tame, but it showed lots of beautiful young people fondling each other in lush, exotic surroundings—filming was done in Bangkok—and it was the first porn movie that French people felt comfortable going to in couples. "People see this film and leave without feeling guilty," said the director, Just Jaeckin. *Emmanuelle* spawned a host of imitations, not least among them the recently released *Emmanuelle II*, which again starred the delectable Kristel but was directed by Francis Giacobetti, a well-known French still photographer whose pictorials regularly appear in OUI.



Pénélope Lamour made her porn debut in *Pussy Talk* (**1** to **4**), which won first prize last summer at Paris' First International Porn Festival. In the film, Pénélope's pussy suddenly starts to talk (a case of demonic possession?) and describes its past sex life. Danièle Negre and Françoise Wandelle also act (or whatever) in the movie. Pénélope later starred in *The Great Fuck* (**5** to **8**) as a would-be pop singer who finally decides to fuck it (and several other people).

Jaeckin, meanwhile, came out with *The Story of O*, a film based on the famous erotic novel by Pauline Réage in which O, played by Corinne Cléry, who was the subject of a OUI pictorial last month, learns to gain pleasure through submission. *L'Express*, the leading French news magazine, published a nude cover photo of Corinne and even ran excerpts from the novel; it was as if *Time* had reprinted parts of *Fanny Hill*. *L'Express'* circulation climbed and *O* scored a hit at the box office, which made everybody happy except French feminists. More soft-core flicks quickly materialized by the dozens, but *le vrai hard* was not unleashed by Giscard's liberalized film-censorship board until last summer, when Jean-François Davy's *Exhibition* became the first French film approved for general release with *actes sexuels non-simulés*—that's French



CLAUDINE WILL TALK ABOUT SEX BUT NOT ABOUT HER POLITICS

for real fucking. *Exhibition*, however, had redeeming social value. It was a documentary film based on the life of Parisian porn queen Claudine Beccarie. In it were interviews with Claudine's mother, her then lover Didier (now her husband) and her co-stars—these latter conducted while the actors and actresses were actually fucking and sucking. ("Are you really coming, Frédérique?" asks busybody director Davy of the luscious young woman to whom Claudine is giving head or—should we say—giving love kisses; Claudine doesn't like crude words like fuck and suck; she prefers to talk about making love. Frédérique, by way of response, simply moans.)

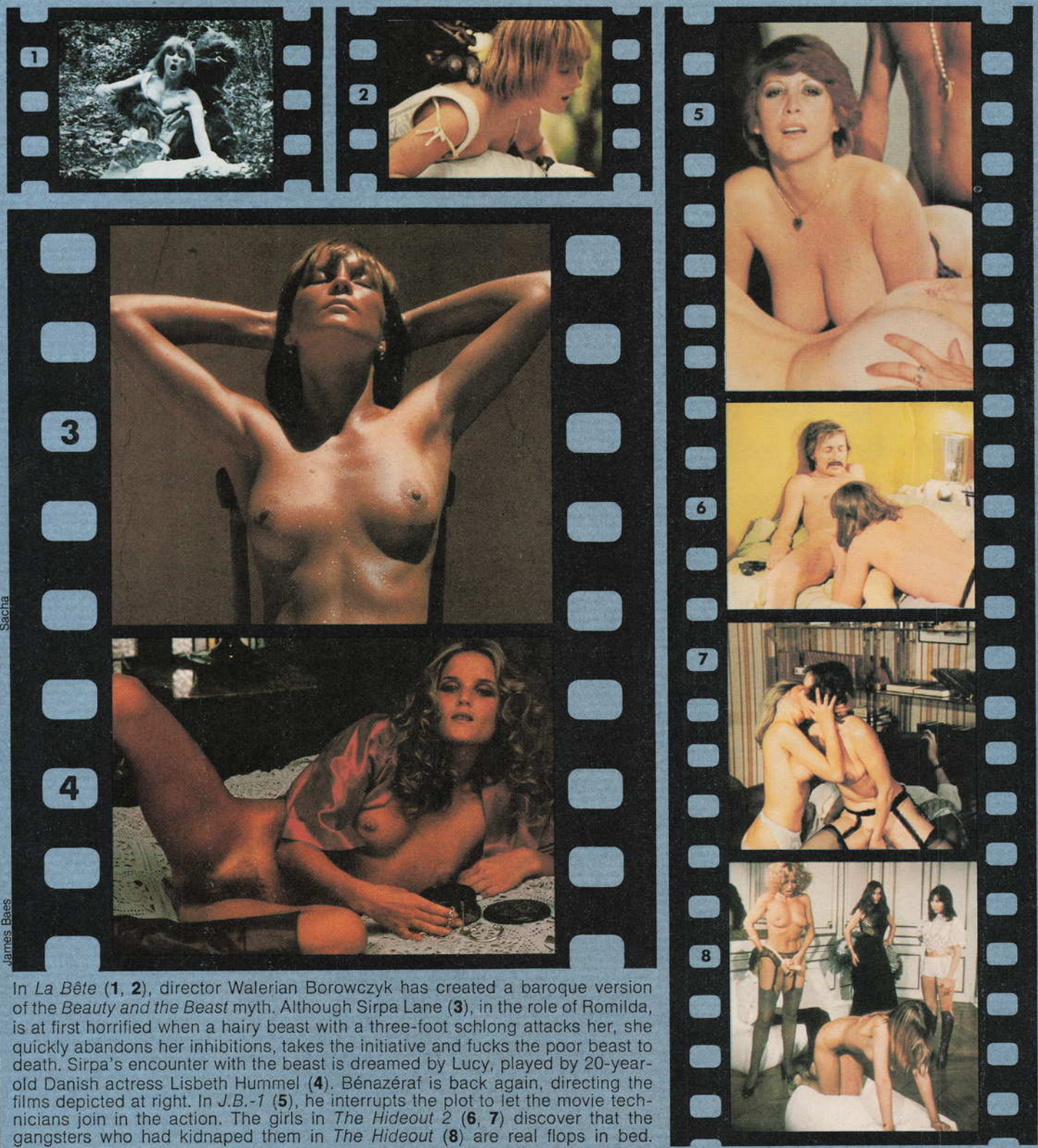
French models Florence Cayrol (**1**) and Nathalie Zieger (**2**) star in *11,000 Sexes*—formerly *11,000 Cocks*—(**3** to **7**), another in the *Nouvelle Vague* of classy soft-core films based on noted French literary works—such as *Emmanuelle* and *Story of O.* This one is based on a book by the surrealist poet Guillaume Apollinaire, in which a junior executive, frustrated by his fiancée's coy refusal to bed, dreams he is the heir to a Romanian prince and then relives his ancestor's amorous adventures during *la belle époque.* There's some rather kinky stuff in this movie, as when one lady gets carried away and emasculates her lover with her teeth.

In August, *Exhibition* became the number-one box-office draw in Paris and arrived in New York a month later as a main attraction at the New York Film Festival—it was the first hard-core flick ever to be so honored. In the movie Claudine is, at turns, likable, pathetic, amusing and aggressive. She willingly tells about her past: She was raped at the age of 14 by an uncle; she spent four years in reform school because she ran away from home; she married and immediately divorced a sadistic French soldier; and she worked for several months as a prostitute in a Spanish brothel. The only thing Claudine won't talk about is her politics: "That's too personal," she says. *Exhibition* did for hard-core films what *Emmanuelle* had earlier done for soft-core; namely, it opened the door to a host of home-grown imitators—and also to formerly banned foreign-made films such as *Playing with Fire* (**8**, **9**), with Sylvia Kristel and Jean-Louis Trintignant, is another high-class soft-core movie. *Variety* described it as a "humorous fable of white slavery." Michel Lemoine, who directed *The Misfits* (**10**) and *The Bitches* (**11**, **12**), is an exception among porn directors—he's actually willing to get in front of the camera, as with Nathalie Zieger (**12**). In the box-office bonanza *The Story of O* (**13**), Corinne Cléry gets off on bondage and discipline. Dominant women, however, run the show in *Don't Change Hands* (**14**), wherein a female politician is blackmailed and enlists the aid of her girlfriends in order to get revenge.

Georges Pierre/Sygma

THE DIRECTOR ASKS FREDERIQUE IF SHE'S REALLY COMING

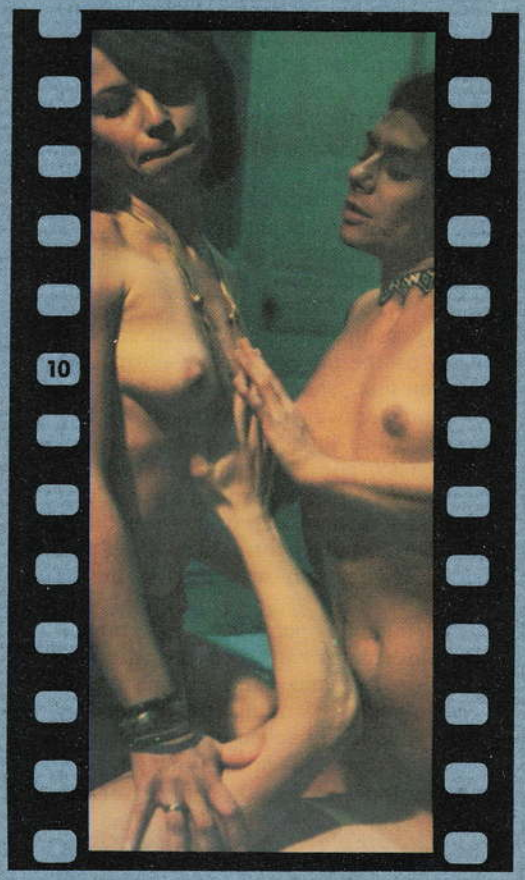
Deep Throat and *The Devil in Miss Jones*. Suddenly porn movies were everywhere in France; by late 1975, they accounted for a hefty 25 percent of the French film industry's total revenue. The stage was set for the reaction captured in the *Paris-Match* poll mentioned previously. The French simply couldn't hack it, and once again, Giscard sniffed the winds of change. At a cabinet meeting last fall, he lashed out against pornographers for exploiting perversion and violence. He had no intention of restoring censorship, he said, but he did intend to slap a heavy tax on porn films, which would net the government some $21,000,000 a year, part of which would be

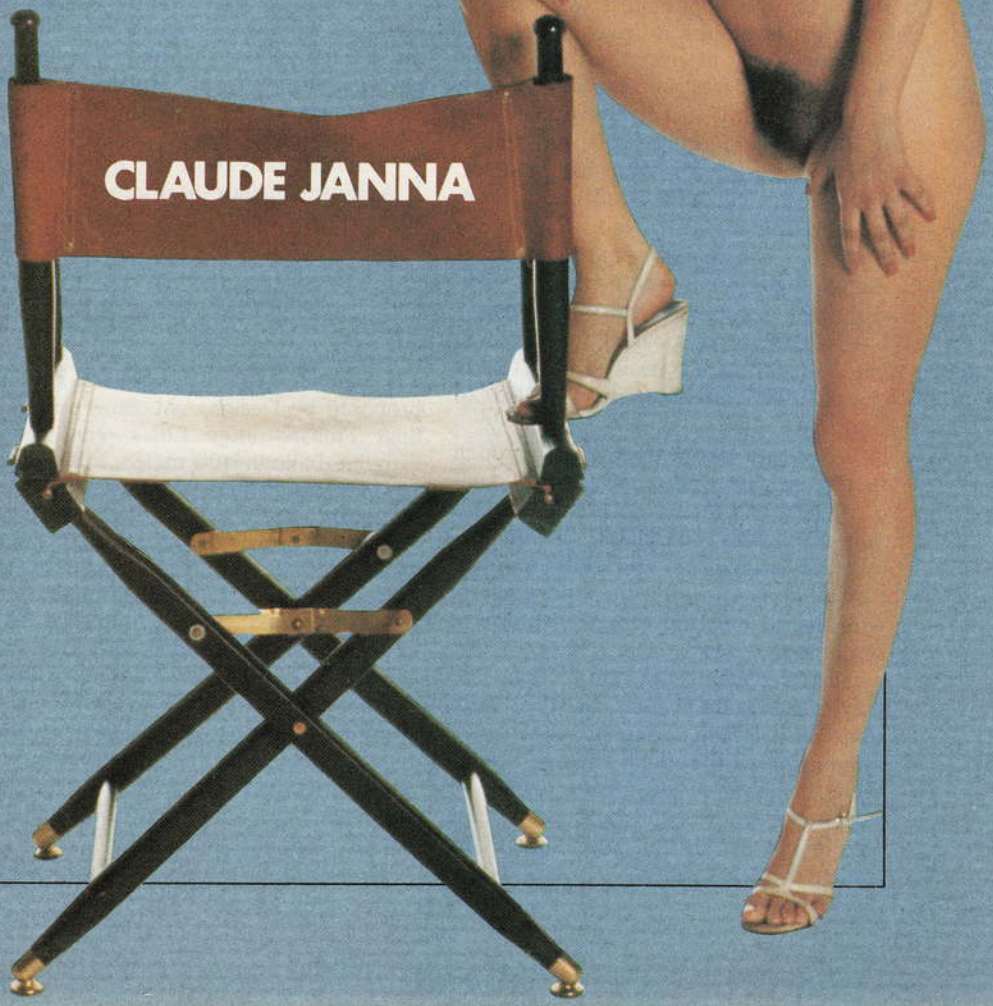


In *La Bête* (**1**, **2**), director Walerian Borowczyk has created a baroque version of the *Beauty and the Beast* myth. Although Sirpa Lane (**3**), in the role of Romilda, is at first horrified when a hairy beast with a three-foot schlong attacks her, she quickly abandons her inhibitions, takes the initiative and fucks the poor beast to death. Sirpa's encounter with the beast is dreamed by Lucy, played by 20-year-old Danish actress Lisbeth Hummel (**4**). Bénazéraf is back again, directing the films depicted at right. In *J.B.-1* (**5**), he interrupts the plot to let the movie technicians join in the action. The girls in *The Hideout 2* (**6**, **7**) discover that the gangsters who had kidnaped them in *The Hideout* (**8**) are real flops in bed.

redistributed to serious film makers. It was a plan designed to mollify almost everybody and, of course, did nothing but stir up new controversy. The same serious film makers Giscard meant to benefit joined with the pornographers in opposing the government plan, claiming that, since the proposed tax would skim 50 percent of the profits from all restricted films, distributors would be discouraged from handling even such classics as Kubrick's *A Clockwork Orange* and Bergman's *The Silence.* As a self-policing measure, the French film industry agreed to set a limit of 200 on the number of theaters where porn films could be shown. At year's end, there was no truce, the only winners being the magazines and newspapers, whose editors argued, condemned, explained and generally brought into the light of day all aspects of the controversy that made for provocative photographs like these.

Claude Janna got her start in the movies as a porn stunt woman—she doubled in the hard-core scenes that used to be added to French soft-core flicks before they were exported. In *The Magic Lollipop* (**9**), Claude discovers that licking a lollipop inspires her to then suck on other interesting things; and in *Whorehouses* (**10**), she soothes the sensibilities of a lost tourist who finds himself in a brothel.





ZEPPELIN *A guard once took too literally Count von Zeppelin's complaint "I am besieged by cranks and crackpots" and turned away the king of Württemberg.*

(Continued from page 80) to military use, and so it placed an embargo on the rare gas, which was produced only in Texas and Kansas.

In the early Thirties, the U. S. Navy built three rigid airships using helium-inflated gas cells, but all three ships eventually cracked up. All but three of the 76-man crew of the Akron went down with the ship; the crew of the wind-battered Macon was rescued by surface ships, but not before two panicky sailors had made a suicidal 125-foot leap into the Pacific. Rough weather and mishandling were blamed for both disasters.

Radar and sophisticated electronic-weather-scouting gear would serve the airship in the same way that they serve conventional aircraft. But where do we find the aerostatic aces required to man a modern zeppelin fleet? In the U. S., NASA may provide. The space agency has already shown enough interest in lighter-than-air craft to engage some 30 firms in feasibility studies. In fact, the men who made it to the moon would be the most likely candidates to bush-pilot the reborn airship.

Germans dominated the lighter-than-air lanes for so long that it would seem that they have a special genius for flying the rigid dirigible. Eckener, piloting the Graf Zeppelin dangerously close to a sheer cliff, would announce to a nervous observer: "The upward-moving air mass will now carry us over the top," which it then did. At least 20 zeppelineers have survived—many still live in the village of Zeppelinheim, outside of Frankfurt—but these are men in their 60s, or older. Zettel, mechanic of the Hindenburg, is 68.

As Ursula and I drove to the *Zeppelinwerke*, I dropped some terms that Zettel might use—vector control, pressure stabilization, valving hydrogen—but when Ursula moaned, "I have not yet had coffee," I decided not to lay the old coefficient $P = pv^3 V^{2/3}Cd/2n$ on her.

We had to sign a pass to get through that same gate where once an overzealous guard had taken too literally Count von Zeppelin's complaint "I am besieged by cranks and crackpots" and had turned away the king of Württemberg, who owned the land the *Zeppelinwerke* stood upon.

The *Zeppelinwerke* production line now makes radar screens, but the reception hall, rebuilt after the war, is a monument to the rigid airship, a veritable shrine. Even tall Ursula seemed to shrink beside the full-length portrait of Ferdinand, Count von Zeppelin, in his trademark sea captain's cap and Hapsburg handle-bar mustache. Overhead dangled a huge Duralumin model of the original Graf Zeppelin, suspended from the ceiling like a silver icon. Junk sculptures made from the struts and girders of old *Luftschiffe* lined one wall, along with a world globe and a rubber plant.

It was a hot day, and Zettel was dressed in a heavy suit: an unmarked man except for a slight crease at the receding hairline, blue-eyed, a healthy pink face riding a solid, thickset frame. He had the impassive, inscrutable expression of a tax examiner, but he was polite, even amiable, as he ushered us to low leather chairs that seemed to deflate with hydrogen loss as we sat in them. Ursula was obliged to stretch her long legs under the coffee table (aluminum mesh under glass), while Zettel settled in heavily, his feet planted on terra firma. If he had his head in the clouds once upon a time, it was not cloud nine.

Yes, he agreed, there is a great deal of enthusiasm for the airship. All kinds of people have been asking for a peep at the *Zeppelinwerke*'s blueprints. And the *Zeppelinwerke* itself was ready to convert to airship production at the drop of a checkbook. "There is no problem, technically," he said, baring the palms of his large hands, "but——" Money, of course.

I mentioned the two other firms in Germany that had launched lighter-than-air projects of late: Unimar Sea Transport in Hamburg and Ruhr-Transport, which makes the blimp of Theodor Wullenkemper.

"Publicity only. Blimps," he replied.

A blimp depends on internal gas pressure to maintain its shape, instead of the stylish superstructure of the rigids—and it gets about as much serious attention from a zeppelineer as a PT boat gets from a cruiser. Zeppelins eat blimps for breakfast.

I switched to England and the skyship proposed by Design Associates and Airfloat Transportation Ltd.'s plans for a dirigible balloon 400 meters long, capable of crossing the Atlantic in less than 40 hours.

Plans, proposals, designs. Zettel smiled faintly, but made no comment; however, while we were dealing with theorists across the Channel, he suggested that I get in touch with Professor Mowfrot of the University of Sussex.

Another professor, Francis Morse of Boston University, has designed a 1000-foot dirigible, which is to be propelled by a nuclear reactor. Zettel nodded grudging approval. "Yes, we were of some help on the Morse project, you know."

Morse's concept is actually a modified Hindenburg, and this may account for Zettel's interest. Morse agrees with a long line of zeppelin engineers that the prolate ellipsoid is the proper shape for the airship: The old flying cigar achieves maximum dynamic lift with the least amount of drag, or air resistance. This classic profile (sausages and cigars) has an inevitable association with things German, and I would expect the newer mind-boggling shapes to evolve only out of the American consciousness: piscine, out of *Jaws* and *Moby Dick*; the futuristic lines of Aereon's deltoid; or a shape to blow minds: the saucer.

In addition to the nuclear reactor powering a 4000-horsepower turbine, Morse has added a 15-story elevator leading to a skylit ballroom on the upper level of the hull—perhaps to attract the Beautiful People again—but *Herr* Zettel is less than impressed by the optional equipment.

I was thinking of all those *Fräuleins* toiling over an acre of treated cotton in a turn-of-the-century sweatshop when I brought up the new plastic covering called Kelvar.

"Too heavy," said Zettel.

"What about a lightweight metal alloy like titanium, for example, instead of Duralumin?"

"Too expensive."

Gas turbines, Rankine cycles, nylon skin, electronic controls, Wankel engines and construction by computer fail to excite Zettel as much as getting back to basics. I got the feeling his vision of the new zeppelin is simply the old Hindenburg resurrected the way she was, in all her glory, on May 6, 1937, when every ship in New York harbor gave her a blast of welcome, and at Lakehurst, thousands cheered.

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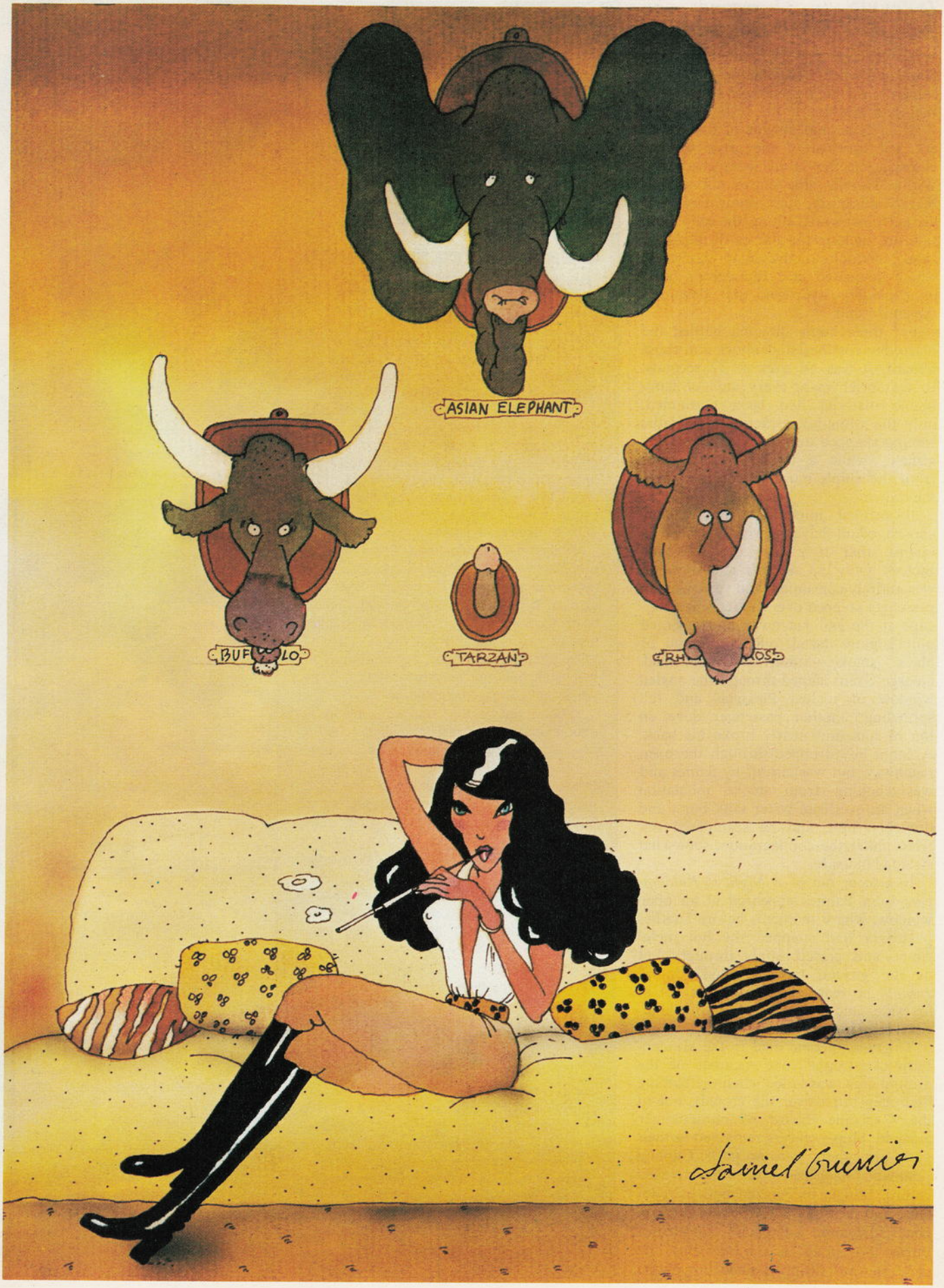
The big ship drifted over northern New Jersey on the tail of a heavy storm, and at seven P.M., she eased to 500 feet over a record crowd of slightly damp sea scouts, police squads, American Legionnaires, CCC boys, a ground crew of Navy men and civilian volunteers, as well as the usual turnout of curious spectators and fans, as the storm blew itself out and a watery sun was sinking in the west.

When landing permission was granted, the Hindenburg valved oxygen, dropped water ballast and came down to 200 feet—standard landing procedure—no strain. She then backed down engines to slow the forward thrust and dropped landing ropes to the 200-man tug-of-war team waiting below. At the time the mooring cable was attached to the mast, wind velocity was barely two miles per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ZEPPELIN *In 32 seconds, the ship was entirely consumed.*

hour, and when a six-mile-per-hour gust came up, the big balloon was edged only slightly to starboard.

At 7:25, a small tongue of flame shot out just forward of the great painted swastika on the Hindenburg's tail fin. Within seconds, the entire tail section blazed furiously, lost buoyancy and drifted downward, tilting the ship nose side up, sucking the flames through the axial corridor to the huge gas cells, which detonated in a thunderous burst of exploding hydrogen that devoured the entire ship.

For three hours, firemen battled the blaze, but for the Hindenburg and those aboard, it was all over in 32 seconds. In that brief span, every inch of flammable material had been consumed; only the white-hot girders and metallic ribbing snapped and crackled across the airfield, while a thick layer of soot from the ship's burnt skin settled over the crowd.

It seemed impossible that anyone aboard could have survived a heat so intense that it melted the Maybach motors. Only *32 seconds* and the ship was entirely consumed, and yet a woman passenger stepped over the scorched baggage at the exit hatchway and emerged only slightly dazed, out of a cloud of black smoke—unhurried, unharmed. George Grant leaped through the angled window of melted Plexiglas and fell sprawling; another passenger dove on top of him and nearly broke his back. A cabin boy dropped through the open hatchway, but was cut off by flames and was choking from smoke inhalation when an overhead water tank burst and drenched him, and he scampered out from under the conflagration, somewhat steamed but safe.

In a scene out of *A Night to Remember*, John Pannes appeared at an open window, where moments before another passenger had snapped the hot metal frame and passed safely through; but as the ground crew shouted "Jump! *Jump!*" he realized his wife was not at his side, and he perished in the holocaust searching for her.

Thirty-six people died in the Hindenburg catastrophe (one member of the ground crew was killed when the flaming hydrogen burst over the crowd), but of the 97 people aboard, 62 miraculously escaped. Ship's officers remained at their posts until there *were* no posts. Captain Lehmann staggered from the ravaged control bridge, fire crazed and incredulous, murmuring, "How could it happen? How could it happen?" He died of burns not long afterward. But the chief steward simply walked out of the

A HISTORY OF HOT-AIR AND OTHER UPLIFTING DEVICES

How to tell a zeppelin from a balloon from a blimp from a dirigible, etc.

The first thing to remember is that all of these craft are lighter than air. Unless sufficiently ballasted, they abhor turf; they require no blast-off to be airborne.

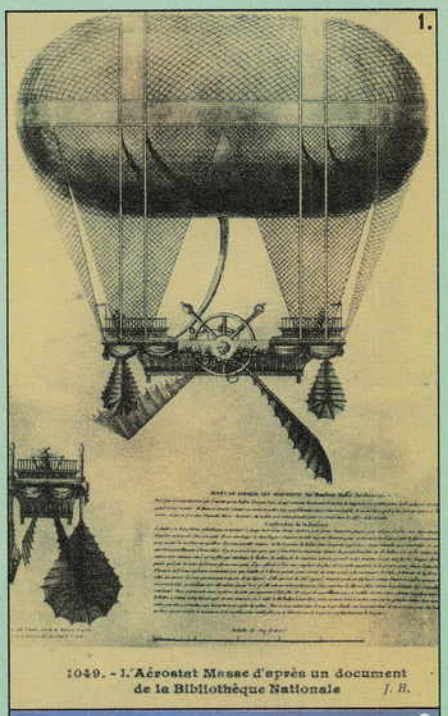
The second thing to remember is that dirigible derives from the same Latin root as directable. It means steerable, and it could refer as properly to an automobile as to a blimp. Although dirigible most often refers to a zeppelin or a blimp in common usage, it could refer as well to a maneuverable unpowered balloon.

An airship is a lighter-than-air craft having propulsion and steering systems. There are two principal types of airship: the rigid airship, or zeppelin, and the nonrigid airship, or blimp. Both are cigar-shaped, but blimps are, or rather were, smaller and less imposing than zeppelins; or, as our reporter on the lighter-than-air movement puts it, zeppelins eat blimps for breakfast.

Legend has it that the word blimp is onomatopoeic. A British officer punched a nonrigid and what he heard was "blimp."

The big cigar that is a zeppelin is not filled merely with buoyant gas. The rigid metal structure is compartmentalized; some compartments are for cargo stowage, some are for gasbags, others are dead space. The zeppelin, in general, provides a great deal more usable space than the blimp, the payload of which is merely a small suspended control car. The Graf Zeppelin and the Hindenburg were appointed like small hotels, while their rigid U. S. Navy counterparts were large enough to carry several very heavy airplanes. The big-cigar blimp, on the other hand, is simply a balloon (or, in the case of today's modern blimp, a big balloon inside a bigger balloon, allowing for altitude expansion).

It's impossible to say exactly how many zeppelins and blimps exist today. There are a great many airships of both breeds on the drawing board and in various stages of development. There may be a zeppelin floating through the air somewhere near you right now, or there may be no zeppelins operating in the world at all. The makers of the recent film *The Hindenburg* didn't bother to build more than a model. There are definitely a few blimps left, not the least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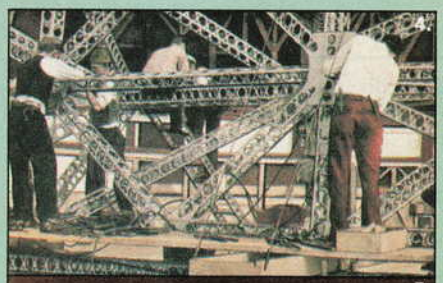
of which is the famous Goodyear blimp, which haunts bowl games and beaches. For years, it was practically the sole surviving airship in the world. Today, the rubber company actually has a fleet of four, all called the Goodyear blimp. The U.S. Navy, proprietor of the last real lighter-than-air fleet, phased out its antisubmarine-patrol blimps in 1962.

Balloons go way back; after all, hot air is all it takes to make them go. The blimp, or nonrigid airship, was seriously developed around 1860. It was a commercial



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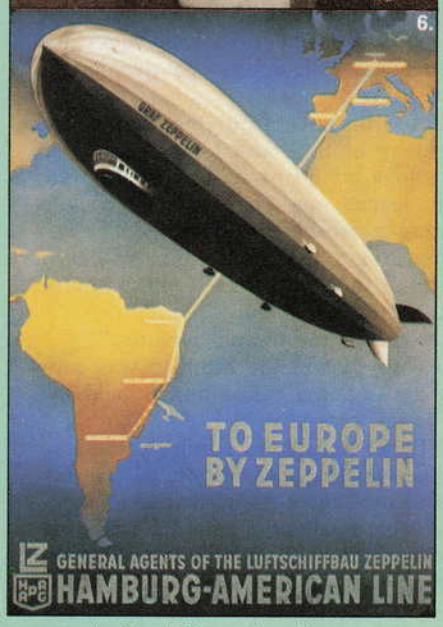

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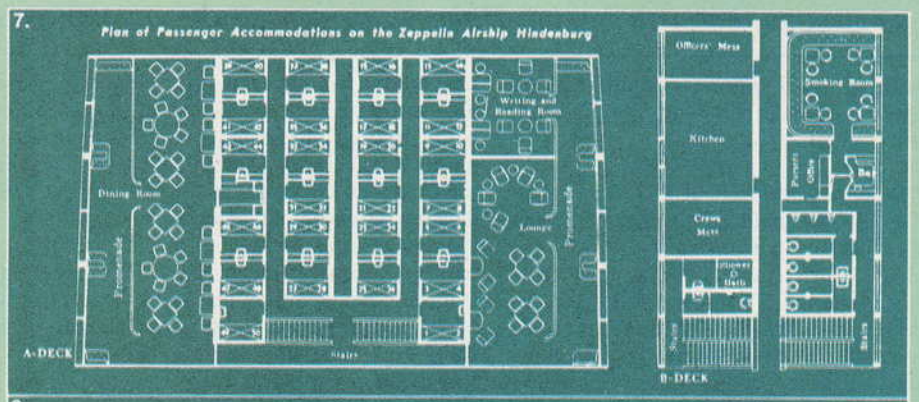

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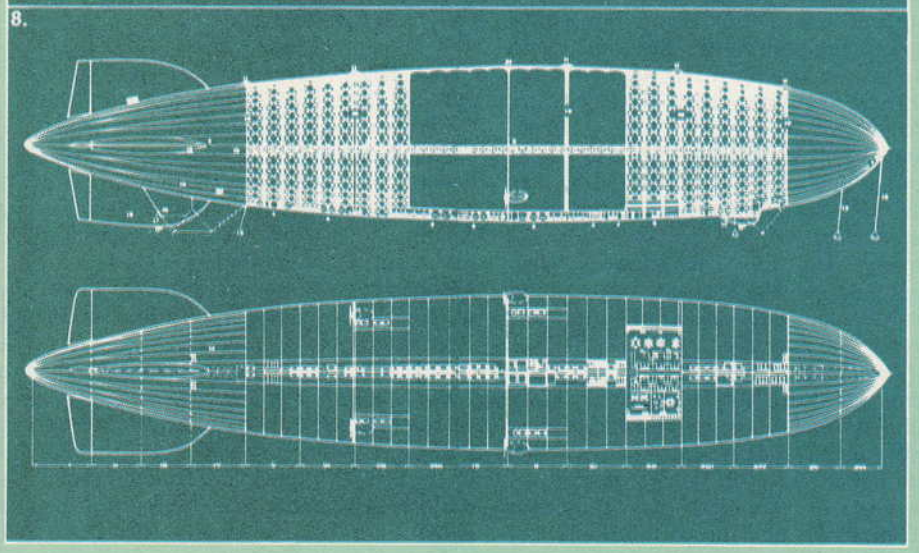

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1. **This 18th Century design represents one of the earliest attempts at making the balloon-dirigible. *Monsieur* Masse, the designer, hoped to walk on air "with swan's feet." As propellers hadn't been invented, this dirigible was rowed.**
2. **The free-flying balloon goes wherever the weather takes it, so its use is pretty much limited to sport or sporty propaganda, as shown here, although when properly tethered it makes a dandy spying platform. Tethered balloons were the U-2s of the Napoleonic age.**
3. **This early Goodyear blimp could carry about as many passengers as a limousine. Today's Goodyear blimp carries as many passengers as a limousine, with extra space for a color-television camera.**
4. **The honeycomb Duralumin structure of the zeppelin Akron provided the strength of steel at a fraction of the weight. Still, the big cigar was no match for Mom Nature.**
5. **Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin lifted off the world's first rigid airship on July 2, 1900. By the way, Graf, as in Graf Zeppelin, is German for count.**
6. **The Graf Zeppelin carried passengers from Europe to Rio de Janeiro in three days. Not only was there no tipping, there was never any airsickness, either.**
7. **The passenger deck of the Hindenburg slept 50 in individual staterooms. The two-and-a-half-day transatlantic run cost $400, double occupancy, one way.**
8. **A cutaway view of the Hindenburg shows the vast open spaces inside a zeppelin superstructure. Interior catwalks allowed the crew to move throughout.**

success by the 1870s and a military success by the 1880s. Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin, retired from the German army by the Kaiser in 1890, drew up his first rigid-airship plans in 1894 and had his first zeppelin rise from Lake Constance at Friedrichshafen in 1900.

Although that first zeppelin, the LZ 1, was a giant craft, at 420 feet in length, many times larger than the largest airship of the day, it was underpowered (30 horsepower) and hard to handle. The count's second effort, the LZ 2, was an improvement over the first zeppelin, but it quickly fell victim to the airship's nemesis, wind, and was destroyed after only two flights. Risking an eternal reputation as a lunatic, as well as his entire fortune, Von Zeppelin built the LZ 3 in 1906, and by 1907, he had a successful invention on his hands. Finally the German army, which had laughed at Count von Zeppelin's efforts for years, showed considerable interest. The LZ 4 was built as a prototype for the German army and passed the service's requirements—but was wrecked in the process. But Von Zeppelin kept trying, and in 1909, the war ministry purchased its first two rigid airships. In the same year, the count founded the world's first airline, DELAG, with a fleet of three passenger zeppelins. And in 1911, he constructed an improved passenger ship, the LZ 10, which ultimately racked up 218 successful flights; by 1914, three years later, the DELAG fleet had carried more than 10,000 passengers safely. The outbreak of the war proved the rigid airship to be a terrifying, if not terribly efficient, weapon and an invention with a great future. The rest is history. ■

ZEPPELIN *The Hindenburg was a prime political target—a swastika-emblazoned propaganda vessel in an election that netted Adolf Hitler 99 percent of the German vote.*

blazing inferno unhurt—as did officers Ziegler and Zabel—and flight mechanic Zettel.

•

"Were you injured at all?"

"*Nein.*" (A *nein* so final that Ursula didn't bother to translate.)

The echo from Lehmann's "How could it happen?" lingers still. A commission investigating the tragedy closed the dossier with a vague whitewash; a mixed bag of possibilities including snapped wires, stray lightning, motor sparks, St. Elmo's fire and just plain catalysis (or chemical reaction, although one Eric Spehl may have been the catalyst, but he died in the fire). Michael Mooney's book *The Hindenburg* is built around the sabotage thesis, with anti-Nazi Spehl as saboteur, but Zettel states that the author "was only out to make money," and most zeppelineers vehemently oppose the idea that one of their own would have deliberately put the torch to the magnificent *Luftschiff* 129.

Nevertheless, the Hindenburg was a prime political target, having served enthusiastically as a swastika-emblazoned propaganda vessel in an election that netted Adolf Hitler 99 percent of the German vote, and out of its own private ballot box turned up 104 out of a possible 104 ballots for *der Führer*.

I was curious about a rumor that undercover agents, acting on sabotage threats, were aboard—so I asked about the extra crew members on that last fatal flight.

"Trainees," stated Zettel, stone-faced and unblinking.

I opened another old wound, inquiring about the fortune that Count von Zeppelin had left for airship research. Zettel looked sourly from Ursula to me. The allied nations had *twice* prevented German industrial recovery in areas considered military; restrictions against aircraft build-up are still on the books. To avoid having his money confiscated as reparations to occupying forces, Count von Zeppelin had inserted clause 15 in his will: Unless the funds would be used exclusively for the unhindered development of the zeppelin in Germany, the principal could not be touched; the interest (about $4,000,000 a year) now goes to schools and hospitals—not one pfennig for the airship. The three of us sat for a moment's silence, heads bowed, in memory of all that cash just sitting in some *Bundesbank*, untouched and untouchable.

One last question: "Will the zeppelin rise again?"

At this point Zettel's weighty position shifted, his cold eye turned a warmer blue and I could have sworn we were now sitting in the presence of the old count himself, Ferdinand von Zeppelin, minus mustache and captain's cap, waxing eloquent in complete confidence that despite government red tape, airline monopoly and critical flak, financial hassle, unhappy memories, the long-standing heavier-than-air smoke screen and general public indifference to anything new—or old—despite all that, the movement is growing and "*Yes*, the big balloon is coming back!"

•

But before Germany can get funds out of the finance ministry (or the count's money out of escrow), the neighboring French may lift off first. Everybody knows everybody in the zeppelin movement, so the labyrinthine passages of the lighter-than-air underground led me from Friedrichshafen to Paris to Meudon to Châtillon, to Serge Baum of the Office National d'Etudes et de Recherches Aérospatiales.

O.N.E.R.A. has been charged by the French Ministry of Industry to create a football-shaped dirigible capable of transporting 500-ton payloads for distances of up to 1000 miles. Two other French projects are under way, Pegasus and Obelix.

U. S. helium heads are thinking even bigger. William Kitterman of the Atomic Energy Commission conceives of a zeppelin ten times the size of the Hindenburg, carrying a 750-ton payload; a fleet of, say, 20 to start. He estimates that cargo rates would run six cents per ton-mile, compared with 23 cents via heavier-than-air freight. Freight shipping seems to be the first priority of the zeppelin revival, followed inevitably by airship passenger service. By Kitterman's figures, transatlantic service would cost $50 per head, no frills, from New York to Paris.

Gordon Vaeth, of the National Environmental Satellite Service, points out that we have squandered close to one billion dollars on the SST, when we could have had an operating zep for $400,000,000 (although Vaeth admitted to *Fortune* that this figure was calculated over a bottle of wine with fellow enthusiast Kurt Stehling).

Vaeth is trying to bring the movement out from under ground by a vigorous campaign to interest big business as well as big government. What the underfunded underground definitely needs is a tycoon at the top, in the Count von Zeppelin mold. Vaeth has even written to wheeler-dealer Armand Hammer, thinking "Any man who can sell fertilizer to the Russians. . . ." But Hammer has just pleaded guilty to funneling illegal funds that might have gone for airships into the campaign coffers of Richard Nixon.

•

That last night in Friedrichshafen I dined on zeppelin-shaped *Bratwurst*, with beer, as I glanced over a typical Hindenburg menu:

Buffet Sherry—Cream of Tomatoes
Breast of Duckling Bigarade
with Fresh Fruits
New Succotash
Cherries Jubilee—Sherry Dry Cakes
Coffee
(signed) Louis Sherry

Instead of going back to my hotel to get quietly stoned on Lonakow vodka, I decided to do the *Uferpromenade* along the lake with its small-town bandstand where Sergeant von Pepper was directing the marches of Winkler, Kosters and Bund, causing the sprinkling of hippies at the water's edge to lay aside their guitars with a groan. But the *Konzert* was directed at the sturdy burghers and Brünnhildes with enormous wrist watches and slim walking sticks and the Bavarian hikers who still wear those knickers with matching knee socks and suspenders with flowers painted on the crossbar.

Some distance from the thump and tympany of the band I heard laughter. The first I'd heard in Friedrichshafen: two jeaned and beaded backpackers tossing zweiback to the swans. The boy came over to ask me the time of day in German, but he spoke a little English and we talked airships.

"I know only the old pictures."

I assured him the zeppelin was coming back, and I asked him if he'd like to travel in one.

"To go to U.S.A., I think yes."

"Better he likes to travel Harley-Davidson," added his girlfriend.

At that moment, a majestic V of long-necked birds with incredible wingspread came soaring across Lake Constance.

"Swans," he said.

"I didn't know they flew like that," I said.

"Yes," said the girl. "When they want. When the time is."

The time *is*, I thought. Or will be. In the wake of the great white birds, I could picture a full-scale updated airship, the Francis Morse version with the old familiar Hindenburg profile, as silent as its own shadow—no jet stream, no sonic boom—bearing south by southwest on the twilight run to Zurich in its ghostly, graceful, swanlike way. ▣

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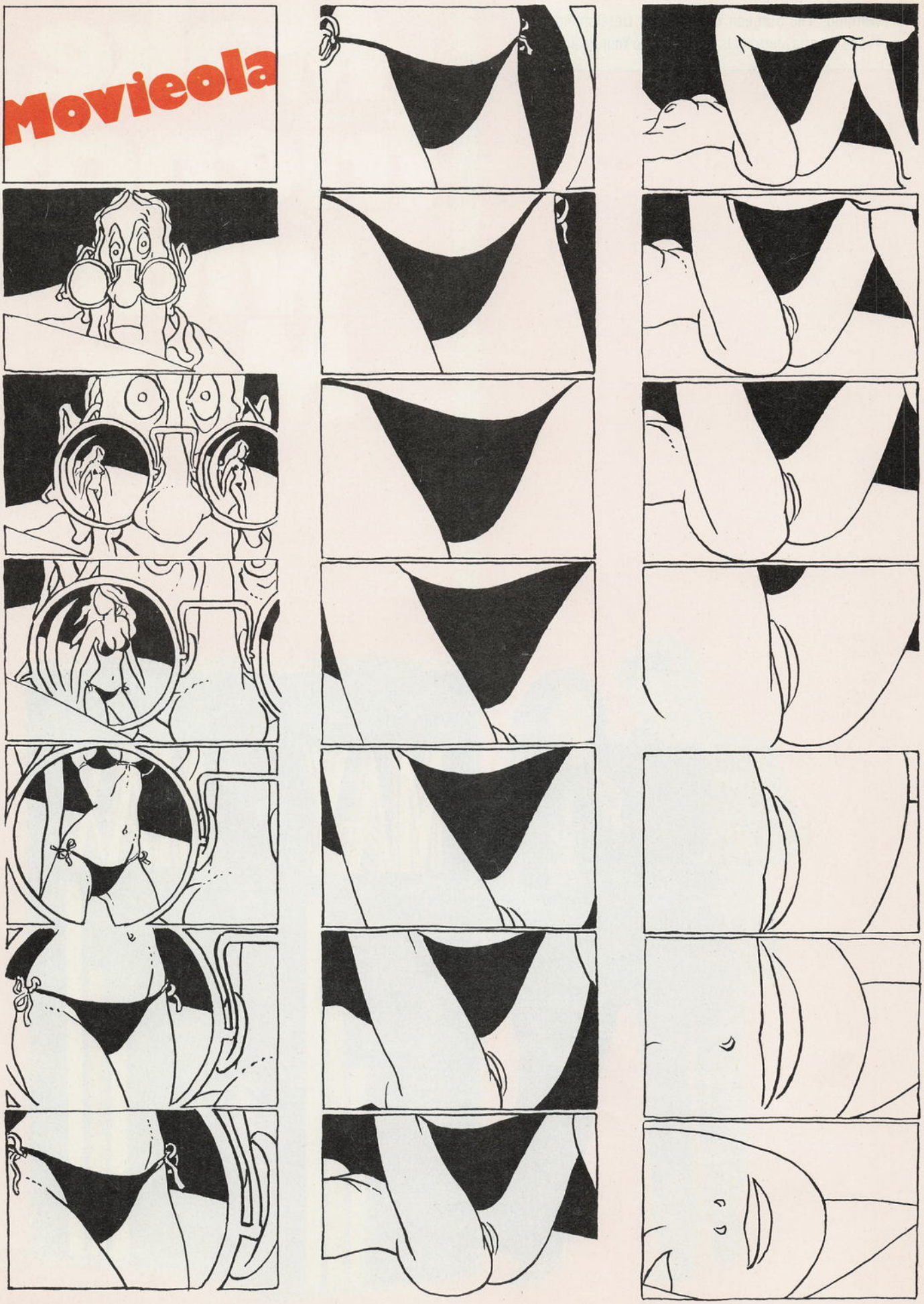
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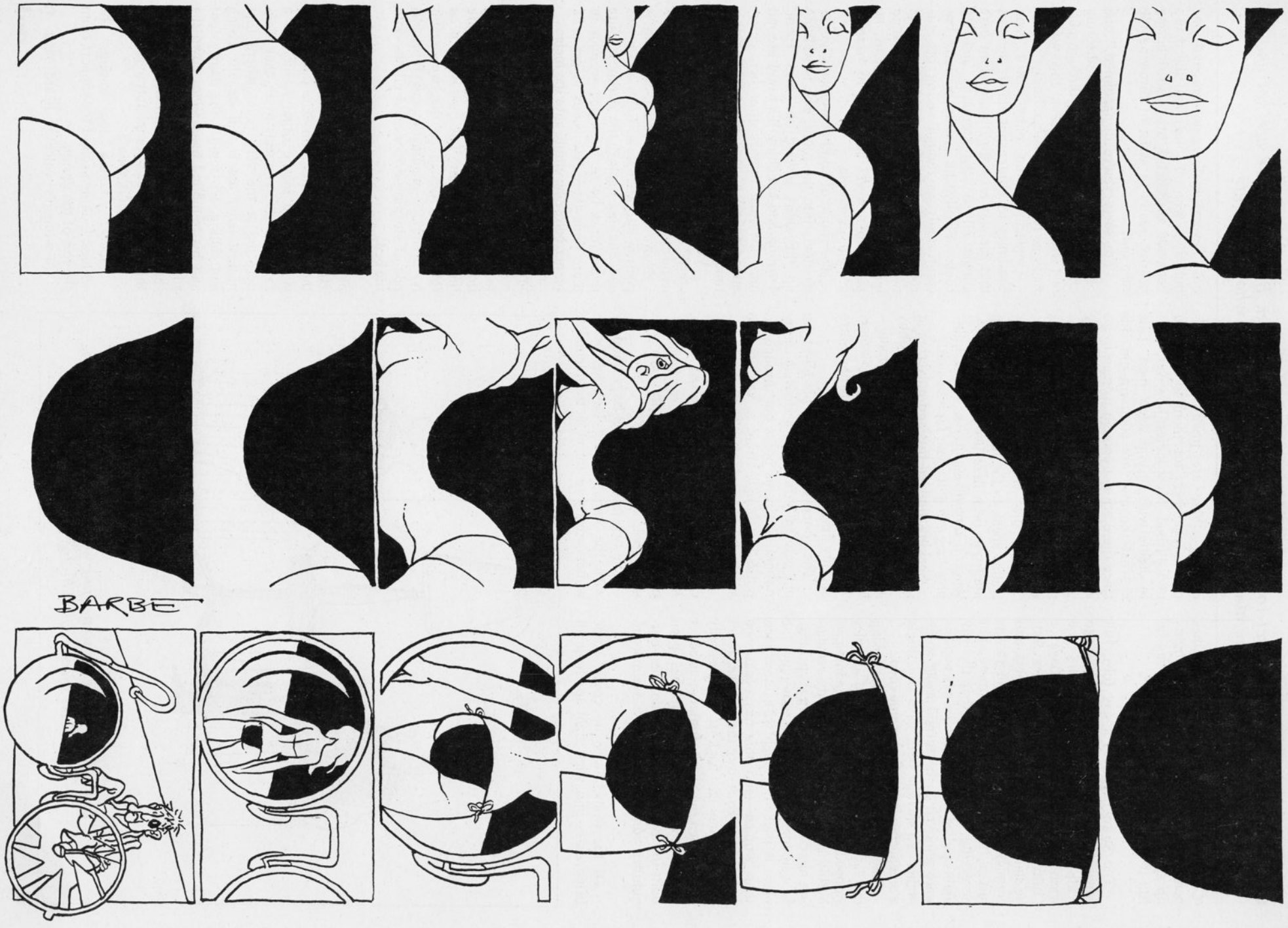

BARBE

COED BATHS *Most ladies elect to diddle with several select men. But since there are not enough women to go around, there are always a few unhappy gentlemen who strike out.*

(Continued from page 72) becomes pensive for a brief moment, then lights up again. "Of course, a dog pile can be fun if everyone's groovy."

•

The Sutro began as a gay tubs. Bill Jones bought it a couple of years ago with visions of going coed, but the time wasn't right. Then, with the passage of California's Consensual Adult Sex Act, he started scheduling couples nights, and couples actually came. At first, there was just a trickle of them, then more, but never the torrent of flesh that the gay nights pulled in. And reliable gay patrons were annoyed to be turned away some nights. To include both gays *and* single women, couples nights became coed.

Stags inevitably appeared, cruising the ladies. Then some uptight couples stopped coming. A few indignant gays huffily stayed away. Everybody remaining mixed it up and got along surprisingly well together. On weekends now, the place is packed, though with more men than women—and this has occasioned complaints. To restore the balance, Jones says he may go back to couples-only nights when the Sutro reputation is better established and membership has been built up. But in the meantime, men outnumber women by an impressive margin.

•

Of the women who do come, some bring dates and stick tight to them all evening—there are private and semi-private chambers for them to romp in undisturbed. Most ladies, however, elect to diddle with several select men. This is what the men are counting on. But since there are not enough women to go around, there are always a few unhappy gentlemen who come with great expectations and strike out. Rejection makes some people surly.

"Hey, are you the manager? Ah wanna speak to the manager of this gyp joint. Ah been here two whole hours—longer'n *anyone*—and Ah wanna know how long Ah gotta wait fer a session!"

Shaking dimpled fists and quivering at the imagined injustice, a pale, chubby and slightly drunk young businessman—maybe 29 years old—is making a scene. This is my own eighth visit to the Sutro and my first scene.

The young man thrusts his lower lip out petulantly but only a shriveled gray nubbin of a penis peeks out through his pubes, as though afraid to venture into such a hostile environment.

A scene, a scene—oh, how San Franciscans *hate* scenes, *hate* raised voices, *hate* the loss of composure, *hate* unmasked uncoolness. And this guy just is not cool.

The two muscled towel boys stand by with the long-suffering look of head-waiters, ready to throw a troublemaker out. Several male customers and one bull dyke who obviously find the man's behavior distasteful are also loitering nearby, ready to assist in throwing the man out.

"I'm sorry you're disappointed," one of the towel boys says, oozing California charm and forcing a smile through perfect teeth. "Did you think this was a massage parlor? Go sauna. Enjoy."

Unplacated, the baby-fleshed man continues to mutter but slowly realizes that there is no sympathy for him here amidst all the flat stomachs and big cocks. Finally, he stands blinking uncomfortably as though seeing his surroundings for the first time. He notices two women who are doing their best to ignore him. Suddenly self-conscious, he picks up a towel and tries to wrap it around his middle.

The sound of another woman's laughter floats into the room. She is walking up the stairs toward the orgy room. Turning and clutching his towel around him, the man hurries after her, determined to get a good place in line this time.

"Yecch, who'd want to ball that creep?" say three people simultaneously as he exits.

Now, in the orgy room, the man is peering into a tangle of limbs and torsos and blinking against the darkness, sure there must be at least one woman in there somewhere. He wants to get a fix on her before he climbs into the melee.

Directly in front of him two sets of masculine buttocks are flashing like book-end beacons, banging away in perfect cadence at two upturned bodies in the center of the group. Four feet are lined up in the air. The man we've been following zeroes in on that wonderfully rhythmic, pneumatic and lubricous pile of slurping orifices and climbs onto the bed.

"Hey, take it easy," someone complains. But the chubby satyr doesn't hear. His attention is glued to a dainty foot in the air in front of him. The dainty foot is connected in the usual fashion to a zaftig leg that connects to another identical leg at the very point where that nearest hairy ass is still steadily rising and falling. He fondles the dainty foot and his trembling hand slides down the smooth shank and tries to cop a feel of the engaged beaver. Eventually he gets in the way and draws complaints again.

"Hey, cool it, man."

"They're taking too lo-ong," he whines, looking around for support from the rest of the group.

A woman's voice is heard next. It

"If you ask me, there's something wrong with a person who can speed read 'The Joy of Sex'!"

belongs to my old friend, the demimondaine, the lovely Mona. "Harry—Harry, he's giving me the creeps," she complains.

The action winds down and stalls.

"There aren't enough women," the man stammers. Again his lower lip thrusts out defiantly.

He finds no ally. He clutches his towel in front of him and looks around the mirrored room at other people on other beds. Everyone is staring at him. Their reflections are staring at him. The reflections of their reflections are staring at him. Muttering, he spins on his heels and again goes off in search of the manager.

The frozen tableaux immediately crank back up to their former rhythms. A woman giggles.

•

Week nights are hard to predict, and this one is slow. At the juice bar in the TV lounge, the towel boys are discussing the feeding patterns of the mascot, a boa constrictor. Other restless, towel-wrapped men pace the room or browse through the porno, grumbling because no women have shown up in an hour.

The buzzer sounds and a woman's voice comes through—young and throaty. Everyone in the lounge perks up. Magazines are discarded, stomachs sucked in, shoulders thrown back and hair quickly smoothed. The men assume their most rakish poses and most debonair expressions.

She appears in the doorway, and she is an unexpected vision of loveliness. Fifteen men gasp in unison—a simultaneous intake of breath that rattles the birth-control posters on the walls and seems to create a vacuum through which the lady floats like an erotic fantasy, casting a nervous glance at the stunned men she passes. She is accompanied by a wide-eyed young man in double-knit slacks and white shoes—a tourist.

The lady is wasp-waisted and has straight blond hair that swings down to the small of her back. She grinds her perfect hips seductively as she walks to the lockers, and she throws her shoulders back to show off large breasts straining against her blouse.

Everyone exhales in unison. Again the posters rattle on the walls.

"Did I see what I think I saw?" someone finally finds the voice to ask. He has the look of a man who has just been slapped across the face.

The same thought suddenly occurs to everybody: There are many of them and only one of her. A man near the door walks out casually, as if he has just thought of something he needs from his locker. Everyone else immediately realizes that he is beating their time.

In ten seconds, the towel boys and the boa constrictor have the TV lounge completely to themselves. The others are all strutting their stuff around the locker room.

"If I was the only woman here and those fellows were panting after *my* ass like that I'd be terrified," one of the towel boys comments.

"Then you wouldn't be here in the first place, honey," the other says with the wisdom of someone who has seen quite a bit of this sort of thing. He blows a kiss.

Many weeks of research have taught me that usually, when a lady arrives, she will first go into the sauna and relax for half an hour before retiring to the rumpus rooms. There is time, in other words, to finish one's apple juice.

Then I hear the screams. Chills run up the back of my neck. Rape is my first flash. Could this woman actually have believed that this was another innocent sauna? Is it possible that nobody warned her about bending over in the shower?

"Jesus God Jesus. A-a-a-a-r-r-rghhh," she wails again.

I race upstairs, thinking, "Well, that's the end of *this* noble experiment; the plug's just been pulled on coed tubs everywhere." And then I see them: It's even worse than I expected. They have her in the second orgy chamber, the one with the immense Naugahyde bed—Naugahyde because it's easy to sponge down—and I can't even see the unfortunate girl through the mountain of asses and elbows. I am ready to pull off the wolves. Adrenaline and chivalry rush through my system. There is also a little voice urging me to turn around and beat feet out of there before either the cops rush in or God strikes everyone dead on the spot.

Fortunately, before I can take the few steps necessary to cross the room and begin yanking bodies off the pile, I am struck with a new note in her screams—not a note of terror and pain at all but something more like delirium.

"Jesus Jesus Jesus. A-a-a-ar-r-g-h," she cries, as the pile of sweating bodies heaves and surges above her, glistening in the dim red light. A mirrored ball rotates near the ceiling and throws dizzying swirls of colored light on the pile of flesh. The heat, the male rutting vibes, the goaty smell of sweat and sex, the slurpings and smackings—all come together in the small room and are multiplied by the mirrors.

I am still aghast: Men elbow and shoulder their way into and out of

COED BATHS *An architect who until recently considered himself gay explains: "I always thought that gay males who called themselves bisexuals were copping out. The Sutro straightened me out about that."*

the slippery heap, slipping and sliding against other glistening male bodies. I count no less than 19 men in the pile and they fall into categories. There are those who want only coitus and jockey for position. Others congregate near their favorite erogenous zones: the breasts, the legs, the feet, the arms. One man is trying to rim her even as someone else is balling her. Those who can't get close enough to hump some part of her anatomy are either rubbing up against their fellows or masturbating, freaking out on the titillating glimpses, the orgiastic sounds, the mere proximity of it all.

Scattered throughout are bisexuals, the ones whose opportunities are the broadest. But there's a role for everyone: Some hang back—voyeurs. Two middle-aged queens kneel in close and support the girl like misshapen Sumerian handmaidens, tenderly brushing her disheveled hair from her perspiring forehead and bathing her face with a refreshing damp towel. They fuss and cluck over her like mother hens, anxious that somebody will get rough. The girl's head is practically all that is ever visible of her and that only at odd moments when it pops up for another damp-towel treatment.

Now some of the men are talking dirty, hissing out their fantasies. They crowd in closer to touch what is within reach and to tell her what they would like to be doing to her, even as someone else is doing it. Her groans sink to a rattling moan. It's so hot and the musky odors are so strong that the air seems to be used up. I feel woozy. Then another voice is heard—gentle, worried.

"Are you OK, babe—you all right? You OK? Want some space? OK? OK? Honey?" It's the man she came in with.

"Hey, fellows, give her some air; back off," he urges. "Back off—let her breathe."

Reluctantly and with some grumbling, the crowd thins out. The girl comes slowly into view. Someone appears to be sitting on her head. Then she is loose, gasping and scrambling up out of what's left of the tangle. She weaves away and is gone, her escort hurrying after her.

It is my own latent prudery that leads me to assume that the couple will now return to Wastebasket, Wisconsin, and never be seen again. When I get down to the lounge, the plucky lady is eating a steak sandwich and drinking a soda. She glows with excitement. The man she came with is beaming, too. And she is ready for a repeat. Moreover, a second woman arrives and joins them.

"Jesus God eeee. Aaar-r-rgh-h-h-h," the first girl is screaming again 15 minutes later.

"Aaa-a-argh, oo-o-oh, ee-e-e-e," the second lady mimics her, giggling as both disappear under the pile of asses and elbows.

•

Elliot, a 28-year-old landscape architect, who up until recently considered himself 100 percent gay, explains: "I always thought that gay males who called themselves bisexuals were copping out. The Sutro straightened me out about that.

"I had this platonic ladyfriend, Katherine, the ex-wife of an old school buddy of mine. After her divorce, we became rather close and she chose me as her confidant, something straight women often do with gay male friends. I encouraged the relationship, because—quite frankly—I love a good risqué story. I egged her on, made suggestions and generally shared vicariously in all her sexual experiences. Women had always seemed to me such passive, unimaginative creatures sexually. But Katherine was at least as lecherous as I am.

"So when I started hearing about the Sutro Baths, I had no hesitation about suggesting it to her, and she insisted that I be her escort. In retrospect, I realize that I must have subconsciously engineered the situation, because, as her escort, I knew that I would have access to straight men, who, because of their usual inaccessibility, were intriguing to me. It was going to be love my old lady, love me. *Ménage à trois.*

"When we got to the baths, Katherine seemed nervous. A lot of men were beaming in on her—she's built like a foldout—but, by ignoring some and acting receptive to others, we narrowed the field down to one incredible dude who we both thought was exceptional. Katherine and I were sitting back on one of the beds and he sat down, too, and began stroking her leg. It's the established pattern. I then suggested that we retire to one of the private rooms because a crowd of spectators was beginning to gather and that was too weird for first-timers like us."

Parenthetically: It is hard to believe that anything is too weird for Elliot.

He continues: "I picked a small intimate room with one bed in it. Mr. Right immediately began kissing Katherine's breasts, but she was flustered and didn't know quite what to do, so I seized the opportunity to go down on him. No protest from him, of course. He even awkwardly stroked my shoulders and back, but he was too basically heterosexual to reciprocate beyond that. I didn't care. Then I backed off to let Katherine take a turn.

"Watching her go down on him inexplicably turned me on more than doing it myself had. He was more turned on, too. I suddenly became aware of Katherine's ass bobbing in the air right in front of me, thrust up high, with her legs spread a little and her cunt winking at me. I don't know what came over me. The air was heterosexually charged; that's all I can say. Before I knew what I was doing, I had slid right in there and I was going crazy."

Elliot pauses to reflect upon the ramifications of this climactic act.

"In that ambience of heightened heterosexuality, up front and demystified," he recapitulates, "whatever blocks I had fell away, and I discovered the wonder of cunt fucking. And I couldn't get enough. After a while, we threw the other guy out and went at it alone. I was fascinated. It was novel to me, you see, so erotic, so different. And Katherine was having incredible orgasms that made me feel ten feet tall—like 'Wow, did I do that?'

"Later I discovered that she had outfoxed me. Here I was taking her to the Sutro as bait to lure heterosexual men closer to me. She confessed to having gone along to use those men as bait to lure *me* closer to *her*. That upturned ass was not bobbing around in front of me by chance. I'm just now realizing how really clever women can be. Amazing creatures.

"We went home and fell right back into bed again. She swears I'm the finest lover she's found in months. She almost always has at least one orgasm and tells me that they had been few and far between before me. Maybe it's bullshit, but it makes me feel good about myself. It gives me more confidence in all of my relationships.

"I've come out of it truly bisexual. I notice women now that I want. I've already made it with another woman and I'm looking forward to number three any day now. I still see Katherine, too."

•

Some will scoff, but there are more than a few people like Elliot who think of the Sutro Baths as sex therapy. Even marriage therapy. One woman in fact spoke with all the earnestness of a TV soap-opera character as she deftly kneaded her husband's penis with her extraordinarily prehensile toes: "My husband and I were searching outside our marriage for sexual adventure. There was opportunity for that, but the experiences weren't shared and we were drifting apart. Now we're into group sex

and closer to each other than ever before." Her voice is sincere, and she gazes almost mistily at her husband for verification.

"We've met a lot of our favorite tricks here at the Sutro," he went on to explain. "It's a place where we can, well, *audition* likely candidates. We spend as much or as little time with them as we want before giving out our address and phone number."

"Sometimes there are couples here," his wife picked up again, "of whom one partner has been more or less talked into coming by the other. But we definitely share *our* experiences and know what arouses the other."

Her husband leaned over and whispered something into her ear. Brightening, she leaned toward me.

"For instance," she began, picking up my left foot and beginning to massage the instep, "did you know that you can be brought to orgasm through foot manipulation?"

•

"Oh, the marvel of it! The marvel of it!" exclaim some. "At last we're liberated. Thank God for San Francisco."

But not everybody likes the Sutro. Some people go in naïve as hell and see things that appall them. They stagger out the door with their minds blown, though, admittedly, some creep sheepishly back again a few nights later.

Some one-timers who aren't returning have commented:

"Certainly brings the weirdos out of the woodwork."

"Basically it's locker-room horseplay with a woman thrown in to keep things straight."

"Tacky, tacky, tacky. That room full of beds is too much like a county-hospital ward."

"I like to be more in control of who is touching me."

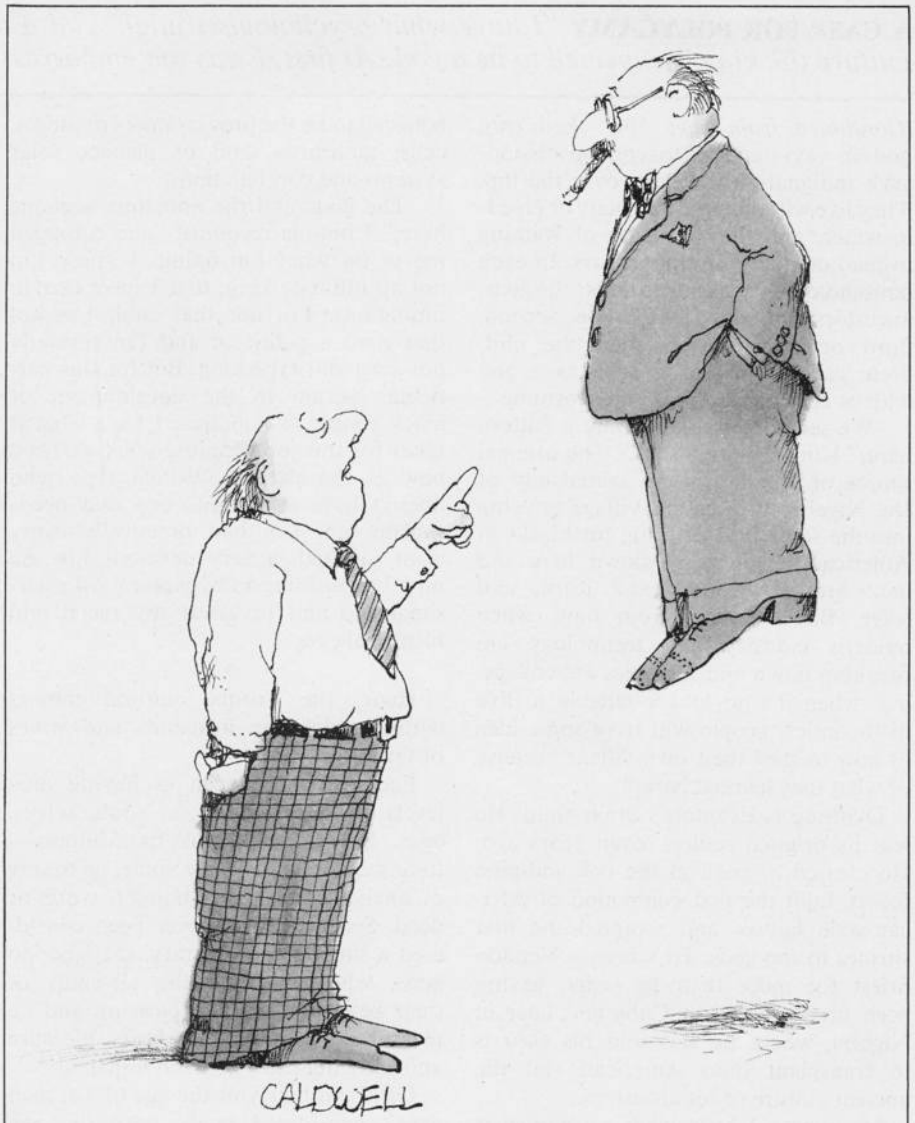
"I felt like a rabbit in a wolves' den. How could a woman ever relax there?"

"There were some nice-enough-looking guys there, guys that I would have turned on to had I met them at a bar. And they probably go to bars, too. But meeting them there, I immediately was leery of them. Like what's a nice guy doing in a place like that? What was a nice girl like *me* doing there?"

Some people get over their original outrage and shocked sense of decency and become regulars.

"I thought I was never going back after the first time I saw two fags going down on each other," says a middle-aged heterosexual male. "Now I'm virtually a fixture."

"That's nothing," counters a gay who was seen listening in. "I thought I was going to puke one time when this really obese woman—a real sweat hog—tried to sit on my face." He blanches at the recollection.



"You don't understand the gravity of the situation!"

"I was here one night," advances a woman, "when some fellow got amyl nitrite spilled into his eyes and he screamed and rolled on the floor. It was very Fellini sordid."

Many agree that it's the Felliniesque aspect of the Sutro that makes the place unforgettable. When coed tubs iron out the wrinkles (or stop them at the door) and move to posh quarters, catering exclusively to the Sausalito crowd, they are not going to be even half as interesting. The feel of slumming will be gone and, with it, that sense of delicious wickedness.

"You go to the Sutro to get gross and let it all hang out," explains a young woman I'll call Sandy. "You can get a more select group at private orgies, but they're playing games and putting up fronts, you know? They know one another, so they don't let go. But at the Sutro, you are anonymous, so you can really muck it up.

"All we ever got from the obsession for privacy was a sense that the act must, somehow, be shameful. To encourage openness, we need to stop hiding sex away.

"It's a turn-on," she continues. "We all have a latent streak of voyeur in us. Seeing it makes you want it, you know. Mankind has a long and colorful history of ritualized group sex—pagan orgies and fertility rites. Make no mistake—the Sutro is sex purely as recreation. And often it's a spectator sport at that. Just plain ole sport fucking and nothing more."

I did not make this up. It's true. The Sutro Baths really exists, at 312 Valencia Street, San Francisco. At least, it did exist when this magazine went to press. ■

A CASE FOR POLYGAMY *"I have what psychologists might call a messianic complex, because in our culture the king is expected to be a god. At first, I was too embarrassed to think this way."*

(Continued from page 50) their own gods in ways that used to send the missionary's indignation indicator over the top. They live without gas, electricity or piped-in water, and they do a lot of walking instead of riding around in cars. In each household, the pecking order is: the gods, ancestors, husband, head wife, second, third or other wives, then the children, each of whom is seen as a god and/or ancestor in a new body costume.

"We see ourselves as setting a pattern here," King Efuntola says. "The original source of Voodoo is the sacred city of Ife, Nigeria. We see this village growing into the same type of thing for blacks in America. People come down here and look around, wonder and learn, and leave. But 20 years from now, when modern industry and technology are breaking down and big cities are collapsing, when it's no longer tenable to live in the cities, people will have some idea of how to start their own village because of what they learned here."

Oyotunji is Efuntola's brain child. He was its original settler, seven years ago. He cleared a space in the oak-and-pine forest, built the first compound of African-style houses and sculpted the first shrines to the gods. He's been a Voodoo priest for more than 15 years, having been first initiated in Cuba and later in Nigeria, where he was told his *Odu* is to transplant onto American soil the ancient culture of his ancestors.

"I suppose I have what psychologists call a messianic complex, because in our culture the king is expected to be a god or a demigod, however you choose to put it. At first, I was too embarrassed to think of myself this way. Having been raised in America, I thought 'This is too unscientific, too arrogant, too egotistical.' But, in time, I realized that my own ego has nothing to do with it. As a matter of fact, I've lost most of my personal ego. I have very little of it left. What I've developed instead is a historical ego and a racial ego. And I have no right to play those egos down."

A word of explanation: In Voodoo, Christ is seen as a god who possessed and was possessed by the one named Jesus, among many others. This Christ consciousness is known in the many Voodoo cults of Africa and the Americas as *Obatala, Orisha-nla* or *Oshala.* It compares to the scientific concept of the atom, to the sun as the center of the solar system; and a Voodoo king's job is to be in contact with this central god, thereby connecting his people to all the other gods. For in Voodoo, the gods are believed to be the programmers of atoms, cells, molecules, and of planets, solar systems and constellations.

"The gods and the ancestors sent me here," Efuntola recounts, "and equipped me to do what I'm doing. I know I'm not an ultimate king, that I have certain limitations. I'm not that cool, I'm not that good a politician and I'm certainly not a warrior-type king. But for this particular period in the development of black people in America, I have what it takes for this job. Because what we need now is the patient *Obatala* type who doesn't have a personal ego that needs shoring up. I've had practically every want satisfied, a very delicious life. So now I'm learning to bypass my own personal ego and to assert my racial and historical egos."

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Here's the Yoruba cultural context within which the husbands and wives of Oyotunji live:

Each person is seen as having nine levels of consciousness, or souls, selves, egos. Sin is defined as harmfulness—to any one of one's nine souls, or to any of anybody else's, by thought, word or deed. Sensuality has never been considered a sin. On the contrary, the Voodoo gods, who constitute the aliveness of their believers, wish to pleasure and be pleasured by their human hosts. Pleasure and enlightenment go hand in hand.

Girls can marry at the age of 14; men aren't considered ready until the age of 28. To become eligible for husbandry, a man must pass certain ordeals: survive in the woods for a week on his wits alone, walk 50 miles before sunset, that sort of thing. Then he must build a house for himself and one for each wife. He can't divorce a wife, but she can easily divorce him, and she can have any number of husbands—one at a time. She's expected to be faithful to each husband, and each husband must look after each wife and her children as long as she feels like hanging around.

Wives share the duties of housewifing, nursemaiding, catering to the husband, carrying buckets of water from the village well and cooking over a wood-burning fire. Each wife must also cultivate her own business so that she is economically independent and contributes to the family: her husband, her co-wives and all the children.

The African lifestyle is close to the earthy basics; wealth means well-being, not the accumulation of money and material goods. And it's considered a crime against nature to develop mechanical technology beyond the basics needed for food and shelter.

•

"I was a student at Hunter College in New York City and I went to a Voodoo temple one evening where Afalobi was lecturing, and it was love at first sight," says Asunda, head wife of Chief Afalobi. She has the kind of milk-chocolate good looks a girl could get a lot of mileage out of, on either side of the great American racial divide. "I just Bogarted my way through the crowd and got in his face. Talked and talked and wouldn't stop talking. I made him take hold of me. I felt I'd known him before, you know, that kind of feeling."

Now, three or four years later, she's the mother of two and a priestess of Oshoon, which is the spirit of the Greek Aphrodite and the Roman Venus, the spirit of love and the fine arts.

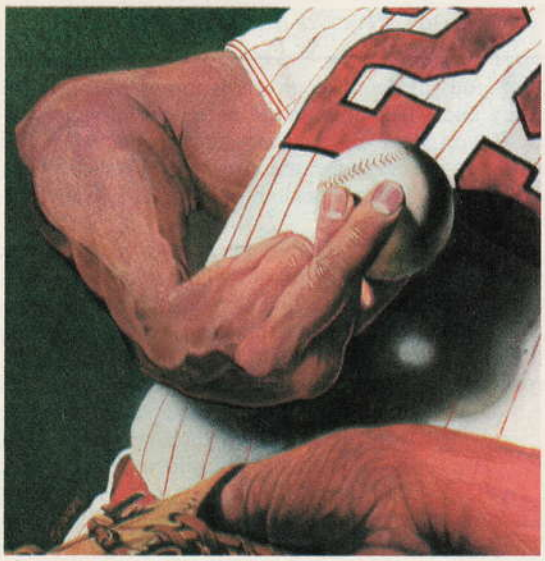
"When he proposed, he said his family would love to have me. His family! Well, I said, 'OK. Why not?' I'd been dabbling in a lot of other lifestyles; why not give this one a try? So I came down here with him and, well, his first wife. . . . Things went nice between him and me, but between her and me. . . . She was all for polygamy theoretically, but when it came to living it—*her* man, the *other* woman—she couldn't take it. She was an older person. She finally left, and that pushed my rank up to head wife."

But it's not the same as bringing your mistress home to live with the wife and kids. The Yoruba culture has strict dos and don'ts for the polygamous family.

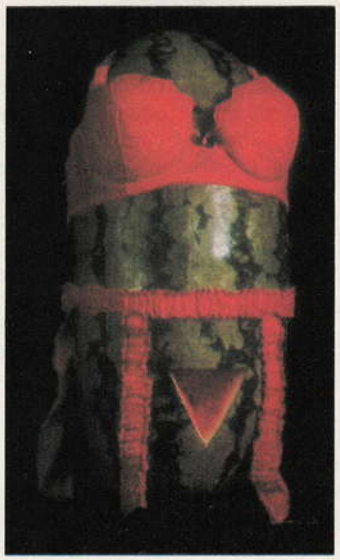
"You can't say 'me, me, me' all the time, because everything is for the family," says Asunda. "Right down to the way you dress and walk. That's right, you even walk the way the family walks. You get into the family rhythm, the whole mood. Then, after the family, comes the head of the house. Now this might be your husband or it might be a grandfather. And after that come your co-wives and all the children."

Asunda was pregnant with her second child when she decided her time had come to be a priestess, which meant she'd have to spend a year in the temple and deliver her baby there instead of at home.

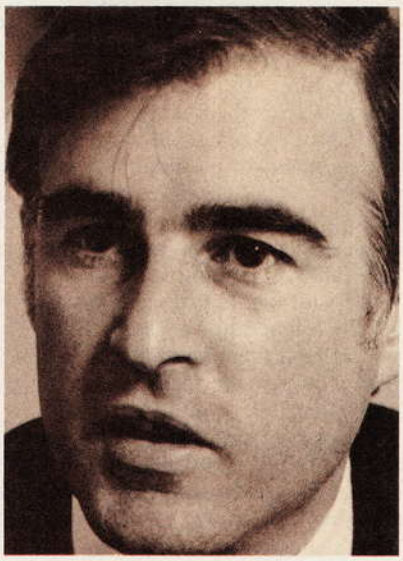
"So I needed a sister wife to look after the child, the house and my husband. The Yoruba woman sees to it that her husband isn't deprived by her absence. So I was on the lookout. I wanted to find a co-wife I could get along with, you know. I was the protocol officer



The Short Season. At spring training there are nothing but optimists, pennant hopes, pitching phenomenons and potential Henry Aarons. Then comes opening day.



The First Time. Adam had one; so did Napoleon. And sex wasn't any easier for them than it was for you.

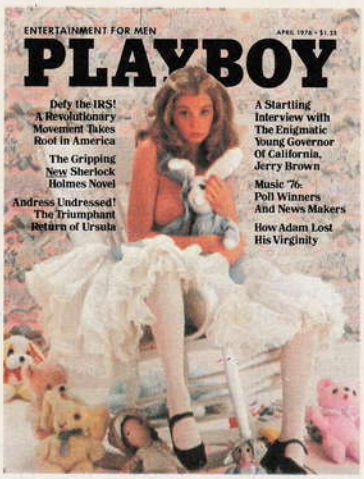


Interview: Governor Jerry Brown of California. "I am not a fiscal conservative. I'm just cheap."

The New Tax Rebellion. A look at the prospects if an overtaxed public tells the IRS to shove it.

Things ain't what they used to be.

Certainly they aren't in Governor Jerry Brown's California. Seems the bachelor governor refuses to act like a politician, eschews the trappings of office and blithely answers questions by saying, "I don't know." These and other "heresies" could get him a shot at the Oval Office. Learn what makes Jerry run in the April *Playboy Interview.* In the same issue, ex-pitcher Jim Brosnan takes a look at the annual rites of spring training in *The Short Season,* some historical figures tell what sex was like *The First Time* and an outraged citizenry finally says "No" to the IRS. Things may not be the same, but they're sure looking good. In April PLAYBOY. At your newsstand!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at the time, the one who greets visitors and gives them a tour of the village. And she [Yeye, her co-wife, who is, at this moment, in the final stages of pregnancy] was a schoolteacher from New Jersey who came down here with her class. And as I was giving my tour, I said, 'My family's looking for a second wife.' Well, a lot of the little girls volunteered, but the teacher didn't say anything. Then, when I took them all to meet Afalobi, the vibes between the teacher and me went Eeeeeeeeee!

"So we got rid of the kids for a while, and we talked. And later she asked me if she could stay all night, which she did—in my house. And I told him, 'That's her.' She went back to New Jersey and got her things, quit her job and moved down here. Before the wedding, she stayed with me in my house and I gave her orientation into the village and the family. And I made her wedding dress—that's traditional. The head wife of the family makes the new bride's dress. Then came the ceremony with the elders before the various shrines of the gods, and then I bathed her feet, which is also a ceremony; we used gin and money for the bath. Then all the women carry the new bride into her house. After that, some go home and some hang around and party to the sounds of pleasure. And everybody keeps partying until the sounds of pleasure peak. Then everybody gives a big loud cheer.

"Now, a lot of people ask how I felt. Knowing my husband was in there with a new bride. Well, I felt more excited than he did, I think. Knowing, for one thing, that my life was being pushed in a new direction, a new dimension. And knowing that there was somebody at home now whom I could work with, so I could go into the temple without worrying.

"Twelve months later came our big test: I returned as the *yawe*, the head wife. I explained that I'd been through a lot of changes becoming a priestess, but that I was basically the same person. And we've never had any trouble. We get along like sisters. It surprises even *us* how well we get along. Whatever concerns the family, we iron out at the regular family meetings. If it doesn't get settled there, we put it to the head of the house, and if he can't deal with it, he consults the *Ifa*.

"I think one of the reasons we all get along so well is that in our culture, our man can never divorce us—never. All he can do, if he gets mad at a wife, is keep her out of his house and stay out of hers. Any time we run into sticky problems, Afalobi talks with the gods through the cowrie shells, and they and the ancestors are our guidelines. If you don't listen to them, you're asking for trouble. If things ever get really bad between a husband and a wife, and she decides she wants a divorce, she goes to the village elders (the king and the chiefs) and they consult the *Ifa* and find out what the trouble is. If the divining reveals a solution, she stays out, but if the gods say, 'No, this won't work out,' she's divorced."

Heathen savages!

Here in modern, urbane, civilized America, we are blessed with rational, enlightened public servants. They see to it that laws get written and enforced, and that those who break these laws—well, *some* of those who break *some* of the laws *some* of the time—are punished, sometimes. But who appreciates it? When that factory whistle blows each morn across this mighty land of ours, who jumps out of bed and goes stalking off to offices and such? A lot of illegal monogamists, polyandrists and polygamists. A very few get busted. Our poor, overworked public servants are too tied up with divorce cases. And besides, some of them are outside the law themselves.

People mate, demate, remate and amalgamate in patterns that resemble less and less those prescribed by our written laws. And, of all these illegal fuckers and suckers and sodomites, the most controversial are the polygamists. Nobody gets too upset anymore about one husband's having one illegal wife, nor even one wife having two illegal husbands. But one husband having two, three, four or more wives—presto! Magic words get said. *Macho* men wax more *macho* and militant feminists tighten with rage. Sometimes a *macho* man can be heard singing the glories of polygamy to a back-up chorus of feminists growling like fox terriers, and neither of them wants to turn the subject loose.

The ancestral ghost of polygamy has an emotional hold on us. Is that because there is more historical record on polygamy than on polyandry? But why isn't polyandry equally loaded with historical data and romantic nonsense? Because men were tyrants and wrote all the history books? Or is the ghost trying to tell us something about the programing of our molecules and genes?

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Ajetunka is 25 years old and has been with the village since 1971. She's coordinator of the market, which, in the Voodoo culture, is the province of women, not men. One day while she was at the market, a schoolteacher from Philadelphia came visiting and became her co-wife; her name is now Efundele and she's 28.

"Practically every man that I've read," says Ajetunka, "whether he was a white man or a black man, had another woman. I don't think an American woman should think she has her husband all to herself, totally, but I do have mine totally to myself, and so does my co-wife. He builds each of us a house, gives each of us children, and he's not out spending money on some woman we don't know anything about, then coming home and expecting us to carry the workload. We share the man and we share the work; each of us has her own husband in the same man, because he's not the same man to her as he is to me.

"If a woman has more than one man, she destroys her body, because she takes in too many different ancestors in all that sperm. All those souls going into one woman cause disease and mental breakdown. People in the city don't understand this. They're too detached from nature. Look around: One rooster will have maybe 25 hens, and that rooster won't allow another rooster to come around. But city people think they are educated and know everything. They say they have this sex urge, and they need to do something about it, but their stimulation is coming from outside. They're not in touch with their own bodies. When you live as we do here, you get in touch with the cycles of your own body, and that determines when and how you have sex.

"My co-wife and I set it up so that we each take turns with Chief Awolowo, our husband. Whichever one of us is having a turn, she goes to bed with him, cooks for him, cleans his house and takes care of his guests. The other wife is quite happy to have time to herself.

"Some people come down here and ask us 'How can you live this way?'

"I tell them, 'Ask your grandmother.' "

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In the recent American past, almost all bedtime pleasures were a sin, and sin was more fun than anything. Even today, if some law-abiding secret polygamist who's making it with his wife and his maid and his secretary and his mistress thinks your openly polygamous sinfulness is more fun than his illegal law-abiding nonsinfulness, he's liable to blow the whistle on you. He may not send public *(Continued on page 108)*

SHORT TAKES

Kim Fowley, the inventor of the Hollywood rock scene, talks about adolescent sex and growing up in Tinseltown

Kim Fowley has had 47 gold records in the past 17 years, as a songwriter, a music publisher and a record producer. The grandson of Rudolph Friml, who composed "Rose Marie" and "Indian Love Call," Fowley was born in Manila, Philippine Islands, and attended Hollywood High. Later, he produced such golden oldies as "A Thousand Stars," "Alley Oop," "Papa-Oom-Mow-Mow," "Land of a Thousand Dances" and "Popsicles and Icicles." He has worked for Alan Freed and Doris Day. He has had polio twice. He has written songs recorded by The Byrds; Steppenwolf; Cat Stevens; and the New Riders. He produced the musical sequences of "American Graffiti" and sang with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. He has jammed with Bob Dylan and, according to legend, once picked Judy Garland up off the floor of Brian Jones's house after she collapsed there. Kim Fowley is a rock-'n'-roll pro as well as the unofficial king of Sunset Strip. At the age of 35, he has seen practically everything.

OUI: How did you become a fixture in Hollywood?

FOWLEY: I'm the son of a woman who was, to all intents and purposes, a groupie. My mom was a Goldwyn girl and a Warner Bros. bit player who never went anywhere. Today she's emptying bedpans in an Orange County hospital. My father was Doc Holliday on the *Wyatt Earp* TV show. No one has ever heard of either of them, but still, they were here.

I first became aware of Hollywood in 1946 when my father moved us out to Malibu Colony. John Garfield was in bed in the room assigned to me. A woman was putting cocaine on the tip of his cock, and I was just a little kid, so I said, "What's that for?" She answered, "To keep his image up."

I remember my father taking me to a bar and saying "Son, this is your world," and there were a movie actor, a black, a homosexual hooker and two chorus girls who grabbed my six-year-old balls and put a candy cigarette in my mouth.

OUI: Well, things have certainly changed during your years here. What's the difference between the standard of beauty then and now?

FOWLEY: Back in the Forties, the standard of beauty was elegance and style. Peripheral phonies and parking-lot attendants were simply not allowed to strut. If one of them started strutting, a guy like Errol Flynn would say, "Motherfucker! You're not a working actor! How dare you wear an ascot!" and he'd punch him right in the mouth. Today in Hollywood, at a place like the Rainbow, every weekend pretender and phony is decked out like the latest MainMan recording artiste, and you don't know who's the pro and who's the dip.

OUI: Who are the sexiest people in Hollywood now?

FOWLEY: The youngest.

OUI: Is that a change?

FOWLEY: Yes, I don't think youth was worshiped so avidly before. Beauty used to be tragic, like with Marilyn and Jayne. Today a really beautiful man doesn't have a chance, and a really beautiful woman probably works in a factory. I don't think there are very many beautiful women left in Hollywood.

OUI: Why?

FOWLEY: Because beauty is something the average man can no longer digest.

OUI: How young do you have to be to be sexy in Hollywood?

FOWLEY: As young as the traffic will bear. There are hippies of the Sixties who have children from the age of 9 to 13, and those kids are wild, like people think Tatum O'Neal is.

OUI: Do you think kids that age can function sexually?

FOWLEY: I don't know, but everyone would like to think that kids like Tatum could do it. I've never heard anyone say he's done it with Tatum, but she is everywhere. If she goes somewhere, they say she was there the way they used to say Hedy Lamarr was there. David Carradine's daughter is 13, and she won a dance contest at the Whiskey, outdancing every woman in the place. A girl is done here by 19. If there's no man in the house, a girl will start getting into real situations at 12. At 13, they start going to the Rainbow, or what used to be Rodney's. By 16, they've convinced their families that the 40-year-old men who call them up are cool. By the time they're 18, they're useless. Another significant thing happening here is money. Money was a dirty word in the Sixties. Kids felt their parents were fucked because they were affluent. They preferred to sleep on mattresses on the floors of dirty rooms. Now Mom and Dad are in dirty rooms because of the depression, and the boys and girls are out trying to find someone with money, whether it's a black pimp or an older businessman.

OUI: What else do they want besides money?

FOWLEY: Power. There's a girl here named Mystery Queen who's 13½, and she's been coming to Hollywood since she was 11. I asked her, "What do you want?" She said, "Power." I asked Mackenzie Phillips [John Phillips' teenage daughter] what she wants, and she said, "To play Eleanor Roosevelt in my next movie."

OUI: What does a girl of 19 do when she's washed up?

FOWLEY: She leaves the scene. Her tits are sagging, and all that bad diet and staying up all night have taken their toll.

OUI: Give us a wrap-up on the sexual perspective of the past 30 years in Hollywood.

FOWLEY: It's gone full circle. It's gone from the Victorian carry-over of "You don't get any" all the way back to "You've got everything you want, but you don't get anything out of it so you don't want any." Asexuality is very popular.

OUI: Why?

FOWLEY: Because saying no is just as exciting as saying yes. Who cares? Everybody has seen everything. Hollywood's not as promiscuous as it was. There's too much social disease—scabies, clap, herpes simplex, herpes two, Vietnam clap, crabs. You wanna get laid? Be sure you have a good doctor. —DANNY FIELDS

A CASE FOR POLYGAMY *"One of the ways we have of helping a new wife is by having sex with her and our husband. This can be very stormy at first, and you have to be onto the pitfalls."*

(Continued from page 106) servants crashing through your front door, but he can make life less fun for you in other ways. And living under the smug indignation of neighbors doesn't help either. I coined a phrase for the creepy demon such law-abiding citizens can send the openly polygamous: "The *ménage-à-trois* blues."

The M.T. blues are nasty. And they sometimes arrive very subtly when least expected. You're a quiet little threesome, say, just lazing around on the floor one Sunday morning, snug beside a fire and cozy with the funnies, when in walk Mr. and Mrs. So-and-so. Well, you're all delighted to see these fine people, and pretty soon everyone's chatting away amiably, when one of the So-and-sos says, "Tell me, how do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Make it this way, two wo——" She stutters at the thought.

You exchange furtive glances or smirks, and you shrug: "Who knows?"

Only the ghost of pagan polygamy—and he don't speak English.

And in that moment of befuddled silence, the demon often slips in like a cat burglar, and hours later you yourself begin wondering how you do it. And recalling those times when it just wasn't doing, when the three of you were locked into some variation on the conventional marital-dispute theme, and feeling a bit insecure about the whole arrangement. In Voodoo, this creep is known as the insecure Eshu, the evil road of the messenger god, depicted in Christianity as the Devil, Satan or evil. And with him hopping from head to head, the M.T. blues take hold.

The M.T. blues can also arrive in that newly mythologized pair I call Burger King and Dairy Queen, known to millions as Mr. Superstud and Ms. Sexpot. "Aren't two women too much for one man?" And/or, "OK, buster, do it. I wanna see what keeps your women happy."

Out here in America, being openly polygamous is like living gay—without the moral support of a community. It's easier these days for a girl to go home to momma crying about how her female lover did her wrong than to complain about her sister wife. That complaint goes to the husband. A friend of mine used to live in a big and expensive house on Long Island with five wives and their assorted children; after the M.T. blues swept through, it took him two or three years before he'd even consider having sexual relations again. Honestly illegal polygamous marriages face the righteous indignation of the dishonestly legal and secretly polygamous, who have the tacit backing of a society in which husbanding one wife is often hell.

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The feeling at Oyotunji is that Western culture is like a shoe that doesn't fit, and many a brave black pioneer comes here to take off the shoe. Much of the travail of making the transition to bare feet goes into the ears of King Efuntola's head wife, Iyalode. She is the village coordinator of women. New wives venturing into polygamy for the first time bring their problems to her.

Iyalode used to be an office girl in New York. She was interested in the occult and had tried Eastern religions before she met Efuntola, who was head of a Voodoo temple in Harlem at the time. She went to him for a reading, and the gods, through the *Ifa*, surprised them both by saying they should marry.

After seven years with him, she has played the roles of new bride, third wife, second wife and head wife. She's become a priestess and divines with cowrie shells.

"The usual difficulty is learning to live together and learning to share the husband," she relates in a mellow tone that slides under overstatement like a snake through tall grass. "Every wife wants to know that there's a place for her, but the change of cultures she's going through sometimes makes her insecure. We all come from a culture that trains a woman to think she's going to have some man all to herself, and then we all grow up to find that no woman ever has any man all to herself, really.

"So jealousy is a common problem. I usually prescribe a certain remedy having to do with a certain god, which will cool down the emotional upset and stimulate clear thinking. But I've never seen a woman over 35 adjust to polygamy very well. She might come into a family and stay for a while, but her impulse is to dominate the situation and take over, usually.

"Now, a lot of new sex attitudes have come about with the Neptune-in-Libra generation that has come of age during the past decade. And, you know, girls growing up have a tendency to enjoy one another's companionship; sometimes they get involved together with the same boy. In America, competition among women is very high. As women grow older, they are taught to be jealous. The emphasis is on the physical: how pretty you look, how well built you are and then, ultimately, how good you are in bed. This idea is built up so strongly that an American woman is likely to think that every time her man has sex with another woman, it's because he isn't getting something from her that he's getting from the other woman. And that's not what it is, really. Men have different sexual metabolisms than women. And the rate at which women aspire to have sex depends on a whole different metabolism than men.

"So a new wife, when she first comes here from a society focused on sex objects, may feel a little deprived. But our society strips away a lot of materialistic concepts and deals with the inner reality. You become involved with the gods and the gods energize you and give you the power to do a lot of things you never thought you could do. And then, without the car and the kitchen machinery and all that, barriers between yourself and nature come down. You begin to see yourself more as you really are. This is what we call opening the third eye, and when this happens, you relate to life altogether differently. Then sex becomes *very* physical. And it finds its place among all the other physical things you do.

"So one of the ways we have of helping a new wife into this dimension is by having sex together, she and her co-wife and their husband. Now this can be very stormy at first, and you have to be onto the pitfalls, because if the new wife relates poorly, she could trip out and blow her whole life.

"Polygamy doesn't work as well in the city, because people are involved in too many distortions from natural reality there. Women get all hung up on the penis. They don't get much else accomplished. But life here revolves around perpetuating itself. It's a wholeness.

"What you have in the city, instead, is women's lib. Now I understand women's lib, but I think the way women are going about it is unrealistic. They've forgotten what they were intended to be in the first place. We call that cultural amnesia. All that processed food and running water—people forget where food and water really come from. And it's the same with sex—people forget what sex really is. Many women don't know what they basically are. Down here, we're dedicated to overcoming cultural amnesia and finding our way back to reality."

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All this is a long way from what is called reality in mainstream America. It says on the money IN GOD WE TRUST, but it's to our bankers that we go begging, not to our gods. And, although the science of physics is fast becoming what is called dematerialized, what scientist could hold a job if he seriously theorized gods as the programmers of atoms? Which means that the people of Oyotunji

are irrational by the standards of modern banking and science, those two cults of modern enlightenment.

Perhaps polygamy is irrational. It seems to thrive among pagan savages. Paganism is polytheistic. That's practically the opposite of the one-god, one-wife, one-husband, one-ideal sort of society in which we live. That is rational reality. Or is it?

In a book titled *Africa Before They Came*, by Galbraith Welch, one finds this: "I suggest that polygamy, which we regard as a degradation of womankind, was better for the women, as it was practiced in sub-Sahara, than it was for the men. . . . The wife in a nonmonogamous society did not suffer hurt pride. She did not suffer prying suspicion or quiver under the gossip and pity of other people. . . . Pagan women had the opportunity for an active and good life."

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I once met a very famous pimp in Las Vegas. He was famous because he had something like 50 girls, and he took very good care of each and every one. All of these girls worked, but they were each his, and proud of it. I'd heard of this man before I met him, so I was honored to sit down over a cup of coffee and chat. I asked: "How do you do it?"

Being a pro, he had conquered the M.T. blues and was ready with an answer. The gist of it was this:

"There are two kinds of love a husband can give to a wife—fatherly and brotherly—and each wife needs her own particular blend. You can't play Prince Charming to a whole lot of wives, because they'd wear the edge off your tool. Besides, marriage is a business arrangement. A husband's main job is to be head of the house. Beyond that, he is lover, psychiatrist, worthy battler and beauty appreciator. He plays big brother and little brother, mean daddy and sweet daddy, or whatever.

"Out here in America, the law makes the word pimp mean somebody who solicits business for unfortunate maidens forced by cruel fate to use their bodies, or have them used, for that vile indignation called 'his profit.' But it's usually the hotel bell captain who solicits this business, and he's legally a bell captain, not a pimp. But the husband of these working girls is legally a pimp, not a husband."

I suspect that many an American lawmaker is as far outside the law as a pimp. The lawmaker gets off without taking responsibility for his lawbreaking—because he may be dishonest, but he appears honorable.

In Oyotunji, a husband doesn't have time to be that kind of honorable. He's too busy connecting his ancestors with

his descendants. Two hundred years ago, the American superstate was only a nightmare, but now there's evidence that it may not survive another decade. Even the Federal Government is in hock to the banking industry, and that's headquartered in Zurich, and, some say, controlled by Arabs.

Chief Afalobi, husband of Asunda and Yeye, is an irrational pagan Voodoo priest. He is Oyotunji's herbologist and is responsible for the health of the village. That doesn't make him like an American doctor to whom people go when they are sickly. If people in Oyotunji are sickly, it's Afalobi's fault, not his income. A former realtor, he now approaches husbanding with the Voodoo beliefs that your children are your ancestors reincarnate; and you will become the child of your descendants, for time is cyclic, symbolized by the snake with its tail in its mouth: *Damballah*.

"The key to maintaining a polygamous household," says Chief Afalobi, "is not who's right or wrong; it's whether or not it's in balance. If I am right and what I do unbalances my household, then it's no good. I'm the head of the house and I lay down the law, true, and if what I do maintains balance, then it works.

"So I deal with principles, not personalities. In my relationships with my wives, I'm not dealing with a love-and-romance type of thing—that's for teenagers. I deal with the women being useful, to themselves and to me. And I tell them, 'Don't concern yourselves with loving me; concern yourselves with giving me respect, trust, tolerance, understanding. And I will give you these same values in return. But do not love me and disrespect me. Don't make love to me and then dishonor me.'

"In our culture, polygamy benefits the women more than it does the men. Sure, the man gets the privilege of having more than one woman serve him. But the women have their workload cut

down, and they have constant companionship and sharing, which gives each of them more time to do whatever she has to do. Which is very important in this type of life. In the urban lifestyle, when a woman talks about cooking, she's talking about popping something into the oven and pushing buttons. But here, cooking means getting wood, lighting the fire, going to the well for water, buckets and buckets sometimes, and a woman looks forward to having another woman to share this with. Otherwise, all day long she's tied down between domestic burdens and raising children. If a husband can keep the relationships between his wives in balance, he's got half the battle won.

"An American husband may have lots of women, too, and he may have his hands full keeping his scene together. The difference is that in our system, you can't love them and leave them. The Yoruba system says a man is responsible for all his women, because this is what links ancestors with descendants."

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I sometimes think that modern urban civilization is like a global hydrogen bomb that is exploding in slow motion, and the atoms of this bomb are composed of those famous nuclear parts, Dad, Mom and the kids. And that the whole reason why these nuclear parts are fissioning and whole societies are going up in slow-motion mushroom clouds of confusion is that the link between ancestors and descendants is broken. And that which causes this breakdown is belief in the god of rationalism, who says that there are no such things as ancestors alive in the land of the dead, and that the only way you can achieve life after death is by coming up with some clever scientific idea or artistic entertainment. In other words, fame.

But I think our faith in the god of rationalism is beginning to backslide; and that even while this social nuclear fission is taking place, a new fusion is also occurring. Oyotunji is one example, but a lot of other people have fissioned out of conventional legal monogamy and are fusing into various new/ancient nuclear arrangements. I, for one, have come to regard husbanding women as more like husbandry in horticulture than conventional legal husbanding. And the basic elements of the women you're husbanding have a lot to do with whether or not you can husband them healthy, happy and bloomingly beautiful.

A few years ago, when I was in my early 40s, I lived with two wives who were in their 20s. We'd been through a very stormy winter before spring planting came and things got lush and harmonious. I'll call them the Younger Women.

Then came the Older Woman. She was about five years younger than me, but she was light-years away from the kind of love that glued me and mine together as a family unit. She was beautiful and witty, called herself ballsy and looked as young as the Younger Women, almost. She started coming to our house evenings, then took to coming early in the morning and hopping into bed with us. She was so ballsy that things almost got bloody.

Shortly before all this, she'd made a sweeping confession to her husband about how she'd been dishonoring him during the past decade with infidelities. This honesty so impressed him that he took off chasing virgins, threw his career to the winds and did occasional stints in the local mental ward.

Eventually we all grew to love her and we adopted her as a sort of part-time member of the family. She was waging an all-out campaign to become liberated, and who could fault her for that? But she kept calling our family my harem, and she kept trying to dominate it.

To make a long story short, by the time she'd satisfied her competitive urge and felt victorious enough to move on to new conquests, her presence had become like a sweet-tasting poison. It wasn't her years, nor her high-spirited assertiveness, nor her upstagingly youthful beauty. What did us in was the cultural baggage she came with, those basic beliefs about who she was and what this business called living is.

But there is a lot of cross-cultural pollination these days, and some of it is fertilizing. I know a French art critic in Haiti who'd gone there to live and write. First, he found a house to rent; then, he got a maid; and pretty soon, he was sleeping with her. Then, she hired a maid, and her maid's maid hired a maid, and soon he was balling maids all over the house. He paid his maid, she paid her maid and so on down the line.

Now, Haitian women are very independent, and the critic was never sure when he came home how many he'd find there, for they took turns going away. But this didn't bother him, because none of them ever cheated, robbed or even tried to second-guess him. All they did was strive to please him, and this did bother him. They strove so hard to please him that it tortured his conscience. "They're like slaves," he complained. There were always at least two or three of these "protein-starved, superstitious, impoverished" ladies jumping like jack rabbits to do his bidding. They put out more energy in one day than any One-A-Day-vitamin lady he'd ever known, and they were all happy. His house jingled with their merriment. And all this for wages that wouldn't get you through a checkout counter in either France or America.

It put such a strain on the art critic's basic beliefs that he became suspicious that they were working him for some kind of swindle. Why else would they behave this way? For the price of one Haitian maid, he had five or six women cleaning his house, making delicious meals, bathing him and stroking him and doing such Voodoo on his doodad that he thought it had grown an inch. They radiated such trust and loving cheerfulness that it made him paranoid.

But he finally collapsed and just let them Voodooize him, and the last I knew, they were a very uncivilized polygamous husband and his easy-come, easy-go wives, living like a pack of African savages in this big old French Colonial house, spending their evenings dancing to the beat of distant drumming, wooing those spirits that make home entertaining most pleasant and exciting.

Don't think it can't happen here. As Efuntola told me: "It's inch work. The white man made a terrible mistake when he brought our people here. The degeneration of all Western civilization began with slavery, with black mammies breast feeding white babies. It's very spiritual, but it's inch work. The Voodoo god who rules the black race is Olokoon. He lives at the bottom of the sea and nobody knows what's down there. Nobody's ever quite sure where Olokoon is coming from, or what he's up to."

In Haitian Voodoo, the goddess of femininity is Erzulie, and another parable has it that when she crossed the Atlantic to the New World, she acquired a cosmic rage. Until she is given justice, Erzulie will cause trouble in the Americas, where her believers were brought in chains. Some Voodooists believe that Erzulie will "spur her horses," the militant feminists, until she institutes the ancient African pagan system on this continent. When women are both securely married and easily able to divorce and remarry, Erzulie's cosmic rage will transform itself and be expressed through divine orgasm. ▣

HOW I LEARNED *"Take charge of the situation, Jerry!"*

(Continued from page 56) the object; other men the enemy. And at the end, it is What's the score? Did you win or lose?

As a political activist in the Sixties, I created a *macho* image of toughness and violence to impress women and to hide my weakness. I wanted to *appear* as ferocious as the men in the Pentagon I was attacking. People were often shocked when they met me. "You're so sweet and gentle," they said.

Thanks to the example set by women, men in America are starting to re-examine the concept of manhood, looking for a new definition of masculinity that incorporates both sensitivity and vulnerability. My women friends and lovers have given me space to be less of a man and more me.

I overcame my body shyness through experience in the growth movement and by learning from women. I wish I could learn about sex from other men. But men avoid intimate conversations about sex. Outside of men's consciousness groups, the pattern of conversation is locked in the locker rooms.

When I went to see Stanley Goldman, the bioenergetic therapist, I told him that I was embarrassed about the size of my cock. Stanley suggested that I ask the woman I'm with, "Is it big enough for you?" He continued, "Take charge of the situation, Jerry! Don't condemn yourself, don't live in shame, don't hide from yourself."

In reducing my obsession with sex, I am developing a new relationship with my cock. I love it, and my entire masculinity is not bound up in it. I no longer need to relate to women solely through it.

Studying massage helped to break my shyness about my body. Doing massage, my partners and I looked at one another's genitals and massaged one another. Nakedness and touching felt natural; there was no sense of shame or judgment. Men and women massaged my body, including my genitals, and I massaged other people's bodies. Everything felt good!

I went through the weirdest changes while massaging a 60-year-old man. His body felt good; it felt nice to run my hands over it; his age and sex made no difference. Some men felt smooth and soft; some women firm and strong. Massage taught me that touch is the most important aspect of sexual pleasure.

I realized how tight and tense certain parts of my body are; it was painful to have my legs massaged with a soft stroke. As my partner massaged my legs, I tensed up. Nervous, I wanted him to stop. This brought me directly up against my fear of pleasure.

In the fall of 1974, I decided to see a

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HOW I LEARNED TO LIKE SEX *I immediately relaxed. Sue was a soft person. She smiled whimsically as she climbed into bed and offered me a joint. I accepted.*

sex therapist, because I was worried about the way I was swinging from overexcitement to disinterest in sex. My sex surrogate turned out to be a pretty, pug-nosed blond woman named Sue who charged $115 for three hours. The third hour was to be spent in conversation with a male cotherapist.

I drove to her house in Berkeley, and we talked for 20 minutes. She seemed as nervous as I felt. She offered me some wine, which I refused. She told me she had to confront her own personal doubts about being a sex surrogate to assure herself that it was not a sophisticated form of prostitution. After we talked, she said that she felt better, but she still seemed slightly apologetic.

We both showered and went into the bedroom. I climbed into a large double bed and watched her as she shed her robe and dried herself. Her face was radiant yet sheepish. I immediately relaxed. Sue was a soft person. She smiled whimsically as she climbed into bed and offered me a joint. I accepted.

We did spoon breathing, in which one partner holds the other from behind and the two breathe together. While we were breathing, I felt my mind wander. I can tolerate pain, but in sex, I confront my fear of pleasure. In fact, conflict brings out the best in me, because I am used to a confrontation, but when pleasure comes, I feel I don't deserve it. In bed, I am a performance machine; sex becomes a new form of work. What the hell. Sex is fun, or fuck it. (And why can't I focus on my breathing?)

We massaged each other for two hours, breathing together. I wanted to learn to receive as well as to give; to allow rather than to control. Sexual excitement is primarily a form of breathing control, to spread the energy throughout my body, rather than to locate it all in my genitals.

Sue suggested long hot baths, in which I would put all my attention on my breathing and would feel the energy streaming throughout my body, and one-hour self-massage masturbation sessions, in which I would enjoy my erection, rather than give in to immediate release.

I used to be ashamed of masturbating, but the women's movement liberated my feelings about it. An entire literature teaching women how to masturbate for pleasure has evolved. So why not masturbation for men?

Sue suggested masturbation as a beginning cure to sexual problems. Long all-body self-massages, kissing, rubbing and feeling my own body, are preparation for enhanced lovemaking with another person. If someone calls, I say, "Can't talk to you now—I'm masturbating."

My experiences with sex therapy and with women helped to turn my head and body around. The goal of sex is not orgasm. In fact, the best sex has no goal other than for every moment to be an end in itself. Maintaining an erection for as long as possible sustains sex energy. Breathing into my cock and feeling energy throughout my system are inspiring.

I took the advice of the sex surrogate and started giving myself long massages. I lay in bed, touched my body all over, wetting and kissing myself. While I was doing this, my internal demon kept trying to make me feel guilty, calling me an egomaniac for giving myself pleasure. My demon was torturing me. Once I realized that my demon was educated in masochism and puritanism, I began to stop taking it so seriously. My demon makes sex an obsession by making such a *special* thing of it.

The demon that lives within each of us can be countered only if it is recognized and identified. My demon is my programing, and I meet it most clearly while masturbating. That act angers the parent in me more than anything else. And you know the weird thing—my real parents probably wouldn't even mind! It's my parent in me that is complaining!

I love to watch women move, observe their curves and grace. I love to watch them laugh. I love to imagine a beautiful woman in bed with me, taking off her clothes, piece by piece. I love to feel a warm female hand rubbing up and down my legs. I love the loss of self-consciousness that takes place with exciting sex. I love to kiss, to send my tongue deep into my lover's mouth. I love to sweat, to let go. I love to lie in bed with a woman, naked, and to giggle with her.

Many articles on sex today ask whether the new women's consciousness of rising sexual expectations is increasing male impotence. Reports of impotence are more frequent, but they may reflect only a new honesty, not necessarily a response to the new woman. But the women's movement does create an immediate problem because of its own contradictions.

A woman, however liberated she is, is not free of male chauvinism when she looks to a man to prove to her that she is a woman. A woman who considered herself a feminist cried when I did not get a hard-on. My neutral cock pushed her I-am-not-beautiful, I-am-a-failure buttons. She felt that my soft cock exposed my lack of passion for her. Truth is, I was very turned on, and it was painful for me to have nothing happening with my cock. But no explanation made her feel better. She cried.

I slept a number of times with another woman who, out of bed, proclaimed her independence from men. In bed, she wanted to be overwhelmed by a powerful man and made to submit. She said that

"John? Louis? Mike?"

no matter how liberated, every woman at some level desires to be overpowered by a man she loves. This little girl in every woman, the programed, emotional child, feeds into the male-chauvinist view of sex as conquest.

To the extent that some liberated women are looking for the great big cock in the sky to give them multiple orgasms, liberated women are male chauvinists in drag, using men for their self-approval, demanding that men perform well.

As women free themselves from male-indoctrinated conditioning, their increased consciousness will liberate sex. Women enjoy touching, feeling, taking time to spread sexual feelings all over the body. From women, I have learned to see sex as a total act, not just as genital contact.

I am also enjoying the fact that the new women's consciousness means women are beginning to pursue men. When women call me on the phone to ask me out, it makes me feel desired. I get turned on by women who are independent individuals; those who are appendages to men bore me.

In sex, anything goes. The emphasis on genitals, orgasm and performance comes from a puritan society that encourages goal-directed behavior. In my emphasis on orgasm, I carried capitalistic values into bed with me. No wonder I often lost interest in sex. Sex as athletics is a struggle. But going to bed to smell, taste, touch, feel, relax, enjoy makes sex pure pleasure.

I am afraid of sexual contact with men. I love men as much as I love women, yet I never think of physically satisfying and being satisfied by men. Men do not turn me on, because I was propagandized as a child to think that homosexuality is sick.

When I was 16, my favorite high school teacher and I went on a trip to visit colleges. We slept in the same room, and he spent the night trying to seduce me. After a while he fell asleep, but I stayed awake all night, fearful that he might jump into my bed and rape me. The next morning, we both tried to act as if nothing had happened.

When we got home, I told my parents and they were very upset. We considered taking the information to school authorities, but I loved the teacher too much. A few weeks later, he called me into his office and apologized for the incident.

During my year at Oberlin College, a male friend and I wrote anonymous letters to a senator saying that another friend was a homosexual. He wasn't, but what a laugh we would have when literature on homosexuality arrived from the senator's office at our friend's mailbox! The senator, however, sent our letters back to the university, which launched an exhaustive search through the dormitories until they found our typewriter. Even though we explained it was just a joke, the university officials kicked us out of school for two weeks and canceled my scholarship. To call someone a homosexual obviously was a serious insult.

I myself aided in the legal harassment of homosexuals. One night, when I was 17, a man in the Cincinnati Public Library wrote me a note proposing to meet me in the bathroom the next Friday. I went to the vice squad of the Cincinnati Police Department, and together we set a trap for the guy. The cops caught him, threatened him and let him go. I watched the whole thing, thinking that I had captured some criminal.

In *Do It!* I described homosexuality as sick. The gay community attacked me publicly, forcing me for the first time to examine my sexual bias. I began to see that I had been a victim of the American sexual lie against homosexuality. Sex between two men or two women (or three) is as human as male-female sex.

The thought of two men fucking still scares me, maybe because of my anti-homosexual upbringing. To make love with a man would be like making love with a mirror image of myself, a legitimate aspect of general sexual self-pleasure. I now embrace, touch and kiss men on the lips. I enjoy kissing and holding male friends, but I have never become turned on to a man's genitals.

Sex is sex, and nothing more. There is no need to make the act symbolic of one's manhood. Whenever sex gets troublesome, it's not worth it. Sex is a place for fun and pleasure.

At the age of 37, I am learning things about sex that I wish I had learned as a child. I thought that, as I grew older, my sexual interests or capacities might decrease, but in truth both have increased with increasing awareness. I enjoy watching a woman get turned on by my body. It's a turn-on for me to feel the changes in her breathing and her body flow. I love to express tenderness, softness, closeness and sensitivity, and to feel the same qualities. In sex, I become the animal I really am.

It's important for me to learn to communicate honestly in bed with my lover. We are in bed to give pleasure to each other, so it is natural for each partner to say, "Touch me here; I like it this way." After sex, it is fun to share experiences. The amount of misunderstanding that goes on in bed is colossal. Talking openly about sex solves most of the problems.

I am discovering my natural balance of sexuality, which means not laying a "you must" trip on myself; discovering my true interests, my real rhythm. I am becoming less sexually obsessive and, more and more, I am putting sex in its proper place. Sam Keen, the theologian, said, "Sex is best when it is not important." ▣

The Inner Man

MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE *"With an electric cattle prod, he started shocking me at my feet and slowly moved up my body and over my genitals to my breasts until I agreed to sign the confession."*

(Continued from page 40) could always go back to our stereos and let the other guy go down the tubes. Now we're not even in the ball game unless we stop thinking 'This wasn't supposed to happen to me' and realize that we were dumb schmucks who struck out, too."

At Los Reyes, the women's prison, one visiting mother screams, "For once, you could have thought of me. But you never had any brains. Just tits and dreams." At Los Reyes, there is a 56-year-old grandmother, a former mule, who had been promised a large-enough fee not to have to worry about her golden years.

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The dream was booby-trapped virtually from the start. In the late Sixties, when Marseilles dried up as a drug source, Mexico superseded her and Washington embarked on Operation Intercept—meticulous, time-consuming searches of nearly every person and vehicle crossing the border. The program was not a hit, however. Commuters lost work, commerce was hurt and tourism took a nose dive on both sides of the border—a development of which the Mexicans especially took due note. Operation Intercept, therefore, was exchanged for Operation Cooperation, the point of which, according to Heath, "was to get some *real* cooperation on this drug thing." Mexico was granted $14,000,000 in aid, which helped the U.S. balance-of-payments problem, in that the money was spent on one U.S. narcotic-sniffing dog with trainer, 28 U.S. helicopters and American training and equipment for 52 customs inspectors and 276 Mexican federal police. Since Operation Cooperation began, heroin flowing from Mexico to the U.S. has risen from 15 to 60 percent of the total U.S. market; during the same time period, between 500 and 600 Americans have also been arrested.

According to Rick, "The Mexicans have a gift for re-educating romantics." Arrested and handcuffed to a spring rusting through the back seat of a '55 Chevy, Rick was searched by a character he recognized from a childhood in Chicago movie theaters: There were the narrow mustache on the man's cratered face, the *tortillas* paunching over his belt, the dark circles of sweat on his gabardine. Rick almost had to laugh at the delight in the agent's voice when—"Blessed mother, coca," he had said—he found the snow-filled baby-bottle liners in Rick's underpants.

Rick says, "I said to myself, 'Cheer up. Things could be worse. He'll either steal it, snort it, or sell it.' And sure enough, when I cheered up, things *did* get worse. He took my wallet, too."

Complaints about the prison experience itself are an appalling catalog of contemporary brutality. One 23-year-old woman says that the chief of the federal police first doused her with cold water to increase conductivity, "then with an electric cattle prod he started shocking me at my feet and slowly progressed up my body and over my genitals to my breasts until I agreed to sign the confession."

Bobby Joe, a nickel-and-dime dealer from Honolulu, introduces himself as "previously a well-known and respected businessman in my home community." He is serving a nine-year sentence for the possession of 28 ounces of cocaine, found in his suitcase, and he wants to testify under oath that, in addition to the beatings and electric shock he received, he was threatened with injections of sodium pentathol by a *federale* who boasted of having been trained in the States.

A prisoner named Dick says the police broke his finger to make him confess. One man says that each time he passed out he was revived with shocks from a cattle prod inserted into his rectum.

Four different prisoners said that an American Justice Department official, a DEA agent, was present during interrogations, including the questioning of Snortin' Morton, who says he is a former Air Force pilot and, at the age of 54, is the oldest of the imprisoned men. Morton and his 28-year-old companion Sharon were arrested at Mexico City Airport with two and a half kilos, which Morton says must have been planted. "The whole time I was being interrogated," he says, "the whole time I was being beaten bloody, there was a DEA agent watching. I could see the number on his badge. My head was spinning, lights were flashing, bells were ringing, but something kept telling me, 'Remember that badge number.' They kept on cursing and hitting me. They told me I had no rights in Mexico, that I turned little girls into whores, that the embassy would let me rot, but I remembered that badge number."

Regardless of what Morton came to believe, the formal position of the embassy was not to let them rot. "Once a narcotics violator is arrested," ambassador John J. Jova wrote, "there is little the embassy can do other than to assure him of equal treatment under Mexican law, to provide him with a list of Mexican lawyers, or to assure that counsel is provided by the Mexican government." From Washington, the State Department insisted that reports from the American Embassy in Mexico City on arrest procedures and subsequent imprisonment indicate that "Americans are considered to receive preferential treatment."

"The embassy," consul general Peterson elaborated, "may not always see an arrested American right away, but sometimes the prisoners refuse to see us at all—can we be blamed for that?" His staff would be glad "to investigate torture charges with substantial evidence, but sometimes we don't hear the charges until months later." Peterson's assistant, consul Don Welch, characterized Bobby Joe, who had written 1289 letters of protest to everyone from Pope Paul to the chief of the Los Angeles Fire Department, as "a cold-fish liar. Of course even if he perjured himself, he's so dumb no jury would convict him," Welch sympathized.

Peterson says he first heard of Morton's allegations "in a newspaper story five months after his arrest." There was a DEA agent present, because Morton, characterized by Peterson as a regular carrier for the Brotherhood of Eternal Love, was fingered by an undercover American agent. His story of torture was "sensationalized," and Peterson has police photographs of Morton and Sharon that were taken two days after the arrest, one day after both claim to have been beaten, in which there is no evidence of their mistreatment. The State Department, ignoring the photographs, insists righteously that American narcotics agents "would certainly not participate in an interrogation if it involved physical abuse." Dick's finger, unfortunately, was never treated and remains deformed—"sure proof for skeptics," Tex joked, "and swell for picking his nose."

Although embassy officials never initiated contact to offer advice or the list of lawyers before the prisoner made the statement that would be the basis of his case, almost everyone saw an embassy official within four weeks after arrest. By that time, most of them had retained counsel.

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In July 1974, after 168 hours of what Alfred remembers as "up down, on off, grossly weird politics," the men in Lecumberri voted to accept a motion for a hunger strike in protest of American intervention, as they called it, and Mexican brutality. Forget about the villa in Ibiza, they had been persuaded; the truth was that they were trapped in a disaster movie. They would have to court the press; they would have to make an international stink. Then maybe the U. S. Government would bail them out.

Although no one in the consular

section admitted to believing that the American prisoners are mistreated, on July second, the embassy had lodged a protest with the Mexican ministry of foreign affairs over "the nature, volume and persistence of complaints." Citing "information from reliable sources," the note objected formally to "electric-shock treatments and other methods of torture and extortion"—as well as to general conditions within the prison. The embassy, the note concluded in a more conciliatory tone, "cannot ascertain the validity of the report" and it has "taken due note of the fact that the dramatic increase of American prisoners in Mexican jails results from the effectiveness of measures taken by Mexican authorities." The note was designed to mollify the prisoners without unduly dispiriting the Mexicans; it was also designed to give the State Department in Washington something concrete to show to Congressman Stark and other critics.

The prisoners, however, had their own ideas about how to exploit the situation. They knew that they had made a great many people in the prison system comfortable, such was the volume of extortion money paid out, and they also knew that it was the Mexicans' habit to try to keep the prisoners humored while they were being squeezed. They were willing, therefore, at the prison authorities' request, to make a formal denial of mistreatment by the Mexicans in exchange for a carte blanche on their plan to stage a hunger strike aimed at embarrassing the embassy—to "die of starvation or be free," as they put it. The Americans knew who had the power to get them out of prison, if getting them out of prison was on anyone's agenda at all, and they couldn't think of any good reason to dissipate their energies needling the Mexicans.

The embassy, of course, denied that it had the power the prisoners imputed to it. "Any attempt to exert influence," the embassy stated piously, "would obviously constitute an intrusion into the sovereign government of Mexico, and would be clearly contrary to U.S. policy." Embassy officials suddenly became available for interviews, though consul general Peterson complained, "The press never gives me an even break." He warned visitors, "Take the prisoners' charges with a grain of salt."

Don Welch expressed concern over "the incredible nervous strain the boss is under," and he spoke darkly of a conspiracy of couriers scuttling back and forth for nosy Congressmen, informers "inside the embassy itself" and prisoners "who will say whatever they want." Not that he blamed them. He said: "If I wanted out, I'd do exactly the same thing. Some of them may be under the influence of *(Continued on page 126)*

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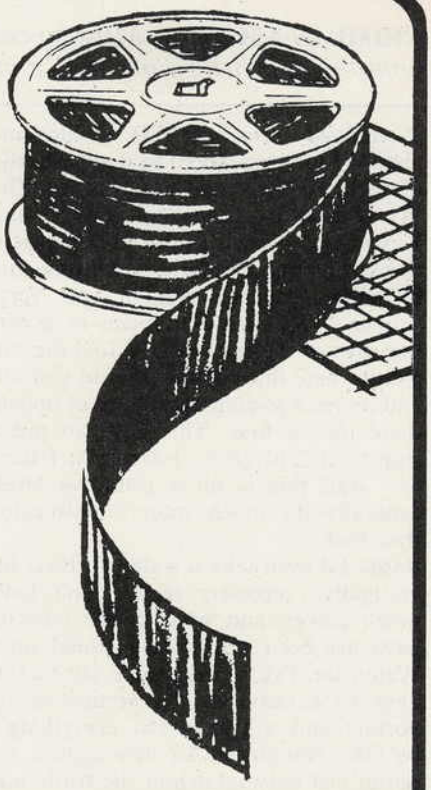

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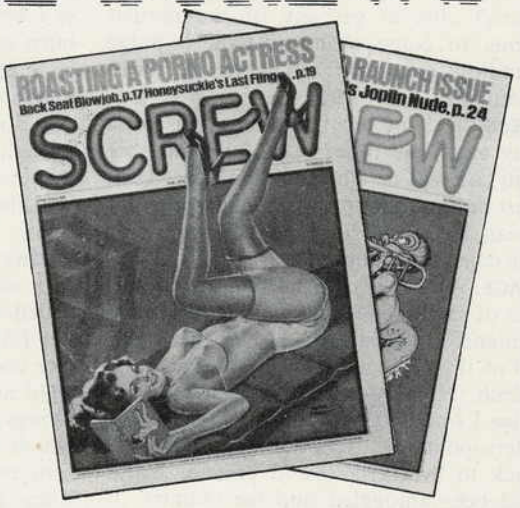

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CRIME IN AMERICA *Most so-called scientific policework is vastly overrated. The use of polygraphs and computers is little more than a publicity gimmick. If you have informants, you solve crimes.*

(Continued from page 68) telling me about a Mob boss whom he'd seen shortly after the guy had been let out of jail. The two of them had played golf together and I expressed some surprise at the executive's willingness to be seen with the guy in public. His explanation was very simple. "We have a problem in a certain area of the country," he told me, "in a city where this guy has a lot of control, and it's been costing us millions of dollars there just in fires. This guy can put a stop to it. Therefore, I see him. I have to." And this is on a primitive level; generally it's much more sophisticated than that.

GAGE: I'd even take it a step further. Investigative reporters really don't have much power, and what power they do have has been wildly exaggerated since Watergate. I've heard people say that as long as we have solid investigative reporting and a free press, everything'll be OK. Nonsense! An investigative reporter can only scratch at the truth, and the whole truth can only be obtained by people who have the power to subpoena witnesses, to question them under oath and, if necessary, to take a case to the grand jury. What Woodward and Bernstein did was fantastic insofar as it created the climate for the cover-up to be exposed; but they didn't find out that Nixon was taping all those conversations. It took a committee questioning an aide of Nixon's under oath to get that information. And even the committee wasn't able to get any of the participants to come clean; it took a judge handing out stiff sentences to make them talk.

MESSICK: You can have the goods on a guy and nine times out of ten nothing will come of it: The situation's too tight. Just because you print something doesn't mean a D.A.'s going to act on it—or the cops, for that matter.

GAGE: A case in point: I've done a number of stories on judges' giving out lower sentences to organized-crime people, and all of these judges are still sitting on the bench. Nobody ever investigated them. Also I traced the Euphronios vase at the Metropolitan Museum of Art all the way back to Switzerland and proved that it had been smuggled into the country illegally. The museum's board of directors has since adopted disclosure rules, but the vase is still there and will probably remain there.

OUI: What are the procedural problems in investigating something?

HIGGINS: The main difficulty is that it can be terribly time consuming and often very tedious. You've got to remind yourself as you pore over piles of documents and bits of information that the most insignificant item may send the whole structure down. In the meantime, it's colossally dull.

MESSICK: And nowadays there are damn few people doing this. Most guys rely on contacts who'll give them what they want to know, and this is not the way to operate. You've got to go out and meet the bastards yourself and decide when they're lying.

OUI: How do you develop sources, and what's their motivation for helping you?

GAGE: You develop sources by forming personal relationships. The *Times* does not let us pay for information, which other papers sometimes do, so I've gotten to know my sources. I go to their homes for dinner, and one source naturally leads to another. Usually, they test you out at first by giving you something small to see how you handle it.

MAAS: And often this takes a long while. They've obviously got to trust you. The basic thing is that they've got to feel confident that you're going to protect them.

OUI: To what extent?

MAAS: All the way. It's essential. If word gets out that you're not respecting your sources, you're not going to have any, and then you're out of business.

MESSICK: It's always a question of proving yourself, especially at the beginning. It's a small world, and the reasons for people talking to you in the first place are not always sweet. One of the most common motives is revenge; the informer's been mistreated and he wants to burn someone. With women, it's usually jealousy; with men, it frequently involves money. But every now and then you do get a guy who's just outraged by something and whose motives are pure.

GAGE: I once had an hour to kill in Washington and went to see someone I know in Government, and he started talking about Nixon and the tapes. He had me listen to one on which Nixon called in Kleindienst to have him stop the I.T.T. investigation; he used words like cocksucker and son of a bitch, and right away I had a story. There were no strings attached. With criminal sources, which make up maybe one fifth of my sources, you rarely get anything straight. They give you lies, sometimes in the hope of planting stuff, but basically because their lying is instinctive, so you do have to have a real fine ear.

MESSICK: The ratio of criminal to legitimate sources for me is about fifty-fifty, and generally official people talk out of sheer frustration. When the FBI wire tapped everybody during its "war on crime," it couldn't legally do a damn thing with the information, and so a lot of the information was leaked in the hope that it might stir things up. The FBI and a lot of other agencies make the mistake of paying informers, and if a guy's paid, he feels he's got to produce, and the agency gets a lot of nonsense.

WAMBAUGH: On the other hand, a police force can function effectively only in proportion to its informants, and this holds true for Washington, Moscow or Los Angeles. Most of the so-called scientific policework is vastly overrated, and the use of polygraphs and spectrographs and computers is little more than a publicity gimmick. If you have informants, you solve crimes; otherwise you don't. Ninety percent of criminal cases are solved because of information. When I was with the L.A.P.D., the problem was that we never had enough money to pay them. The city was too cheap. We'd give a guy ten bucks, and, shit, we couldn't get decent information for that kind of money. Guys just aren't going to risk themselves.

HIGGINS: When I was with the Attorney General's office, we got a lot of material we didn't pay for. Sometimes hoods would talk because they had heard, as we intended them to, that a potential case had not been brought against them because we figured the guy wasn't guilty—that we really didn't have a case. There is a persistent belief in the underworld that prosecutions are brought for their nuisance value, but if word gets out that when you prosecute, you honestly think you can prove it, you establish a certain credibility. Similarly, when there's a guy who knows you could have tried to make him when you really didn't have a case, he's willing to do you a favor.

OUI: Is he repaying a favor or taking out insurance?

HIGGINS: He's repaying a favor. He may also be figuring it's going to stand him in good stead at some future date. But it isn't. Once we had a guy who had a pretty good loan-sharking operation. He knew he was under investigation and he decided to get out of the business. Thereafter he was extremely helpful in giving us information about other kinds of criminal activity. The people he gave us weren't particularly heavy hitters. Generally he fingered guys who weren't connected, so, in effect, what he was doing was reducing the competition for the people who were franchised, and I'm sure he figured he was taking out protection. Subjectively his view was justified; objectively it wasn't. He wasn't prosecuted, but only because we couldn't make a case.

OUI: Most people think there is an

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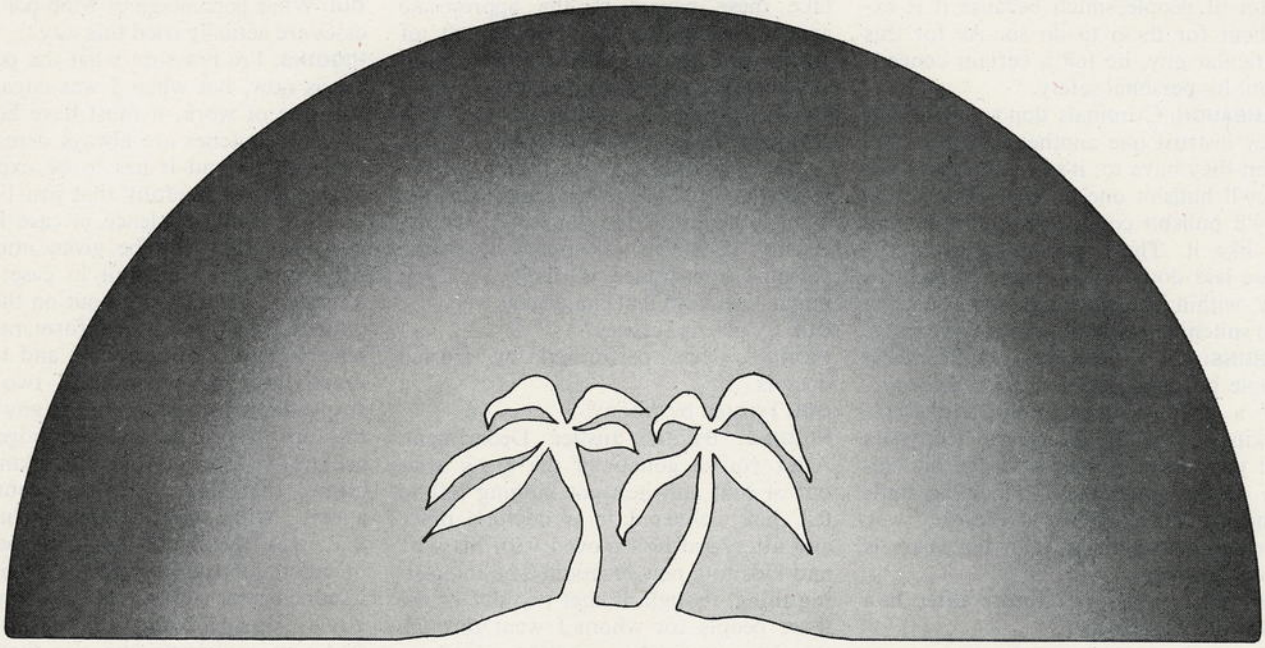

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enforced code among thieves that deters them from snitching on colleagues. But do criminals talk when they have to?

HIGGINS: The code is honored as much in the breach as it is in the observance. A lot of people snitch because it is expedient for them to do so. As for this particular guy, he felt a certain concern about his personal safety.

WAMBAUGH: Criminals don't give a shit. They distrust one another and they talk when they have to; it's as simple as that. They'll bullshit one another as much as they'll bullshit cops, and that's the way we like it. There are no rules except those laid down by law, and if you can stay within the law and con someone into snitching, great, that's what we want.

HIGGINS: As a prosecutor, it's a fairly simple business. All you do is get yourself a good case on somebody who's looking down the barrel of ten years and you acquaint him with the difficulties of the situation in which he finds himself. You explain that the only way he's going to get less than ten years is by cooperating.

OUI: What is a guy's future after he's ratted on his friends?

HIGGINS: It depends on the importance of the feathers that he is going to ruffle. For protection, I once changed the identities of three people. What you do is go to court and make a motion to have a name changed from Peter Manso, say, to George Higgins. The judge grants it; then you make another motion to impound all the papers. Eventually you take these papers to the appropriate agency, generally the Department of Justice, and you get a driver's license and a Social Security card and maybe even a credit card or two (although the Government doesn't vouch for the creditors), and when applicable, you also get the school records for the guy's kids, who are then transferred to another school. Finally, if you've got somebody whose personal appearance is distinctive, you might even have that changed as well.

OUI: By plastic surgery?

HIGGINS: Yes, performed by trusted doctors.

OUI: Trusted by whom?

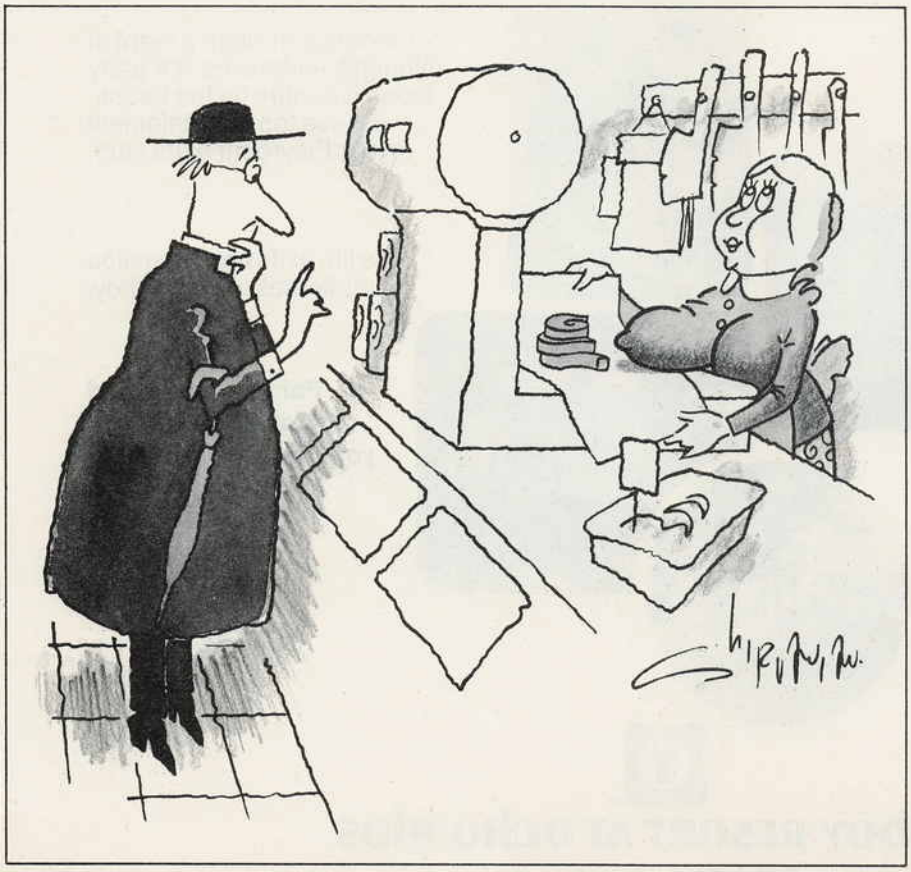
HIGGINS: By the Justice Department. After you've gotten all the guy's arias out of him and he's got nothing left to tell, he's delivered to a doctor's office and afterward he's moved with his wife and kids to a new location. The interesting thing, though, is that two out of the three people for whom I went through this long procedure—neither of whom required appearance changes—remained in their new environment for six months and then returned to their old haunts and reassumed their real names. Both had testified in murder trials on the assumption that the only alternative to testifying was to get killed, and yet neither was able to stand his new life.

OUI: What percentage of Mob-connected cases are actually tried this way?

HIGGINS: I'm not sure what the percentage is now, but when I was engaged in that line of work, it must have been 75 percent. Snitches are always demanding concessions, and it has to be explained to them very carefully that just because they are giving evidence in case B does not mean they will be given immunity for crimes they commit in case Z. As a matter of fact, you go out on the limb quite a way for your informant. You have to. You go into court and tell the judge that you recommend two years suspended on ten because the guy is ratting on his friends, and the judge, who ordinarily doesn't like the kinds of crimes that lead to ten-year sentences, agrees with considerable reluctance that, yes, he'll put on a suspension, or credit for time served, or even make it concurrent with some state time the guy is already doing. It's at this point that you explain to the guy that if he thereafter goes out and commits a little atrocity someplace, the judge is going to be very angry and that he's going to wind up doing the full ten years. In effect, what you're doing is explaining to the gentleman that when he makes his decision for Jesus, it's binding and that otherwise he's going to get nicked. From time to time, you even take the liberty of calling him up to remind him of his solemn obligation.

OUI: What is the danger for a writer who finds out too much?

GAGE: Joe Gallo used to call me to go out and drink with him and some of his Greek friends, but generally I try to avoid getting on a personal basis with mobsters. I don't want to find myself in a position where I have to betray someone, so I'll tell these guys not to tell me anything about themselves involving a crime, because if the crime's significant, I'm going to have to report it. A lot of reporters don't agree with me on this. When Gallo was killed, I learned who killed him and how it was done. One of the people involved, a fellow by the name of Luparelli, thought he was going to be killed, so he went to California and turned himself in to the FBI. Within a day, through sources, I knew what he was saying, and I called Al Seedman, chief of detectives in New York City, and told him not to do anything, since nobody could locate Luparelli's family and there was the possibility that the



Mob might go after them. I felt I had to do this even though I was sitting on a story, but a story isn't worth somebody's getting killed, so I didn't run it, not until later.

OUI: In other words, just as you might have to inform on someone, you're also willing to protect people?

GAGE: Yes, you've got to use judgment. If a guy is a numbers runner or small-time loan shark and you have information that is going to get him beat up or killed, you try to handle it in such a way that it doesn't look like it's coming from him.

MAAS: When I was doing a book on Frank Costello, I realized a lot of people would be upset if they knew he was talking—not just Mob people but politicians, too. We took all kinds of precautions, and we finally got together in my apartment. I hadn't said a word to my houseman about who my guest was, but when we'd finished lunch, Johnny said, "Mr. Costello, would you like another cup of coffee?" It was incredible. He just knew. And later, after the second or third visit, I put Frank into a cab, and the doorman, an Italian, said to me with his hand over his mouth, "That was the *real* godfather."

OUI: When you're investigating political corruption, do you run into any danger from cops?

MESSICK: Oh, sure! The most frightening prospect is getting framed or even killed by cops, which can happen quite easily. They can arrange an accident, or plant evidence, or do whatever the hell they want. In Newport, Kentucky, in 1961, for example, the reform guy who was running for sheriff, George Ratterman, was framed with a striptease dancer, and it was the cops who came in and pulled off his pants, took the pictures and then carted him off to the police station. Likewise, once in Miami, the *Herald* got word that there was a contract out on me, and I found through sources that the executioner was going to be a local police officer, a real gangster type. I wound up carrying a gun and a picture of the guy as insurance. Eventually the bastard was indicted, but it's scary stuff. You learn to live with it; you tell yourself not to worry. One of the greatest shocks I've had was discovering just how cheaply these people get paid off. I've found cops ready to commit murder for a new suit once every six months. When you think about it, it's sort of laughable.

OUI: What is the danger from criminals themselves?

MESSICK: Again, in Newport, some of the boys actually had a meeting to decide what to do about me, and while the younger ones wanted to have me knocked off, the older ones took the position that it doesn't pay to kill reporters.

"Aw, c'mon. It's not my fault the hotel double booked our room!"

MAAS: You get calls in the night, that sort of thing, but if somebody's going to call, I figure I don't have to worry. The Mob doesn't usually fool around with reporters, because that's not going to accomplish anything. If something happens to me, it's only going to sell more copies of my books.

GAGE: Sure, and with most Mafia guys you never have trouble. They have their standards and they know I've got mine. They know, too, that getting at me won't do any good, because the *Times* will only hire someone else. These guys aren't the happy, harmless buffoons that Jimmy Breslin made them out to be, and they've learned to deal with the press. The ones to worry about are the kooks you might run into in the course of a story on a politician, or on a street gang. Those guys are crazy and undisciplined, and some of them want to make a name for themselves.

MESSICK: If you get involved in a local situation, like you're trying to close down a gambling joint, you can get into trouble not by some decision of a grand council but just by some underling's getting mad at you. The big boys know that the Messicks and the Gages will come and go and nothing will really change. Sometimes we can cause them a little trouble, but it really doesn't amount to much. As one gangster told me, "If I'm not wanted here, I'll go elsewhere," and you can bet your life there'll always be an elsewhere ready to give him a welcome.

OUI: What kinds of similarities do you see between hoods and cops? Do they have a lot in common? Are their politics the same?

WAMBAUGH: Street criminals couldn't give a fuck who's in office, and most of them don't even know who's Vice-President. You know why the crime rate rose in New York City last year? It sure wasn't because criminals saw what those bastards had done with Watergate and told themselves to go out and rip off some old lady! A hood rips off old ladies because that's what he's been doing all his life. Politically he may lean toward the right, but that's a function of his working-class mentality and background. A lot of cops may also lean toward the right, but it's for entirely different reasons.

OUI: Such as?

WAMBAUGH: Almost all policemen become prematurely cynical. They see the worst in people and they adopt a minority-group syndrome, becoming suspicious and clannish because they think no one understands them. Their assumption is that the human race isn't perfectable—the opposite of what most liberals think—and, of course, the more they're on the street, the more this is reinforced.

OUI: But don't both cop and criminal alike feel alienated and operate as outsiders, which is at once their bond and their embarrassment?

WAMBAUGH: That's liberal, intellectual cocktail talk. The cops I know come from an entirely different social structure than hoods, who're on the street knocking people over the head. Most hoods can't bear the responsibility of

having a clean pair of underwear; a cop usually has a wife and kids and an insurance policy. He has a civil-service job, and while he may have started out wanting adventure, by the time he's approaching that 20-year pension, he's gotten pretty cautious and is waiting for his retirement. He's an entirely different animal from the guy who's living from day to day.

MESSICK: But they're often working for the same people. They'll also often have the same sense of humor and the same vocabulary. The cops pick up the language of the crooks and the crooks adopt the language of the cops. You don't hear much about this, but every so often the cops will set up a special unit to harass whomever the public's clamoring about, and they'll do it any way they please. They'll set a guy's house or car on fire, shoot his tires out, harass him right and left until he gets the message. Their methods are exactly the same as those of the criminals. The cop has the badge and the authority, and he'll tell himself it's for the greater good, but it comes down to the same thing.

WAMBAUGH: Obviously I don't accept that. I don't think cops are necessarily heroes, and I've seen all kinds. Generalizations, particularly here, are difficult to make. Most cops never shoot anybody, and the ones who do react individually. I saw a cop once reloading his gun à la Clint Eastwood, with a grim smile on his face, and another time I saw a cop bouncing from wall to wall in tears, saying, "I should have never become a policeman, I never should have seen a gun."

OUI: Damon Runyon painted criminals as colorful rogues. How valid is his romanticization? Do criminals have style?

MESSICK: Their style ceases to be fun after a while. There are some interesting characters, and there are just plain dumb bastards whom I wouldn't turn my back on. Forget Damon Runyon. These guys are really no different from anybody else. They're just trying to make a little money on their own without the restrictions most people are bound by, and basically they're frustrated businessmen.

WAMBAUGH: I've busted guys hanging around Mafia bars where you can't tell the players without a program. They could have been from anyplace. They're not that theatrical. Have you ever seen Bill Bonanno? He's big, handsome, clean-cut, conservatively dressed and looks like 100,000 other people. On a lesser scale, the people manning the phones in your typical bookie joint are housewives. They get $100 a day and don't have any idea of what's happening. They could be living across the street from you.

OUI: Aren't there a lot of phonies who like to hang around criminals because they're attracted to the tough talk and the action?

HIGGINS: Sure, there are a lot of buffs around who think they're members of the Mob but aren't. They hang around with gangsters, pretending to be connected. They're usually 40- or 50-year-old small businessmen. They hang out in Mob bars, and after a while, they begin to dress like Mob guys, and their talk is all lingo, all gutter. Sometimes it's not immediately apparent who's really a mobster.

OUI: What's the point?

HIGGINS: The danger, I guess. It gives them a self-image they like. But the real guys treat them with disdain and contempt. They also take a lot of money off them, generally by giving them the wrong odds on a horse race. The buffs are willing to pay, though, much the same as some duffer will fork up $10,000 for the privilege of playing golf with Jack Nicklaus. With women, it's a little different. Women get a sexual charge out of hanging around with hoods, and the hoods appear to enjoy it. Real hoods are very dynamic, self-assured people, and they're living on the cutting edge. They think they've outsmarted the world and that makes them very brash and cocky.

OUI: You're speaking of the rank and file now.

HIGGINS: Yes. A lot of the rank-and-file Mob guys are between 20 and 45 and are probably good for $20,000 to $40,000 a year; they might be smuggling tax-free cigarettes, hijacking trucks, robbing banks or pushing drugs. They're trying to avoid doing time, and they're also trying to avoid getting shot. Most of them started off with nothing and have reached the point where they're making what, at least to them, is satisfactorily big money.

MESSICK: But they're not content. They're basically optimists waiting for more.

HIGGINS: True, but they're also strangely satisfied. They believe they've lived by their wits and have carved out a comfortable place for themselves mainly by their intelligence, and they feel good about it. I'm not sure they're wrong. They've beaten the system at its own game.

OUI: Is there any kind of honor among thieves? What kind of code exists among criminals, or between criminals and prosecutors?

HIGGINS: As Joe Baron once said, "You treat a guy fucking decent." But it's not a matter of a code. It's simply good manners. I once prosecuted a gentleman for bank fraud, although I would have preferred to have prosecuted him for any one of the 30 to 40 murders he had certainly committed. Afterward, I ran into him while waiting for an elevator. He was extremely cordial, as was I. We had a discussion about politics and the weather, and when his floor came up we bade each other good evening. Another time, I met the brother of a defendant and he congratulated me on the way I had presented the evidence, despite the fact that his brother had been convicted and had gotten 20 years.

OUI: Are you saying that among these people, style per se is of considerable importance?

HIGGINS: Oh, yes, very much so. But the sanctions are more severe.

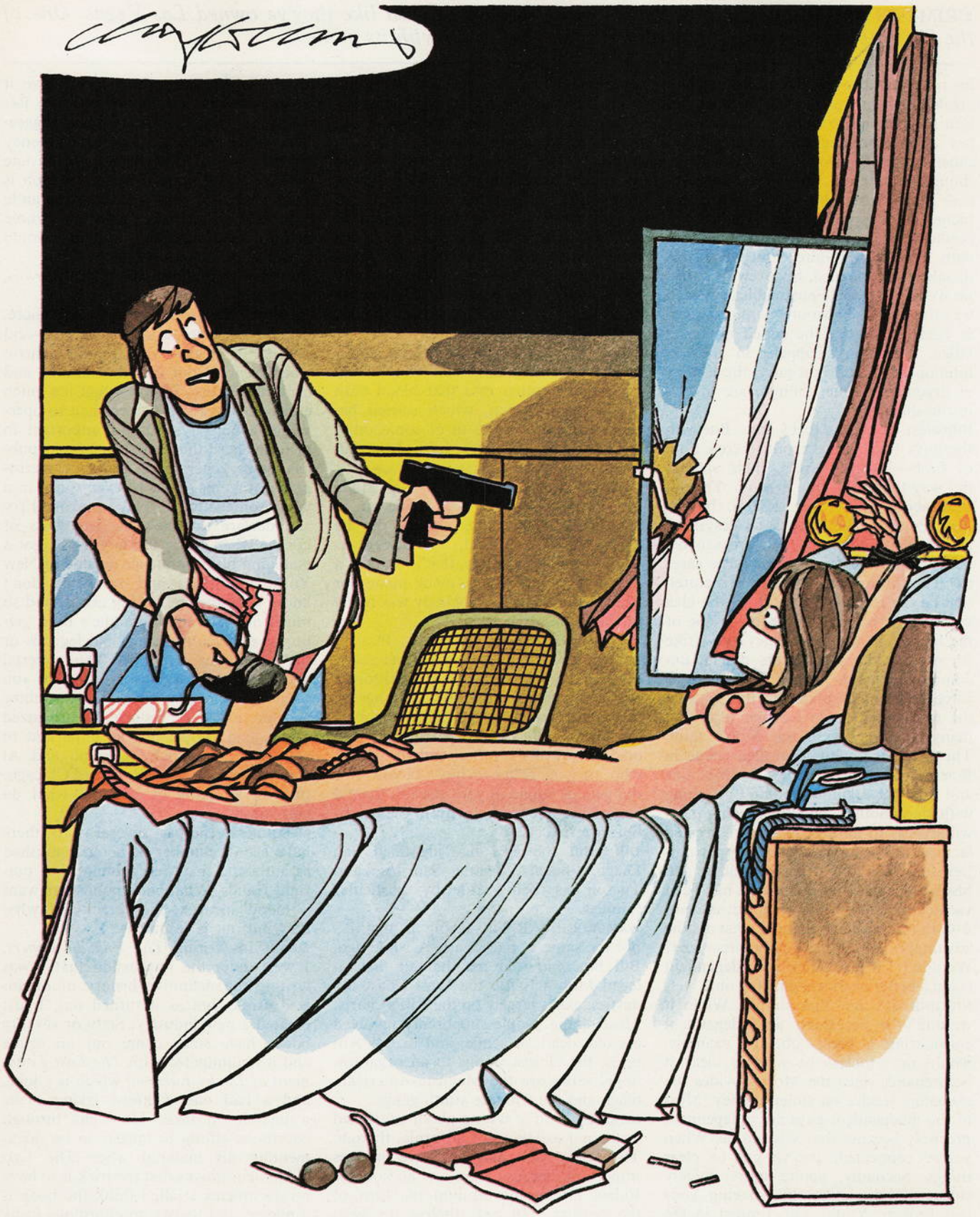
OUI: Why?

HIGGINS: I think partly it's enlightened self-interest. The enlightenment being that if you make a prick out of yourself, you're not going to get treated as well as if you are cognizant of the other fellow's dignity. There's a similar sense of decorum among reporters and lawyers and judges, too. Once we got indictments against some guys and called up their lawyers and said that indictments had been handed up and that we would like all of them to report to such-and-such a station for fingerprinting and processing. Each of the lawyers said he would have his man there on the appointed day and hour, and each of them showed up. Rather than rousting the guys at midnight or two o'clock in the morning and hauling them down to the police station with the cameras flashing, we simply told them that they were charged and had to come in. Afterward one of them said to one of my cops: "You treat a man like a man."

OUI: How common is this?

HIGGINS: It's invariable among the kind of big guys we were dealing with. On the other hand, you have to scoop up some sons of bitches before the thing ever hits the papers; otherwise they'll bolt. It depends. With professionals, decency prevails; with certain thugs, it doesn't.

MESSICK: Still there's an important stylistic distinction to be made, not only between the rank and file and guys at the top but also among the top guys themselves. Take Meyer Lansky and someone like Sam Giancana. Lansky's truly a top businessman; in his own world he's as important as the president of U.S. Steel, or CBS, or whatever. He's easily worth $300,000,000, yet he lives very modestly. He's never had a string of dames or wanted to live in a mansion or needed to drive a Cadillac; he just salts away



"Look at it this way, lady: By coming into the privacy of your home to commit rape, I'm playing my part in helping to keep crime off the streets."

his money and enjoys the machinery he's created. It's an intellectual exercise for him to continue to outwit the forces of law and order, and this is his greatest satisfaction. Someone like Giancana, though, is different. Giancana was a typical Mafia sort who liked getting his picture in the paper and living like a feudal lord. For years, he ran around with Phyllis McGuire, and when his daughter got married, he threw a fantastic wedding at the Fontainebleau, which was the biggest blowout Miami had seen in ages. Of course, he ended up being killed. Something happens to the exhibitionists. The bright guys, the leaders of organized crime, though, are always in the shadows.

HIGGINS: Doubtless that's true. But with the guys I'm talking about, there's a lot of flash—in their dress, their speech, the way they walk into a room. I'm not sure about Detroit or Miami, but in New England, the setup is so desystematized that anybody can reasonably believe that he can go as far as he cares to. The Mob is so weakly structured that he can realistically entertain the idea that in time he may well become one of the bosses. In the late Sixties, the strike force and state prosecutors did an uncommonly good job of instituting a forced-retirement plan for the guys at the top, which made for openings. But many openings were the Mob's fault. The Irish guys who controlled crime in Boston in the early Sixties, the McLains and the McLaughlins, couldn't get along with one another, and their consequent willingness to indulge in gunfire created lacunae at the top, providing opportunities for the more cohesive Italian and black mobs to fill positions that had been vacated by either death or imprisonment.

OUI: In this kind of situation, what are the advantages of being highly organized? Wouldn't an unfettered independent stand a better chance of making out?

HIGGINS: It's not that simple. While it wouldn't be necessary, an independent considering a bank job, for example, would nevertheless be wise to clear it beforehand, since the Mob provides the exchange service on stolen money. Most of the independent guys are independent precisely because they wish to be. When you're connected, you've got to clear things. Secondly, you're more quickly subject to discipline, like having your legs broken. You're also limited in the kinds of things you may do. On the other hand, if you're connected, you've also got a franchise. Nobody else who is mobbed-up may compete with you geographically. If someone trifles with you and you can make out a case for his punishment, you can get him punished.

OUI: What are the ethnic differences between the various mobs? Do they break down according to specialty?

HIGGINS: The differences aren't ethnic so much as commercial. The Italian mobs stick pretty much to bookmaking. Jewish mobs stick to sharking and to numbers. The black guys stick to prostitution and some competition on numbers, while the Irish mobs are generally more violent and prefer to concentrate on hijacking, knocking over banks, things like that.

MAAS: The Italians, however, are generally smarter than the Irish. They would never have gotten into that blood bath up there in Boston, which started because one guy bit the tit of somebody's girlfriend. It wouldn't have been allowed to happen.

MESSICK: Sure, but the Italian Mafia isn't exactly what it's been made out to be either. The whole history of the Mafia, if it's ever told, will emerge as one of vendetta, namely, that as soon as a guy ever got anywhere, made money or gained prominence, somebody was ready to stab him in the back.

WAMBAUGH: Not in California, though, because organized crime has never really made it on the West Coast. California has mostly street crime. In Los Angeles, there's a freeway culture with neighboring towns and police departments, each one jealous of the other, and so, Christ, who are you going to buy? If you ever did get one squad in your pocket, there'd be another one to deal with in the neighboring territory.

OUI: But the FBI has identified San Diego, Phoenix, Seattle, San Jose and Tucson as being run by particular families.

WAMBAUGH: All I'm saying is that it's not the same as back East. A while ago, Bill Bonanno told me that all this alleged Mob activity, the West Coast dynasties, exists largely on the FBI's charts. Most of the people supposedly involved are old, dead, or senile, and in Los Angeles, the closest things to an organizational setup are the Mexican-American, black and the Chinese youth gangs.

MESSICK: You're wrong about organized crime not existing in California, though. The Mafia itself may not have been as important, because there was no flood of Italian immigrants around the turn of the century, but nevertheless it's been operating out there for years. The boys have owned Hollywood, just like they've owned Las Vegas. One of the big problems the Mob's had all along is what to do with its money. In California, it's gone into real estate, movies, the record business, anything that'll give it a good return on its investment. Recently, in fact, there have been suggestions that there's Syndicate money behind one of the biggest real-estate complexes out there. Christ, the Mob is everywhere. If you were to dismantle organized crime, the country's whole damn socioeconomic system would crumble.

OUI: Are you talking about small towns, too?

MESSICK: Hell, yes. They're everywhere. The boys learned a long time ago—and I think it began with Johnny Torrio when he went out into the suburbs and captured Cicero, Illinois—that it's much easier to buy a small town than to operate in a big city. But it's important to mention here that newspapers and publishing in general are guilty of metropolitan myopia. That is, every once in a while somebody will play up a small fry and declare that he's the new boss of bosses, when really the guy hasn't got a goddamn bit of influence outside of New York. Publishers and reviewers don't know what they're talking about, and so much of the stuff the public's been getting is either a rehash of old legends or the hyping of a phony. The material about the Mob itself is so vast that you could go into any city in this country and do a whole history of organized crime, find people just as important to that region as Lucky Luciano and Al Capone were to New York and Chicago.

OUI: In speaking of phonies, what do you mean?

MESSICK: In the past several years, there have been a number of books published as authentic that were nothing but outright frauds. What book publishers want is blood and sex; the veracity of what they put out is secondary.

MAAS: In writing *The Valachi Papers*, I was under the impression that I was writing the definitive history of organized crime, but as it turned out, I just created a new industry. Sixty or seventy books have since come out on crime and it's culminated with *The Last Testament of Lucky Luciano*, which is a joke, and a bad one. Clifford Irving made a terrible mistake. He went through enormous efforts to appear to be documenting his material when *The Last Testament* proves that the trick is to have no documents at all. I think the book is a phony, and there's an enormous irony here. While writing *Valachi*, I was told by publishers that the Mafia doesn't sell. Nobody really wanted to do it. Yet when it came out, it made a great deal of money. Initially no one wanted to make the film either—they were afraid

to, I think, because of all the pressure from Italian civil-rights groups—and, of course, the movie did quite well, too. So the publishing industry has caught on and has since been churning them out. I get an average of five or six contacts a month from guys wanting me to do their stories, because they're aware of the kind of money publishers have been paying. Each one has a better story than the one before. Lawyers defending these guys also call, since they see it as a way to get their fee, and I'm highly suspicious of most of their proposals.

MESSICK: The money being paid out is enormous. But the pathetic part of it is that the publishers don't know what they're doing. How can they? A guy comes in and says he's so-and-so, and how are they going to check?

OUI: What explains the public's enormous interest in crime books in the first place? Have criminals become our new Horatio Alger figures—some kind of inverted reinforcement of the American dream?

MAAS: Most people lead essentially bland lives. Vicariously, they're identifying with a Valachi, or a cop like Serpico, or whatever, and suddenly they're living in black-and-white situations.

OUI: Which they find are easier to deal with than the subtleties of life as it's actually lived?

MAAS: I think so. Plus almost everybody plays life safe. Very few take any chances. And the people I'm writing about are putting it all on the line. I think it's simpler. People like to read about those who are in positions of power, and what's the ultimate form of power but the power to kill somebody?

OUI: In what way has the Mob changed in terms of its personnel?

MAAS: It's made adjustments. Blacks have been playing a greater role, but their potential is highly exaggerated. They're getting a bigger piece of the numbers nowadays, but they're limited by their color. They can operate only in the ghetto. Also, they don't have the Mob's traditional rituals. Although the blood oath Valachi went through, which can be traced back to 1918, hasn't existed for years and the traditional insistence on native-born Sicilians has gone by the wayside, the essential structure remains the same.

MESSICK: Maybe, but the Mob as we know it won't last another generation. It can't. The economic and social reasons that made it possible and even necessary in the first place no longer exist. Years ago, there were hundreds of thousands of Italian-Sicilians in this country who didn't know the language and who were being exploited and needed protection. Today, though, the Italian-American doesn't need the damn Mafia; he can speak English, go to college, get a job without the godfather's assistance, and none of the factors that originally made the Mafia important exist anymore. Today we've got a new Mafia among the negroes and the Puerto Ricans and the Cubans; these are the new immigrants and they're going through the process all over again.

OUI: Are Jews still important in organized crime?

MESSICK: Sure. Lansky has handled all the money for the Italians for years. It's been traditional in all Mafia families to have a Jewish treasurer, even on a local scale. The Chicago Mob had two or three of them. Basically, organized crime has been divided into the Italians who did the dirty work and the Jews who handled money and set policy. Arnold Rothstein, for example, not only fixed the world series, he masterminded immense stock-market swindles and played a major part in the Mob's bootlegging and sports betting. Jews, though, always stay in the background, and you rarely hear of them. The Italians, on the other hand, have always been easy to write about—with their vendettas and so forth. This is why Jewish crime has been so misunderstood. Traditionally the Jews have avoided publicity, and it's obviously stood them in good stead.

OUI: Given the weakening of the traditional sanctions, though, what do you see happening to the Syndicate in the future? Could it conceivably come down to a federation of independents?

MESSICK: No, there'll always be some sort of organization, because that's the nature of our economic system. It puts a premium on the fast buck and free enterprise. More and more blacks are taking over, and ultimately we may have a problem with the Vietnamese, if we let enough of them in; but the thing that people who talk about ethnic succession forget is that while the rank and file is generally drawn from particular groups, the leaders in crime have always been the best businessmen from any and every group.

OUI: Would it be reasonable to say that in 15 years the situation's going to be radically different?

GAGE: I'd give them another generation, largely because the sons of the old-timers have not gone into the family business. One of them I know had gone to West Point and now teaches engineering.

MESSICK: We'll keep hearing about the Italian Mafia just so long as people can sell books and articles about it. But as a practical force in organized crime, I think it's on its way out. As the old Jewish gangsters such as Lansky die off, a new, college-trained group will take over and it'll probably be 20 years before we know who they are. ■

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(Continued from page 29) sound fishy, but it really happened. My wife and I took our two small children to a roller-skating rink. We went just to watch, but after a while, we decided to lace up and join the kids. It took a while to get accustomed to the skates, but soon we were able to move around fairly gracefully. We had such a good time that we decided to come back some night and skate without our kids. Since then, we have spent many enjoyable evenings learning how to dance on wheels. We have also bought our own skates. One night at home we were feeling especially randy and had had a few drinks. We went down to our basement (which has a large flat concrete floor), put on our skates and took off our clothes. The silliness of our situation—two grownups skating around nude on the basement floor—only added to our mood. We played tag, we waltzed, we performed complicated *pas des deux* all on wheels! At the same time, we effectively foreplayed each other into a frenzy. We found ourselves totally aroused, too aroused to take off our skates. I had my wife hold onto a rack attached to the wall, and I entered her from behind. While inside her, I kept my body rigid and slid myself backward and forward on my skates. For her part, she alternately rolled her right foot then her left foot forward, causing a horizontal rocking motion with her hips. The result was magnificent. We both had glorious orgasms and fell on the floor, happy. Since then, we have incorporated oral sex into our new-found sport on wheels. We have perfected this amusement to such an extent that we can couple standing up (with me behind my wife) and skate slowly around the basement floor. The vibrations from the slightly irregular floor create an almost unbearably pleasurable effect, and we can reach orgasm without effort in this fashion. We realize that this sounds very suspicious, but for all of your readers who are looking for something completely off the wall to augment their sex lives, we recommend that they get into roller skating and try what we tried. We guarantee they won't be sorry.

BILL AND CINDY U.
Chicago, Illinois

The first time

I lost my virginity in a motel in Cranston, Rhode Island. It took ten trips to the place before we actually did it. I loved this man, but what I really wanted to do was just to sleep beside him all night. I was 17 and he was 19.

Up until my deflowering, we had been having what I now realize was an incredibly intimate and sophisticated sex life without intercourse. For instance, we had some very sassy oral sex.

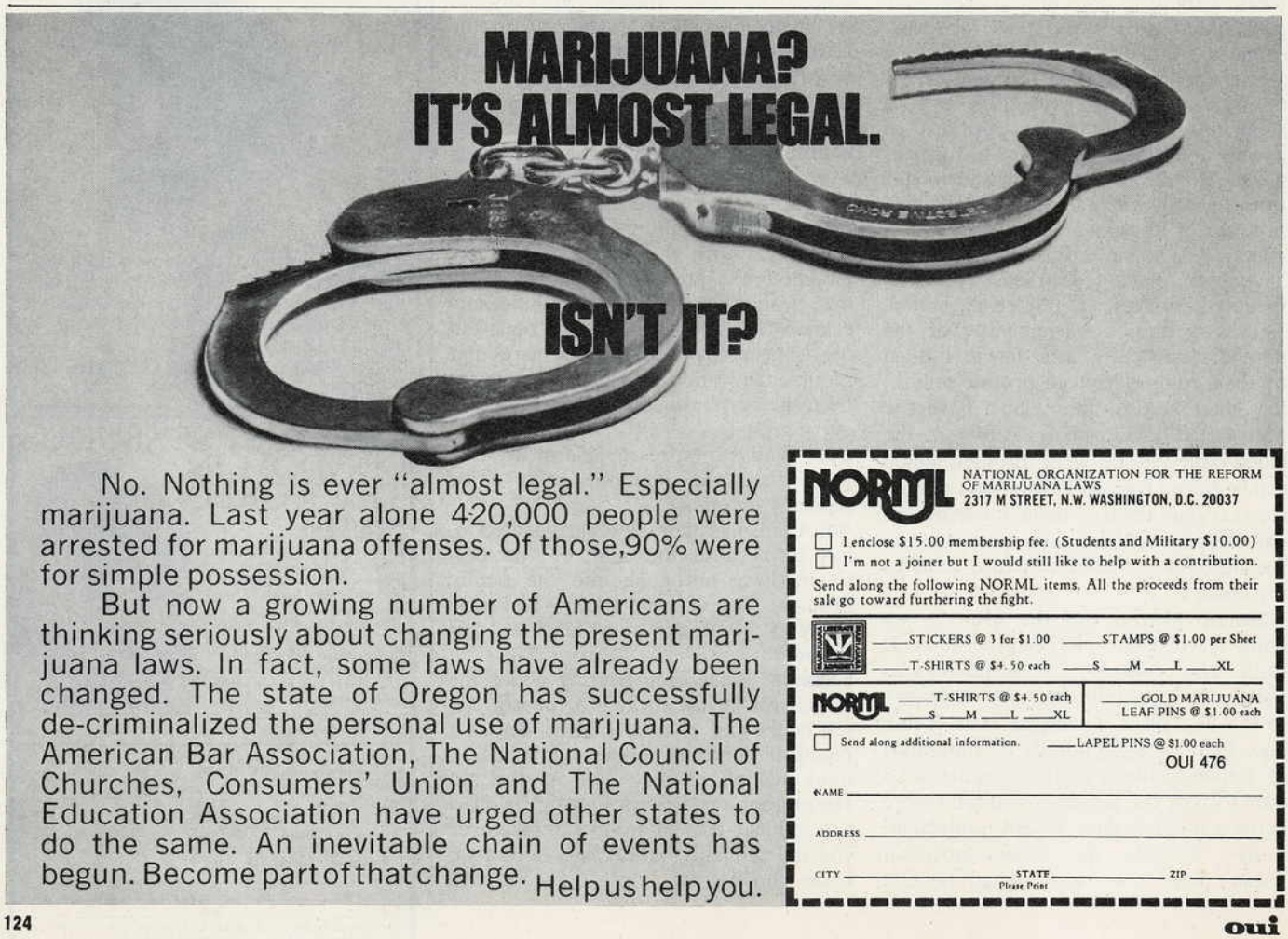
I had been getting finger fucked since I was 15, so I kind of knew what to expect. When his cock was finally inside me, I knew it, but that was about it. It didn't hurt. I didn't bleed. When it was over, I remember wondering if it had happened. I came home and told my girlfriends, "I think I did it. I think I fucked."

Mostly, I remember disappointment the first time. Our foreplay had been much more interesting than our fucking. His cock didn't do magic things to me. I did move around a lot during the act, however. It wasn't until years later that I discovered that nice Jewish girls are supposed to just lie still!

FLORENCE G.
Washington, D.C.

Teacher's pet

I very much enjoyed your January *Sex Tapes* on sexual teachers. You were able to elicit extremely sensitive and moving remarks about those who had a dominant role in the sexual development of others. The person who taught me the most about sex was my high school biology teacher. He was in his mid-30s and I was 16 at the time. I wanted to become a brilliant woman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doctor when I was that age, and I took my biology course very seriously. It was not uncommon for me to spend hours after class re-examining my dissections and asking Mr. Dillon (that's not his real name) questions. He was very patient with me. During the spring, the class had progressed to human physiology. Most of the kids in the class snickered a lot during Mr. Dillon's lecture on reproduction—including the guy I was going out with at the time. I was really embarrassed and ashamed that he was so childish about the whole thing. Corinne, the school punchboard, asked if semen was harmful if swallowed. The class was stunned, especially Mr. Dillon, who was so taken aback that he blushed. I spoke up and postulated that, since semen was almost all protein, it certainly couldn't hurt. Mr. Dillon managed to nod in agreement. Later that afternoon, while I was working on a genetics project, Mr. Dillon thanked me for filling in for him. He asked me how I knew what I had said. I told him that I had been doing some extra reading, because I was getting interested in sex from a scientific point of view. We then had a long talk about the biology of pleasure. As we talked, we both began to realize that we were attracted to each other in a special way. As he described the responses of the female reproductive organs, I got the feeling that he was really talking about *my* reproductive organs. I found myself getting very excited. When I asked about male organs, he caught on that I was trying to find out about *his*. We went back into his office, which was behind the lab, and as soon as he closed the door, we carefully put into practice what we had just been talking about. I slowly ran my hands over his chest and down along the front of his pants. He took my breasts in his hands and caressed them expertly. He lifted up my skirt and removed my cotton panties. He kissed all along my thighs and then his quick mouth concentrated on my vagina. He kept that up for 10 or 15 minutes and it was heavenly. I opened his trousers and yanked his underwear down. His penis slapped against his stomach as the elastic of his boxer shorts snapped over his thighs. I wanted to prove to him that I believed what I had said earlier in class. So I took him into my mouth and pumped away at his member with my hands. I had a hard time keeping him in my mouth. He was big and I couldn't get him very far in. When I gently squeezed his testicles, he came in a torrent. I eagerly swallowed every bit of it, although it came as quite a surprise. As we were straightening our clothing, I said to him, "Now I'm sure that it can't do any harm."

In the months that followed, until summer vacation, he and I spent a lot of time together after school in his office. He taught me about sex as a wonderfully complex set of physiological expectations and resolutions. He was gentle and thorough. I owe him a great deal. I probably could have learned a great deal more from him, but he accepted a job in a downstate university that fall.

ELLEN C.
Rochester, New York

Smiling faces

The most total sexual experience I ever had was on a deserted beach in the middle of the day. The guy and I were both very stoned and we used poppers as well. We just fucked the hell out of each other. We were into each other's feet, had our hands in each other's mouth, ate each other's toes, had anal intercourse—you name it. It was really living out all of my fantasies—with the exception of S/M. The ultimate trip of the whole afternoon, though, was when we had simultaneous orgasms in each other's faces.

PAMELA M.
Berkeley, California

Who's counting?

For some reason or other, I've lately noticed how pronounced and rapid my muscle contractions are as my ejaculate is pumped out during orgasm. Once I even tried to count how many contractions took place during the average orgasm, but I lost track almost immediately. How rapid are these muscle contractions and are a male's contractions less or more rapid than a female's?

FRED E.
New Canaan, Connecticut

The bulbo- and ischiocavernosus muscle contractions for both male and female during orgasm occur, interestingly enough, at the same rate: one contraction every four-fifths of a second. Our resident statistician informs us that, theoretically, this means 75 contractions a minute, or 4500 an hour, or, more impressively, 2,759,400,000 over 70 years. It's unlikely that you'll be able to detect such a precise measurement, however, especially under the circumstances. Relax and go with the flow.

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MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE *The prison mayor is Fernando Gardiner, a Mexican who claims to have killed a man by driving an Oldsmobile six times over his body.*

(Continued from page 115) marijuana, and they begin to believe their own stories." Heath, meanwhile, said he was "at a loss to defend [himself] from all the allegations being used to stir up interest in the U. S."

On July 9, 1974, consul general Peterson arrived at Lecumberri to negotiate with the strike leaders.

"What do you intend to do about us?" one asked.

"Some of you do voice complaints," Peterson snapped back. "I am frankly shocked and certainly surprised to learn that this meeting is supposed to be dealing with your complaints about the American Government. It has done what it considers its duty to you."

When a prisoner called Peterson a Nazi pig, Peterson became livid.

"Can we go back to your Congressmen," he demanded, "to tell them that the complaints they have received from you are not warranted?"

The answer, of course, was no, and though both sides carried tape recorders, neither party scored very well in the skirmish of media statements that followed. Mexican tabloids, in fact, largely ignored the politics to moralize over "depraved North American *narcotraficantes* saved from orgies and organized crime for rehabilitation in Mexico." *Time* ran an essay in pop sociology on the "Tragic Trail's End" of middle-class kids.

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Ultimately, the hunger strike was ordered ended by the Mexican ministry of the interior, and Alfred admitted that it had been a farce anyway. Life in prison returned to something like normal—and routine. One prisoner, Chris, says, "I hadn't even been dumped in O when I was taken to see the mayor." The prison mayor is Fernando Gardiner, a Mexican who claims to have killed a man by driving an Oldsmobile six times over his body, and the prison mayoralty is a Mexican institution. Gardiner's business is to sell the rights to receive a letter or to make a phone call; he sells exemptions from prison jobs; he collects rent on the cells; and he complains about the cut he has to pay to the lieutenant colonel who is Lecumberri's chief administrator. Tex guesses that Gardiner has extorted $100,000 from the Americans. On the morning that Chris arrived, Gardiner was wearing the red knit shirt and blue Morningside High windbreaker he puts on whenever his wife or mistress visits. His color TV still hadn't been installed, though the wall-to-wall shag was already laid. He marched Chris to the dorm toilet.

"This is where you're going to work," Gardiner said. He waved his hunting knife toward the holes in the floor and nodded to one of his commandos, who kicked the kneeling inmate who was scraping feces from the concrete.

"That is what you are going to do," he said.

It was a brilliant scare tactic, Chris remembers: "He showed me the cell for prisoners who don't pay—about 45 men, the dregs of Mexico, huddled together with no vents or lights, and there was a steel door that Gardiner slammed hard before inviting me into his own cell to discuss terms."

A Mexican pays Gardiner $120 to avoid the work detail. An American, depending on how Gardiner assesses him, pays between $800 and $2000. Chris paid $1500. A four-man cell costs anywhere from $200 to $6000, but, unlike the work-release program, it is available on credit with a 900 percent carrying charge.

Alfred gradually learned to pull the strings of Lecumberri: to threaten, bribe and bargain in prison-slang Spanish. Jim, who worried "where my head is at when I accept this place as normal," became dorm chief; and Rick, the former moviehouse usher, kept everyone amused with his impressions of Andy Hardy's father. Prison, everyone learned, was no deterrent to scams. One inmate, Bob, started a lamp company, paying Mexicans ten pesos per finished unit, and after decorating the lieutenant colonel's office, he was permitted to sell four of the lamps at 120 pesos each at the American Embassy's ladies' bazaar. When Gardiner connived to sell the dorm's egg rations outside the prison walls for cash, Alfred stole them.

Things could have been worse. The lieutenant colonel even granted *conjugales*—closed-door visits between male and female prisoners; in fact, the prisoners' only reported suicide attempt came when one inmate's girlfriend decided to visit another man. There was also an occasional event.

On Easter Sunday 1974, Meg, a girl who had been in prison only since the fall, put on a vinyl wig and wrap-around sunglasses and walked past the front gate of Los Reyes. The women consequently lost their Sunday visiting privileges and their *conjugales*. Then two spaced-out American boys went to the prison simply to visit and were charged with engineering Meg's getaway.

"Meg who?" they asked.

One of the boys, under Rick's tutelage, paid $1450 and got out in two months. The other got out in a year.

There was also the quite remarkable arrest of attorney Jorge Aviles, who signed a statement that he had conspired with an American consular official to extort money from the prisoners. Chris, the prisoner who paid $1500 to get out of latrine duty, is the son of an Evanston, Illinois, attorney who first heard of Chris's situation in a collect call from Aviles. According to Chris, "He told my dad, 'Your son is in big trouble. I need $15,000, and he'll be out in a week.' The next day, he called and said, 'I need $10,000 or your son may be killed.' " Altogether, Chris's family paid Aviles $26,600.

There were also the Congressional hearings, compressed into one and a half perfunctory days, during which the State Department blandly acknowledged that the prisoners' charges raised "significant diplomatic, legal and administrative considerations, which require study and analysis." To Congressman Stark, the State Department acknowledged the following: "Without regard to conditions being good or bad, the prisoners want out."

Tex, in Mexico City, wondered, "What else should we want?"

His parents in Lubbock had watched Walter Cronkite religiously and they never heard a word about the hearings.

Consul general Peterson, who was planning retirement, joked, "I might make one last appearance at the prison—sort of a farewell for old time's sake."

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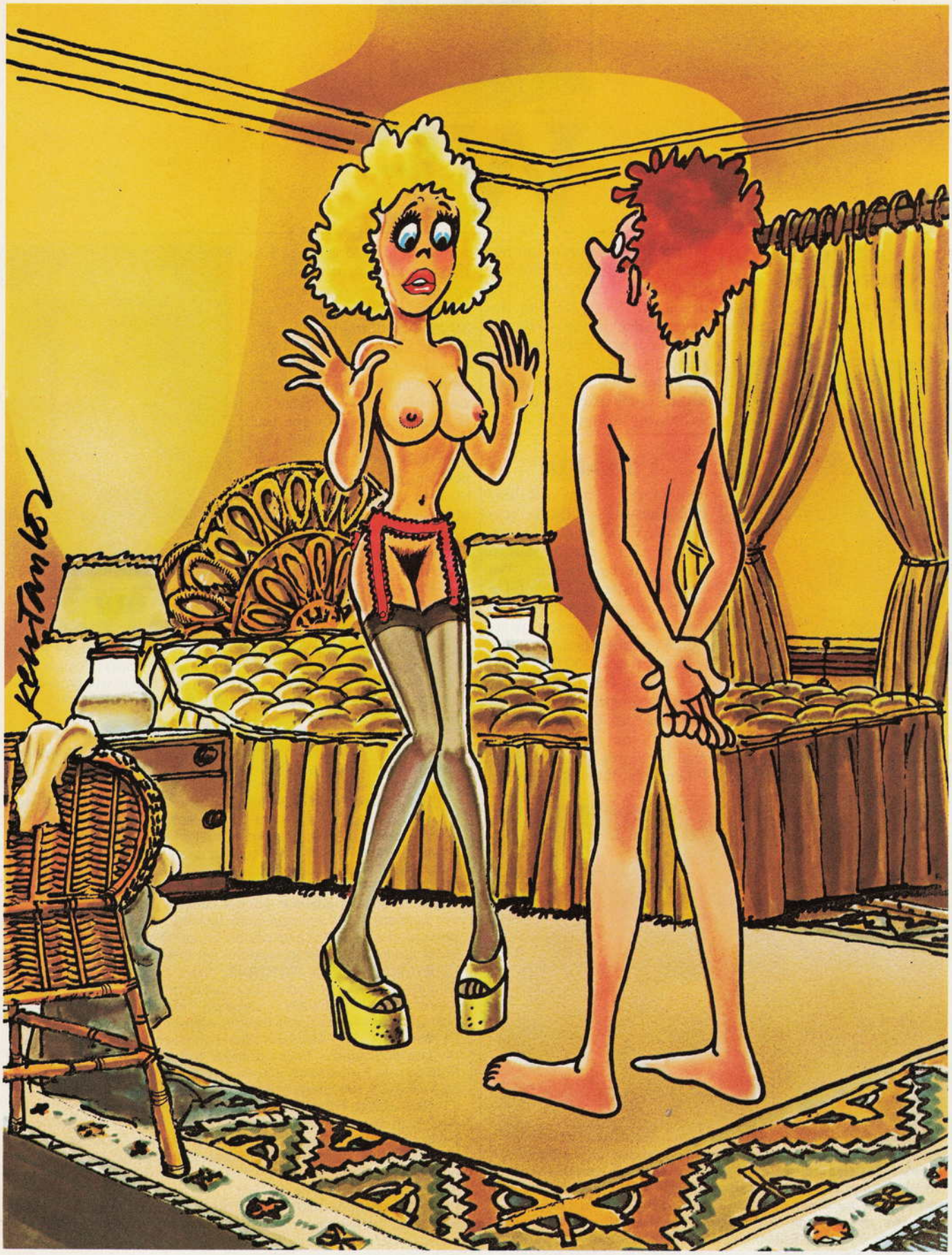
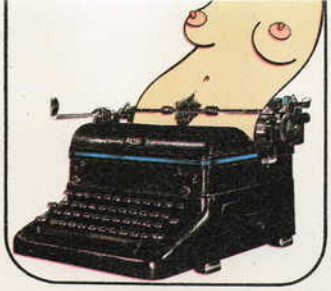
Time passes. Snortin' Morton fights boredom with thoughts of a 1989 reunion—"if I'm alive when the last guy gets out." Tex, Rick and Jim plot imaginary best sellers: Tex's as-yet-untitled political exposé, Rick's *Mexican Catch-22*, Jim's *In-the-Joint Cookbook*. Dorothy, at Los Reyes, cries and takes pills for her nerves; Sunday nights she writes to her daughter.

Alfred still hopes for a U.S. DC-3 to arrive and fly them all out, and he still adheres to his idea of self-improvement: Create your own destiny, come out on top. To keep his mind from deteriorating, he says, he taught himself Spanish, and he has what he calls a far-out plan to smuggle in enough books to learn a new language each year—Spanish, then Latin, French, Greek, German, Portuguese, Italian and Japanese. He always was a scammer, this scourge of the middle class, and he wants to get ahead—this time by means of hard work. ▣



"You told me you were Irish, but you didn't say you were one of the little people."



WE

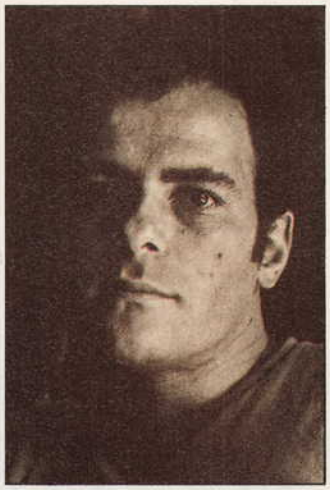
Eat your heart out!

Gloria Baxter, the girl who modeled artichokes for us on pages 51 to 53, had never

tasted an artichoke until she visited OUI. Now she can't get enough of them. During the shooting, Gloria spilled a soupcon of vinaigrette on her bosom, and gallant Photo Assistant Ken Frantz offered to lick it off. She gave him the finger. Such is the virtue of our models. Gloria so impressed us with her grasp of the artichoke that we've asked her to come back and show us her way around a fig.

I dood it!

Remember Jerry Rubin? When he was a full-time revolutionary, he wanted everybody to *do it!*, and he said so in a book by that title. We found a battered copy of *Do It!* the other day and noticed that on the colophon page, Rubin is described as "the leader of 850,000,000 Yippies." The FBI estimate of Yippie strength was considerably less. Still, Chairman Jerry thought the masses would read his words and then *do it!* When they didn't, he decided to take a long look inward to find out what went wrong. He spent years in various kinds of therapy, cut his hair, shaved off his beard and wrote a different kind of book titled *Growing Up at Thirty-Seven*, from which our article *How I Learned to Like Sex*, page 54, is excerpted. Despite the fact that sex was one of the Yippies' best tools of consciousness raising, Jerry reveals that his own consciousness needed quite a lift before he could do it right. *Growing Up at Thirty-Seven* will be published later this year by M. Evans.



Blue-eyed soul brother Robert Gover (above left, with King Efuntola, of Oyotunji village—the scene of this month's report on polygamy, starting on page 48) has written six novels, including the world-famous *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*. His latest book, *To Morrow Now Occurs Again*, was published by Ross-Erikson under the pen name "O. Govi," which our Haitian readers will recognize as a tool for spirit communication. Gover is now at work on a nonfiction book about Voodoo technology.

COMING IN MAY OUI

☐ **WHO KILLED ROBERT KENNEDY?** Did Sirhan Sirhan act alone? Was he a conspirator or a Manchurian candidate? A lot of questions surrounding the second Kennedy assassination remain unanswered; enough, according to former Congressman and Kennedy aide Allard Lowenstein, to warrant a complete reopening of the case. A OUI exclusive.

☐ **CONVERSATION WITH IDI AMIN:** The controversial and, some say, mad president of Uganda reveals his dream prophecies, explains why his people love him and shoots from the hip on Angola, Israel and the United States.

☐ **THE SECRETS OF T.M. REVEALED:** To find out what all the fuss and secrecy are about, we sent objective skeptic Margo Furth to be initiated into the mysteries of transcendental meditation. She penetrated the veil and found a lot of silliness, but she also found that it works.

☐ **DEATH FROM FALLING WATERMELONS:** Lake Erie is not dead, the Alaska pipeline will not cause irreparable damage to the permafrost, oil spillage from tankers has not destroyed 40 percent of all sea life and city air is not killing us. Ecologist Cy Adler argues that ecologists don't lie, they exaggerate.

☐ **SYLVIA KRISTEL RETURNS:** Even if you didn't like *The Godfather, Part II* or *French Connection II*, you will definitely be interested in *Emmanuelle II*, because Sylvia Kristel looks just as naked in the sequel. Some of us like her better with long hair.

☐ **WATERGATE FALLOUT:** Was it only two years ago that King Richard abdicated? That's all, folks! Not only did we get a new President to kick around but we also got a new cultural football as well. Terry Catchpole presents a *Whole Watergate Catalog*.

☐ **THE GLIDE MEMORIAL CHURCH:** How an ordinary ghetto church in San Francisco was transformed into a bizarre freak show of junkies, winos, parolees and perverts, and eventually became the S.L.A.'s contact with the outside world. Roger Rapoport visits with the Reverend Cecil Williams, minister of celebration and involvement.

☐ **THE CONDOM INDUSTRY:** OUI takes you where few men ever tread: behind the scenes at a rubber factory, for a look at an industry that doesn't get (or want) much publicity. Now respectable pillars of the community, the prophylactic professionals talk about the old days, when their product was strictly an under-the-counter item. Plus a potpourri of the latest in tickler technology.

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